

## A "BIT OF COQUETRY."

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

MARY KEMPTON'S quilting-party was the merriest one which the village of N—— had known in many years. The quilt was rolled up by the nimblest needles in the county, the fairest hands shook it when it was finished, the brightest, prettiest faces beamed about it, and the gay laughter with which the work was enlivened swelled from the happiest hearts.

And the evening opened with the brightest auspices. After tea, the gay gallants of N—— came in with ruddy faces—for the night was cold; and then the dancing commenced. Dan Simonds was there with his fiddle, which he played with energy and skill, relieved occasionally by Percival Gilbert, of the melodious flute; and joyously did dancing feet and dancing hearts keep time to the music.

It was nine o'clock. Percival was blowing out "Money Musk." But Percival was ill-natured now—Percival, the accepted suitor of Mary Kempton, had never played with such rage and impatience before.

For, alas! Mary was a coquette, and her great delight was in new conquests, and in the jealousy of her true Percival. Long had the young man borne her caprices—but now, when he saw her enjoying "a little bit of coquetry" with tall George Keddington, of the handsome whiskers and brown eyes, his heart could endure no more.

And there was the gentle, warm-hearted, blue-eyed Lizzie Loring, too, who loved him of the whiskers with an entire affection, and whose heart he was breaking with his cruel conduct. Lizzie was a lovely, amiable girl—not envious by nature—but in view of her lover's caprice she could not but be jealous, and every look his brilliant eyes shed upon the joyous coquette, fell blighting upon her own fond heart—until she, like Percival Gilbert, felt that she could endure no more.

"Oh, no! she could not! her heart was bursting; her temples throbbed; she was weary, faint and

sick. She wished to leave the house, to go home and weep; but how could she? She had not the heart to take George Keddington away from Mary, whose gay society he appeared to love so well, nor could she demean herself so much as to betray her sufferings to them.

Her eye fell upon Percival. There was a sympathy and a meaning in the glances they exchanged. She drew near him, as he stood in the corner, disjoining his flute. They were old friends, and she said frankly—

"Percival, my head aches violently. I wish to go home."

Percival's face brightened.

"Lizzie," said he, "I know why you wish to go home."

Lizzie blushed, and cast down her eyes sadly.

"I understand it all. But I am not going to see you home, unless you promise to grant me one favor."

"Oh, I will grant you anything possible or proper!"

"Well! I will have my horse at the door in five minutes. You will be ready."

"But the favor?"

"Oh, I will name that Wednesday evening, at the ball."

He left the room, and the poor girl advanced to take leave of Mary Kempton. Both she and George were astonished, and tried to prevail on her to stay an hour longer.

"Very well," said George, coldly, "since you insist, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you home."

"Thank you," murmured Lizzie—"I—I did not like to take you away from your agreeable company—and I—I am going with Percival."

George changed color, and Mary Kempton bit her lip, while Lizzie—the little coward—trembled like a leaf.

"Oh, indeed! you are very considerate!" said

George, satirically. "I hope your headache will be better!"

Her heart at that moment was beating.

"He does not care!" thought she.

But after her departure George was an altered person. His gaiety was gone—his devotion had likewise followed Lizzie's example, and gone too. Could Lizzie have looked back and seen him then, she would not have been sobbing and sighing all that night, and bathing her pillow with tears.

Wednesday evening came. The greatest ball of the season was to be given at the N—— Hotel. To the astonishment of everybody Percival Gilbert went alone, and Mary Kempton went with—her father! Percival was bent on having his revenge. He scarcely noticed Mary, but watching eagerly for Lizzie, he hastened to speak with her the moment she appeared.

"I have come to name the favor you have promised to grant," said he.

"Ah!" murmured Lizzie—"I had forgotten."

"So soon!"

"It is five days."

"And you and George are good friends again, I presume! You have forgiven him for flirting."

"Hush!" whispered Lizzie, crimsoning with confusion. "I never mentioned the subject to him, nor he to me. I do not wish to remember that night."

The poor girl was too willing to forget and forgive without uttering a reproach, if George would only flirt no more!

"But you remember your promise?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, the favor I ask is, that you will dance with me to-night."

"With the greatest pleasure!" cried Lizzie.

"And with no one else?"

Lizzie turned pale.

"Oh, you cannot mean that?"

"But I do!"

Percival was determined to be revenged on George as well as Mary!

Lizzie remonstrated, prayed—almost refused, but Percival was firm. He would hold her to her promise.

"But I came with George—and he will certainly expect——"

"You to consider his feelings more than he considers yours! Very well! All I expect is, that you fulfil your promise!"

Proud and handsome was George Kedddington as he approached Lizzie Loring, and complacently asked her hand for the first set.

"Thank you," murmured Lizzie—"I am engaged!"

George looked at her in astonishment; for although nothing had been said on the subject,

he expected, as a matter of course, that she would dance first with him.

"Engaged!" he echoed, nervously pulling his handsome whiskers. "Oh, then I must hasten to find another partner!" he added, with affected carelessness.

George approached Mary Kempton, lavished upon her one of his most killing smiles, and led her out to the great distress of Lizzie, who regretted now more bitterly than ever her promise to Percival.

"At all events," thought she, "I have only promised to dance with him, and with no one else; but I shall not be obliged to dance again to-night, and I will not."

But when the poor girl witnessed the gallant attentions of George Kedddington to Mary Kempton, her resentment was roused, she became desperately jealous, and regret gave place to anger. Three times in succession she danced with Percival, refusing everybody else; and when the remorseful George, unable to endure such a state of affairs any longer, bent his pride enough to ask her hand for the fourth dance, she felt a bitter triumph in telling him she was engaged.

"For the cotillion, then?" suggested George.

"I am engaged for that."

"Well, then, the country-dance!"

"I am sorry to say I have promised Mr. Gilbert," murmured Lizzie.

"And the waltz!" exclaimed George, trembling with jealousy, impatience and anger—"Percival does not waltz."

"Then I shall ask," said Lizzie, firmly.

George was too full of jealousy to speak. He pulled his whiskers furiously, and gnawed his lips with rage. He glared on Percival with all the fury of Othello aroused; and Percival smiled complacently.

Mr. Kedddington turned on his heel, smoothed his brow into an expression of frightful suavity, and with a sort of ferocious gravity, led out the belle of the ball—a cold, haughty beauty, who was not, however, quite so disagreeable to him as Mary Kempton had now become.

Percival was delighted. He knew that both Mary and George were dying with jealousy, and he found his revenge sweet. Again he led out the loving Lizzie, while everybody declared that "Mr. Gilbert had actually cut out Mr. Kedddington, and that Mr. Gilbert and Lizzie Loring would be a match!" Such exclusive attentions, in fact, were never seen in N—— before nor since.

But I much doubt whether any one but Percival really enjoyed the game of cross-purposes he was playing. Both George and Mary were decidedly miserable, and Lizzie felt so many fears and misgivings, that she became in the end quite unhappy. George's new fancy—his devotion to

the belle of the ball—troubled her unspeakably; and she took all his assumed gaiety for genuine mirth. Sick at heart, she declined dancing any more; and now she hoped George would come and accompany her to the refreshment room, when all might be explained. But George was apparently too much engaged with the belle of the ball to think of her; and she was necessitated to accept the invitation of Mr. Gilbert. Meanwhile, to Percival's great delight, Mary Kempton was flirting with half a dozen handsome gentlemen indiscriminately.

At length Mr. Keddington came to Lizzie, and with a very cold and respectful bow, offered to see her home any time she wished to go.

"I wish to go now," faltered Lizzie.

"Indeed! I hardly expected you would be anxious to leave your pleasant company so soon—but I am at your command."

His cutting words went sharply into her heart; but she did not trust herself to reply, except to thank him.

"I hope you have enjoyed yourself this evening," said George, as he helped her into the sleigh.

"I have—very much," replied Lizzie, feebly.

"I thought you must with such an agreeable companion! I congratulate you, Miss Loring, on your conquest."

"George!"

"It is an unhappy thing for Mary Kempton—that is all."

"Mary Kempton has no right to complain! If she has lost Mr. Gilbert, she can blame no one but herself."

"Ah—she has really lost him, then!"

"I did not say that—although she deserves to lose him. A person cannot bear too much neglect—and Mary did treat him shamefully. He ought to dislike her."

"So he ought!" said George, significantly. "I know if any young lady who had once given me encouragement, should afterward flirt as I have seen some flirt to-night—hem! I don't know what I should do. One thing is certain, I should not care enough for her to hang myself on her account."

Lizzie was seldom angry; but she was angry then. She could have borne reproaches—anger—coldness—anything but sarcasm. A moment before she was ready to forgive anything, and to ask to be forgiven—but now she was strengthened in her just resentment, and—she made no reply!

They rode on in silence—George anxiously waiting for her to renew the conversation, hoping in his pride that she would ask an explanation or offer to make one; and bitterly regretting his last words.

The sleigh drew up before Mr. Loring's house.

George helped his companion out and saw her to the door. He felt certain that she would say something then besides the formal good night which fell coldly from her lips. How he longed to clasp her in his arms before they parted! but he was too proud to make the first advance toward a reconciliation; and as she did not even ask him to call again, he went away angry, unhappy, and wounded in his love and in his pride.

Again Lizzie bathed her pillow in tears. She felt that George had been cruel toward her, and she began to doubt his affection. For four days she was very wretched, as George never came near her, at times pride and indignation arose to her assistance, and she formed a resolution which astonished all her friends.

For a long time, an aunt living in the city of A—, had been urging Lizzie to spend the winter with her in town. Her parents were willing, and George's society had alone detained her; and now she declared her determination to go. Preparations for the journey were made with secrecy and despatch, and on Monday morning she left N—.

The news spread through the village. It came like a thunderbolt upon George Keddington. He was plunged in despair. In his misery he hastened to pour forth the vials of his wrath on the head of Mr. P. Gilbert.

"Gone!" exclaimed Percival, turning pale. "If you alone were the sufferer I wouldn't care—but you have made her unhappy."

George immediately set up a furious self-defence, and threw all the blame on Percival.

"I am willing to acknowledge my share," said Mr. Gilbert. "I am to blame for carrying my revenge too far."

"Your 'revenge!'" muttered George.

"Yes—my revenge. Exasperated by your heartless flirtation with Mary Kempton, at her quilting-party, I extorted a promise from Lizzie—whose heart you had almost broken—to grant me a favor I should name at the ball. This favor was to dance with me, and none but me, that night!"

"Ah!"

"She entreated me to release her from her promise, but I was bent on my revenge. I did not mean that the blow should fall on her, but you, for you deserved it. She loves you, and is as innocent of evil as a lamb."

"Why didn't I know this before?" muttered George. "What a wretch I have been!"

That night he set out for A—. He could not rest until he had seen Lizzie, and prayed her to forgive him, on his solemn promise to flirt no more. What passed at the interview I cannot say; but it must have been satisfactory, for George never afterward appeared to care for

any but Lizzie, nor she for any but him; there were no more flirtations, no more quarrels, no more making each other unhappy—no more—anything to speak of, in fact, but a wedding, which took place the following spring, when he of the black whiskers made her of the tender blue eyes his wife.

I would very gladly have finished this little

sketch with two weddings instead of one, if I could do so conveniently and tell the truth. The fact is, Mr. Gilbert and Miss Kempton never made up their quarrel. He had seen enough of coquetry, he said; and she, to spite him, flirted more desperately than ever; and now he has grown to be a woman-hating bachelor, and she a vain and worldly—OLD MAID!

## A GARLAND OF POETRY.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

It is the "month of roses." The soft south wind comes in at our open casement, fragrant with the perfume of bursting buds and ripening flowers. The sky is without a cloud. The murmur of a pebbly brook rises and falls on our ear; the old woods rustle pleasantly to the passing breeze; and all Nature appears intoxicated with the beauty and balm of "the summer time."

Here we have been the long afternoon through, reading pleasant books and listening to the sweet sounds without. Life has been, for that brief season, a "dream of poetry." The drowsy hum of bees in the garden, the low of the distant kine, the horn of the boatman echoing among the hills, and the voice of a young girl singing among the roses, have by turns lulled us to delicious reverie and awakened us to keenest enjoyment. Earth affords no emotions more pleasurable than those of an afternoon like this, unless it may be those of an evening such as promises to succeed it. Already, indeed, the silver moon shines in the orient, though the western sky is still flushed with the sunset. Soon, without a rival, the maiden planet, will ride the heavens triumphant, field, wood and stream shining, under her fairy beams, like some land of sweet enchantment. There, even as we write, the last ruddy tint has faded from the west; and a flood of silver moonlight pours in at our window. It is an hour for poetry. It is a season for high and holy thoughts. The soul pants to be free, up among those bright worlds, searching the unfathomable mysteries of space. Let us yield to the influences around us.

We have been reading a volume of poems, written by Mrs. E. H. Evans; and we cannot do better, dear reader, than rehearse them to you. But who, you ask, is Mrs. Evans? We answer, she is a woman of real genius, and has evidently drunk, from inspiration, at the true Pierian spring. But the distinctive beauty of her poetry, and what exalts it above that written generally even by her sex, is its Christian, if not saint-like aspirations after a better and holier world. She seems to feel that genius has been bestowed on her for a sacred purpose, and that, both as a woman and a poet, it becomes her to sing principally of "Shiloh's fount," and of that immortal river which Milton, in a divine frenzy, saw flowing, between perennial banks, "fast by the oracle of God." All her loftier flights of inspiration are dictated by devotional feelings.

When her eye is fixed on supernal things, when her soul is filled with holy longings, she soars upward, on untiring wing, like a lark exulting heavenward. We do not know that we can better explain this intense aspiration after supernal things, than by quoting one of her poems, perhaps the most beautiful of its kind ever penned by an American female.

### THE LAND FAR AWAY.

There are bright homes 'mid bowers of deathless glory—

There are blue skies o'er-bending them in love;  
Sweet winds, that never sighed round ruins hoary,  
Or sung the autumn requiem of the grove.  
There are fair flowers, by crystal waters springing,  
That never bore the semblance of decay;  
On the soft air their perfumed incense flinging,  
In a land far away.

There, on the mountain tops, the day, declining,  
Hath never caused a twilight shade to rest:  
Each height with a pure, lambent splendor shining,  
Sunlike in brightness o'er the valleys blest.  
And there are dwellers in those scenes of gladness,  
O'er whose pure being Death can have no sway;  
Whose voices utter not a note of sadness,  
In a land far away.

Cherub and seraphim of glory, bending  
In holy raptures at a throne of light:  
Angels and saints their songs of triumph blending—  
These are the dwellers in those regions bright;  
And some have walked with us the path of sorrow,  
And felt the storms of many a wintry day;  
But oh! they wakened to a glorious morrow,  
In the land far away.

And shall we weep for those to joy departed?  
Or should we mourn that they shall grieve no more?  
Sick as we are, and sad, and weary-hearted,  
Should we recall them from that blessed shore?  
See, where they dwell! the forms we loved and  
cherished,

(From age, dim-eyed, with hair of silver grey,  
To the fair babe, that like a blossom perished,)  
In the land far away.

Thou, best and dearest, ever-gentle mother!  
Who soothed me in thy tender arms to rest—  
Still the cries that would have vexed another,  
By folding me with love upon thy breast,  
Green o'er thy grave, for years, the long grass, sighing,  
Hath seemed to mourn above the mouldering clay;  
But well I know thy spirit dwells, undying,  
In a land far away.

And He, whose brightness suns and stars are veiling,  
Whose form, once seen, would blind our mortal eyes,  
With Him, who bore unmoved the scoffers railing,  
And died to give us entrance to the skies:  
Father and Son, and ever-blessed Spirit,  
There, by their presence, make eternal day!  
Oh! glorious are the homes the good inherit,  
In the land far away.

In a more solemn strain, but still dictated  
by the same religious feeling, are the following

verses. They recall the great truth, too often forgotten or neglected, that this life is but a prelude to another.

#### WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

We might have been! Oh, words of deepest sorrow,  
When uttered in the realms of endless gloom;  
Where no sweet hope, with promise of to-morrow,  
Comes with its bird-like song, or flowery bloom.

We might have been beside cool streams reclining,  
That gain new glory from our raiment white!  
And these pale brows, where dark despair sits pining,  
Cast a far radiance 'neath their crowns of light.

We might have been with those, the loved and cherished,  
Whose presence made our earthly homes so fair;  
Whose happy spirits, when their shrines had perished,  
Spread their glad wings at once for purer air.

We might have been there where our gentle mothers  
And bright-haired sisters walk—a lovely band!  
Where even the voices of our infant brothers  
Float on each zephyr of the blessed land.

We might have been there with the great and holy  
Patriarchs and prophets of each age and clime,  
Who, soaring up from thrones, or dwellings lowly,  
Priests, kings, and conquerors reign in pomp sublime.

We might have been!—Oh! God forbid that ever  
Writer or reader with such woe shall thrill!  
Nay, let us upward press with strong endeavor,  
And so life's glorious destiny fulfil.

In themes of daily interest Mrs. Evans also excels. The ensuing lines, which have been frequently published, are perhaps familiar to our readers; but they are so beautiful, in every way, that we cannot resist quoting them.

#### CONSUMPTION.

All through the dreary Winter months

We nursed her lovely form,  
And trembled at the slightest gale,  
Or threatening of a storm.  
How solemnly we guarded her,  
How tearfully caressed,  
And oh! with what an anxious gaze  
We watched her troubled rest!

And when the searching winds of March,  
Swept by with moaning sound,  
How still became our hearts with fear,  
How pale each face around.  
And eagerly, yet half afraid,  
We marked the slightest change,  
And fancied in her tones of love,  
A cadence sadly strange.

We could not bear to see her fade,  
To note her failing voice,

E'en though its murmured melody,  
Still faltered out—Rejoice!  
Her eyes looked larger than of yore,  
Her brow more purely white;  
And oh! we shuddered when she held  
Her hand against the light.

That hand was tremulous and thin,  
Yet oft, when tears we shed,  
She pressed it tenderly in turn  
Upon each drooping head!  
Oh, she was lovelier every hour,  
And dearer every day,  
And made our lowly home a place  
For Angel guests to stay!

But Winter storms at length were gone,  
The flowers began to bloom,  
And as she stronger grew, a light  
Broke in upon our gloom.  
And joy too deep for words to tell,  
Was ours, one balmy day—  
It was the softest and the last  
Of the sweet month of May;

We bore her gently to the shade  
Of an old favorite tree;  
We placed her on the very spot  
Where she had wished to be.  
We wept sweet tears of gratitude,  
And smiled with strange delight,  
To see how freshly bloomed her cheek,  
And how her eyes grew bright.

And one—the youngest of our band,  
Twined roses for her hair;  
And merrily our mirth rung out  
Upon the pleasant air.  
Then, when our hearts were full of hope,  
E'en then she bowed her head;  
And with a blessing on her lips  
Her lovely spirit fled!

Yes! in that very home of life,  
That seemed but made for bloom,  
Death in our midst unheeded stood,  
And claimed her for the tomb.  
We put the red-rose garland off—  
It was but mockery there—  
And gathered half-blown buds of white,  
To place upon her bier.

We had no words to tell our woe—  
We were too sad to speak,  
As, one by one, we pressed a kiss,  
The LAST! upon her cheek.  
And since, when all around are gay,  
And birds are on the wing,  
We hasten to our loved one's grave,  
With the first flowers of Spring.

And now we bid farewell to our poet. The night is passing, the moon is high in heaven, and all nature sleeps in profound repose. We, too, will to slumber. Good angels guard you and us, reader!

## A VISION

### AMONG THE RUINS OF UXMAL.

WHEN travelling through the province of Yucatan, we visited the ruins of Uxmal, which consisted of a great number of edifices scattered over a wide plain. The great Tiocalli of Uxmal is a lofty pyramid with an exterior coating of stone-work.

We ascended on the eastern side by a flight of one hundred steps, each a foot in height. This temple contained three chambers, and on the front was a platform beautifully sculptured. It is supposed that sacrifices were performed here.

Overcome with fatigue, I sat down on a heap of stone overgrown with grass, and began to ponder on the mystery that hung over the stupendous relics of the past. My companions wandered off in search of new wonders, and I was left alone, surrounded by the mementoes of the dead. Being naturally a little superstitious, and inclined to believe in the supernatural, my fancy began to fill the spacious chambers with shades of the dead, and the death-like silence gradually became very oppressive. When the soft breeze came stealing through the clinging vines, and creeping through the thick-leaved shrubs, I could almost fancy it was the whisper of departed spirits trying to gratify my eager curiosity, and dispel the gloom that enshrouded the history of the past.

At last the whispered voices grew more dis-

tingent—the dim shadows of human forms became visible, until the lofty pyramid was thronged by a strange people, and the murmur of an unknown language came softly on my ear.

Lofty men were standing before the altar on which a fire was burning, and the golden dishes of incense were burning on either side of the altar. A vast multitude were assembled at the foot of the pyramid, looking eagerly upward. Near at hand the temple of Sun reared its lofty domes and glittering spires; and now from out its spacious portal came a band of armed men, escorting a delicate maiden to the pyramid. They conducted her up the steps—through the chambers, and at last appeared on the platform in view of the vast multitude.

The priest removed her veil, and there she stood, the fairest maiden in all the kingdom. Her large black eyes were turned in agonizing pleading on the priest—her full red lips quivered with despair. They laid the victim on the altar—the knife was raised and descended in the quivering breast of the maiden, and her long, piercing shriek awoke me from the slumber into which I had fallen. There I was on the platform, the same death-like silence resting on every object, and the golden rays of the setting sun darting in through the crevices of the mighty ruins.

H.

## "ALL FOR LOVE."

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

THERE was an unusual stir in the doctor's family, a perfect tempest of excitement in the soul of young Blanche. Of all possible happenings, that which had come upon her, was what she dreaded most. Mr. Warren was come! With a sigh, whose heaviness implied she was bidding an ever-lasting farewell to free-will, independence, and comfort, Blanche heard the summons that morning, while flying about the house, making preparations for a pic-nic with her best friend, Judy Gould; the summons which announced that her tutor had arrived and waited an introduction!

Our friend had been the unpromising subject of the poor village school-teacher's attentions, for a good many years, and now her father, the worthy doctor and important citizen of Clyde, seriously annoyed at her astonishingly slow progress, for he knew very well she did not lack brain or capacity, sternly announced to her that the playtime of her life was over, and, that she should not turn out a perfect ignoramus, he had made arrangements for her instruction at home. His announcement of this laudable intention was received by his wife and daughter with a perfect external acquiescence. Neither of them ventured to remonstrate with one, whose lightest word in his own household, was law and gospel—and Blanche was driven to her own heart's purposes in order to find consolation in this necessity to study, which she now foresaw laid upon her; for she well knew that whatever her mother's private opinion on the subject might be, she would express no wish contrary to that her husband desired of her.

But, in fact, Mrs. Bond was, through her maternal prudence, horrified in her own mind, when first informed that the instructor engaged for Blanche was a young man, and a student of divinity. Had she been present, however, at the first interview between the master and pupil, she would have set her heart at rest immediately—for no one in possession of a moderate share of common sense, would have thought of being troubled by the apparent probable results of the intercourse of these young people. For, though Mr. Warren had a presentable appearance enough, neither his smile, nor his voice, nor his glance were winning, and the hearts of such girls as Blanche, who in early youth live more by sight than faith, are never to be considered quite invulnerable,

without these three "attributes" happen to be altogether wanting in the companionship to which they are subjected.

But, verily, it was a marvelous sight to see our young student under the guidance of the divine. He made her learn. There was no possibility of her escaping any task he appointed—he would never receive any flimsy excuse for a neglected duty. Indeed when Blanche had fairly, and for the first time begun to study, she had no wish to escape, for she had an abundance of ability and pride, which, lying *perdu* till now, was all diligently aroused when he would express his astonishment that she was unversed in, entirely ignorant indeed, of much knowledge which he said, he had supposed she had already acquired. And her ambition was, moreover, awakened when he would by word or look tell the teacher-gratification he felt on account of her progress and success. His approbation encouraged the latent desire for learning which indolence had mastered, and it incited to the necessary energy when she began to see, and to be ashamed of her ignorance.

She would learn all but the lessons he strove to impart in theology. He had studied this grand *science* from books, which outraged nature and truth with their dark and cruel doctrines. He had studied only from books—he had studied the things of God without reason's light, with a stern faith that the instructors he chose could not err, and they had been. "*apt* to teach" him. Blanche was, in his opinion, nothing of an opponent in argument on religious subjects; he had the advantage of being a firm believer, full of settled convictions; and he had an eloquent way of defending his faith, that was the very might of words. But, an earnest searcher after truth to satisfy the soul's wants and needs, would have found much more of satisfaction, peace, and encouragement in the simple exposition of her heart's belief, than in his more sounding and subtle reasonings. Divine love from her lips would have proved a more a peaceful argument than eternal wrath from his. Blanche would not suffer him to find many opportunities of triumphing over her, but his creed alone would have proved a good guarantee for the safety of her heart, as Mrs. Bond could in the first instance have wished.

A young printer-boy, named Adam Ballantine, by frequent and very promising, that is, able

contributions to his master's paper, had become quite a "lion" in the village. Shortly after Mr. Warren's arrival at Blithewood, he applied to him for instruction, stating his wish to prepare himself for the ministry. In asking the counsel and influence of the theologian, Adam relied on the Christian feeling of the more fortunate student, and, as the event proved, he could not have applied to a kinder or more generous counsellor; for as soon as Mr. Warren learned the surprising advancement the boy had made while all unaided, knowing that it would be greatly to the advantage of Blanche if a classmate were given her, he lost no time in consulting his employer, and having secured her father's consent, as gladly as though the favor had been conferred on himself, he sought out the boy to tell him that instruction and assistance were at his command. The next week Adam Ballantine was admitted to recite with Blanche.

Dr. and Mrs. Bond were each particularly pleased with this arrangement. They were not personally put to any annoying exercise thereby; and the tutor seemed so pleased, the boy so grateful, and the reputation of doing a good act was so far from being distasteful to a professional gentleman, that these good people, very good as the world's estimate declared, were themselves also quite delighted. And now if the village lion was bound to be spoiled, he was fairly in for it.

Adam was a good-looking, intelligent, agreeable, and moreover excellent boy. He was a little older than Blanche in years; far older in personal appearance, for his early and constant contests with poverty, had given a weight and a mark to every year that passed over his head. His dress was plain and coarse, it was not that which gave him a true gentlemanly look; but the very neatness of his homely attire told that he had a mother, and that she had proud hopes for him.

The congregation to which his mother and himself belonged, learning Adam's desire to study divinity, bought the remaining portion of his stipulated time of his master, and voluntarily made arrangements for their support during the next five years. And, because of his intense anxiety to succeed in this endeavor of life, as well because he felt persuaded that in this charity the people were lending to the Lord, and, that he felt he should one day be able, even pecuniarily, to more than repay them again, Adam was glad and grateful, and able too without doubt or dread accept their charity.

During the first months of her acquaintance and study with him, Adam's name was constantly on the lip of Blanche, his fellow student. She was sounding his praise, lauding his talents, and predicting great fortunes for him wherever she

went, and to whoever would listen—but, finally, because she had worn out the thread or was tired of it, or for some still better reason, she grew very silent on this subject, and would sometimes even blush when his name was mentioned; as if that boy were anything more than a fellow student to her!

Eighteen months of such tuition could but work great change in these two young pupils, not only in their intellects, but also in their hearts. If Mrs. Bond had harbored any motherly fears the day that saw her daughter for the first time showing Adam into the school-room—if she had felt any doubts then respecting the results of the intercourse between the young girl and the lad, she would have been in just the right way for understanding the unnatural moods of her child—she would have had power to construe rightly the entire change that was taking place in her way of thought and action. But she had indulged in none of these fears and doubts for the safety of the heart of Blanche, and, therefore, was quite innocent in expressing her earnest wish that the girl, from being such a perfect witch as she once was, had not transformed into an entirely intellectual lady.

At the close of these eighteen months, Lester Warren and his pupils prepared for an immediate separation. Adam was going forthwith to a University, in which, owing to the tutor's influence and application to the faculty, a favorable entrance had been secured for him. Mr. Warren was himself about to leave Blithewood, to take pastoral charge of a church in a neighboring town, which had given him a flattering call.

In spite of his gloomy, stern, denouncing religious creed, his great want of youthful feeling and sympathy, the tutor had, during his residence under the same roof with her, become a very highly prized friend to Blanche. She did not rejoice on parting with him, as she would in their first acquaintance have done. If not an instructor in the history natural of love, or an intelligible expounder of the catechism, at least as an intellectual companion it seemed to her that she could not do without him; from pure vexation she could have wept when the prospect of his leaving was announced to her. The regret was certainly mutual—for another than intellectual reason. Mr. Warren, for his part, having long before this announced to himself, that when his girl pupil was a little farther advanced in years and in knowledge, he should make known some private feelings and wishes he had in regard to her. The divine cherished a sufficient number of absurd fancies, which if alone made known of him would have overwhelmed him with ridicule—but he was not so absurd as to look for perfection in woman, and particularly not in his "insignificant" pupil,

as he pronounced her to himself at first sight; and he had discovered sufficient of the good and altogether lovely in her to make a deep impression, a lasting impression on his *mind*.

But there were warmer and devouter human feelings awakened in the *heart* of the young girl, when she thought of Adam going away, than Lester Warren had ever imagined human heart could know.

In the pursuit of their studies, Adam and Blanche had walked and talked undisturbed, unnoticed together; they had learned *each* other as well as other truths, and they had come to have the verb love with the spirit and the understanding also. This thing that happened was not strange. The enthusiastic nature of Blanche and Adam's brave spirit found much in which they could mutually sympathize. And, moreover, and what was best of all for her, his cheerful, hopeful, deep-seated religion, which seemed enlightened by the approving smile of God, drew her toward him and reflected itself in her, and became in her heart a more sentient, active, and useful religion than the mere belief which had before existed there. She lived a new life from the time when he opened his soul, his plans, and hopes, and cares to her; and *he*, oh, he

"Was worthy, for he loved her, he was worthy as a king!"

For his part the widow's son was glad when the time appointed for his leaving home drew near. He resolved that he would go from Blithewood without speaking his more than admiration, for he knew, poor fellow, that if his love was not hopeless, it ought to be! He had too realizing a sense of the footing on which he had been suffered to go so often and so familiarly to the doctor's house, and he felt that it would be treacherous in him to even speak of love to Blanche. After years (how dared he dream even of reckoning on the possibility of after years?) might see him in a fit position to ask her in marriage with unassured independence, based on a consciousness of worth; but he would not do it now. And he shrank from binding Blanche to him by word, even as he would have shrunk from dishonor, though he knew that she stood ready and willing to be thus bound.

Therefore was his position when he went finally away, as astonishing to himself as can be well imagined, for he went the betrothed of the proud, the great doctor's daughter!

Mrs. Warren and Adam were to journey away together on the first day in June. The very night preceding his departure, young Ballantine and Blanche walked together, reading for each other but silently and to themselves, the one thought of their hearts. They had spoken in their ramble of the future, but it was of themselves as dissevered

in every way, and by not a word had they expressed the wish each cherished so devoutly, that they might *share* that future. They talked of parting on the morrow, it was with the calmness of young stoics: all this till they stood by the garden-gate in that clear moonlight, with "good-bye" upon their lips. Doubtless it *was* a very stupid piece of business indeed, but the heart of Blanche gave way just at that crisis, and tears, which shone like pearls on her pale cheeks in that calm evening light, brought passionate and tender words to the youth's tongue, which once spoken, however much he may have regretted his precipitancy, he would not for worlds have retracted. Then he led her away into the garden paths again, and told her there the sweetest story man ever told to woman, and they parted so with each other's kiss, and a high thought for the future.

There was but one person in the village to whom, after Adam's departure, Blanche imparted this her first really important secret. And this person was not Judy Gould, nor any one of her companions, but instead the poor, widowed mother of Adam Ballantine! What in the world do you think her own mother, the doctor's wife, would have said and done if she had known *that* of her daughter, who was growing to be such a beauty and so learned? Could *she* have seen Blanche when she told falteringly and appealingly, as though she were almost crushed with a sense of her own unworthiness, that story of her betrothal to the work-worn, humble woman?

Adam was to remain three years at the University: during that time his letters and occasional visits was all the intercourse that the mother or the betrothed anticipated—and they who had fixed their expectations for him higher than any other friends had done, were not so astonished as other people, when, as the months went on, his moral, and mental, and physical ability were so finely developed.

While he was fitting himself for that highest office man can fill, as a preacher of the Lord, Blanche was diligently preparing herself to become his partner in that calling. When her education was "finished," as people supposed it to be after her tutor had left, she applied herself almost constantly to study, going out little into the world, and shielded well when she did go by her devoted love for "one afar." Dr. and Mrs. Bond were proud, as they had reason to be, of their only child; and being sober-minded people themselves, they were glad to see that her mind, once far too gay and giddy, in their opinion, had taken a serious turn since her subjection to the influence of Lester Warren. But they did not know their child, for all their penetration. She was good and dutiful as daughter need be, but

the spirit that was in her, the determination, the power of perseverance in a known duty, under adverse circumstances, her will, in short, having never of late been roused in opposition to their will, at least not for years, was quite forgotten by them. They were unconscious that the spirit which had so often in her childhood clashed with their worldliness, might, though subdued and subjected, still have existence.

Lester Warren's fame as a good preacher of extreme doctrines, had begun to go abroad beyond the limits of his own parish and congregation. Various calls from different churches induced his original parishioners to greatly increase his salary, and while even thus early in life he prospered so well, he became a natural point of attraction for many kinds of speculative and speculating eyes. In many minds he excited an uncommon, *not* unaccountable interest.

Among those whose interest had grown apace with the increase of his prosperity, were the parents of Blanche—the mother no longer contemplated the possibility of her daughter's relationship with the successful preacher in pious horror—nor was the doctor in the least displeased when Warren presented himself before him as a suitor for his daughter's hand. Neither clergyman nor parents entertained a doubt of the easy conquest now to be made; the existence of an impediment was not an imagined possibility.

Great, therefore, was his surprise and their chagrin, when Mr. Warren's suit was coolly declined. Though the lover, if such he might be called, quietly departed without further pressing his cause at that time, believing that his former pupil would presently recover her proper senses, the father and mother were not all satisfied with the brief and simple answers she vouchsafed all their inquiries, that she did not *love* Mr. Warren sufficiently to marry him. They must reason with her, and endeavor to talk such "romancing stuff" as seemed to possess her clear out of her head and heart—but the daughter in turn kept only a respectful, firm silence, concealing her secret, and resolving to do so till it should be no longer possible.

Three times did the persevering preacher, with the increasing consciousness that to gain the question was becoming more and more a matter of great moment with him, return to Blithewood to repeat his offer of marriage to the relentless Blanche; the third time of his rejection saw him go from her with a bitter feeling besides that of disappointment, which was far from Christian. However, he found consolation and another wife ere the summer was ended. So let him pass.

A dreadful sickness broke out in — University, contagious, and fatal in many cases, and the students; such as were not already attacked,

separated in affright. The first intelligence that reached the mother of young Ballantine respecting this, was of her son's dangerous illness! The letter conveyed these tidings, expressed a hope that it might be possible for her to come to her son, and it was urged that she come immediately. The tenor of the communication led her to infer the worst, and how impossible it was for her to go to him! It was mid-winter—for weeks she had been confined to the house with rheumatism. He might die with this awful disease which had attacked him; yet there she was also chained by the iron hand of sickness, separated from him who was her all!

When Blanche received that sad intelligence, she had but one thought, *she* must go to Adam and take the place his mother so much longed to fill. The difficulties attending a step so out of the common way made her for a moment hesitate, but these even were forgotten when that sudden, happy smile broke from the mother's sad, afflicted heart, as she expressed a wish that it were *possible* for her to go. She determined then, that come what might, she would surmount every obstacle that lay between him and her, she would go to him and be with him! As she made this resolve, the mother's gladness seemed like a heavenly benediction to her, and Blanche when she went from the widow, went to prepare at once for her journey.

There was *now* none left with whom she dared consult but Judy Gould, and so that very night she sought her out to confide this secret to one who she knew was as trustful as she was gay.

The extraordinary salutation of Blanche, when she found her friend, was,

"Judy, I'm going to New York to-morrow morning in the early train. When the cars are fairly off and I'm missed, I want you to go and tell mother."

"What upon earth do you mean? What do you go for? who with?"

"Don't be in such a hurry, I'll tell you. Adam Ballantine is very sick indeed. His mother, as you know, can't move even about the house. I'm going in her place, and alone. Judy, I've told more to you than I would to any one but her. If you were in *my* place would you go?"

"I can't for the life of me see what sends you. How did you ever come to think of such a thing? Such an odd idea! If you were engaged, why—"

"We *are*. Would you go in such a case?"

"Yes, to be sure. But I was never so astonished. You engaged to *him*? why Blanche!"

"Wait till I come home again before you annihilate me with your amazement. If Adam comes with me then—Judy, what I want of *you* is this. After I am gone promise me, go and see mother—

tell her there is no occasion for being troubled about me, that I'm only gone a little way to see a sick friend. I've been in New York before, thank fortune! tell her you know all about it—but pray don't say a word further."

"Not if I'm put to the rack!"

"Bless you, Judy! When you are in a strait call on me, I'll serve you faithfully."

"Thank you. You leave in the early train?"

"Yes—at five."

"Good-bye then! success to your pious effort. I have an urgent engagement for this evening—and you, Blanche, had better go home and say your prayers before you set out on such an expedition."

"I've said them more than once since I made up my mind what to do. But, Judy, say, if he should die, *could* I ever forgive myself for not having the moral courage to go."

"No—in fact you could not. Good-bye."

If his life was indeed precious to her, it was well that Blanche ventured on this bold step, for there was little hope in the mind of any, who, before her arrival watched over Adam Ballantine, that he would recover. But from the very day of her appearing in his sick room there was a change, and for the better, apparent in his symptoms. To nurse and watch with, and soothe and cheer him, to forget herself, and be only mindful and careful for him, she took her place day after day at his bedside, and she had her reward at last when the delirium and the fever altogether left him, and the danger was over. She was rewarded beyond what she had dared to hope,—when he stood once more beside her, owing his life, as the physicians declared, solely to her care.

"The rich," it is said, "draw friends around them, the poor draw angels"—a truthful saying too as far as Adam was concerned; what an angel had been drawn toward him in his poverty! Love had changed that young, wild girl into a daring woman, he saw her as an angel, and the blessed satisfaction arising from the thought that she had promised to fold her wings of light in his home of the future, and that they were even *now* folded in his heart, more than outweighed the anxiety awakened by the thought of these consequences, which he foresaw would attend the bold step she had dared to take for his sake.

During the fortnight of her absence from home, Judy wrote as follows to Blanche:

"CHERE AMIE—If it is within the range of possibilities come home at once, for mercy's sake, or say that I may divulge our secret! I cannot begin to tell you of the number of times I have been summoned before the inquisition. I feel in my heart that before the next twenty-four hours are over I shall disgrace myself for all time in your mother's eyes; without indeed I fall before the tempter, and so disgrace myself to your mind

for all eternity. Do come to the rescue, for I am in sore distress. I heard, through a friend, that Adam will recover—and I am greatly rejoiced thereat. If you cannot leave for home immediately, had you not better write to your parents of your mysterious whereabouts?

Yours, however, to the death, depend upon me,  
J. G."

As soon as she received this letter, the self-elected nurse despatched a note to her mother—containing as dutiful, loving, and humble an explanation as possible, but all to little purpose, as indeed she had anticipated. The parents had learned the meaning of charity from another dictionary than Blanche, and in nothing short of a rage the doctor set off for the University, in order to bring back his truant child. Unfortunately he was too late in his arrival to become the escort of Blanche and Adam on their return to Blithewood. The very morning of the day when he set foot on the pavements of New York, they by an easier route than railway had taken passage for home; and together too!

The village was in a perfect whirl of curiosity. Nothing was talked of high or low, for somehow the secret had elapsed, (yet not through Judy) of Blanche Bond going alone to a strange city to nurse Mrs. Ballantine's son through a dangerous illness! A few Christians, totally discountenancing the idea that it was more than a romantic, but generous humanity that possessed her, were disposed for charity's sake to greatly laud the doctor's daughter for her brave benevolence. On the other hand, there were young people in abundance who could imagine cases in which *they* would, for *mere love*, do just what Blanche had done; but it was quite impossible to suppose that Adam Ballantine could ever have inspired such a love. The majority of people, however, it cannot be denied, those who were neither Christians nor lovers, made of the choice bit of news a perfect feast of declaring to their heart's content, that it was the inexcusable folly of love, the madness of it, and the boldness which sent Blanche, and nothing else. They should have called a blessing on her head for giving them something so very odd to talk about.

The manner of reception which would probably await her after such an absence, was a matter for no trifling consideration with Blanche; but it was a kinder reception she met than she who knew her parents so well had dared to hope. Mrs. Bond, since the doctor set out in search for their daughter, had found time and occasion for mastering *her* wrath. Time, for a hasty temper is usually a swiftly pacified one; occasion, the fates had interfered in order to soften the mother's reception of her child. *This* was the occasion; a relative dying had left Blanche her small fortune, which, by the will, was subject to the immediate

and special control of the young girl. And the mother, who alone was aware of these, in some respects good tidings, felt compelled to modify her anger to the times.

It was of course impossible, indeed the parties chiefly concerned now felt it unadvisable to keep the matter of their engagement a secret longer. There was no intention of concealment on the part of the affianced. And though Adam and Blanche had fully determined to never marry without her parents' consent, they nevertheless did not stand with the feeling of culprits together in the presence of doctor and Mrs. Bond, on the day when they made free confession of their engagement, and asked the parental blessing upon it.

The suppliants met with a decided refusal to their suit, but it was given with a show of kindness, though so firmly that little hope was left in the mind of Adam or Blanche that the sentence of denial would ever be revoked.

Blanche never made a nobler revelation of character than now, when fortune and her own fate was at her disposal. Unjust as she felt the decree of her father and mother to be, it had *not* been an unpardonable sin in her, had she at once decided to leave the home of widow Ballantine and her son: she had the means to free them both from the dependance on others in which they now lived. Yet it was her religion that taught her better than to do this. Though by submitting to their selfish will she thus, in a degree, countenanced her parents in their unchristian pride.

Adam's sickness left him nearly blind. His studies, the physicians announced on his leaving the University, must be for years, if not forever abandoned. And must the cherished hope of that life-occupation be also abandoned. Oh, no! Even in that time of dependency, when his patrons so heartily bemoaned his personal affliction, and the loss the church would meet in his inability to minister at the altar, in the midnight gloom which enshrouded his own soul, a pure, bright hope came up, suggested by his loving friend, for Blanche would never for one moment believe that Adam's trial was other than a gracious one of faith: a trial that was as much hers as his. A trial through which she by her courage could mightily encourage him.

Her faith bore her up strongly, and she argued, if he is a student no longer, if he must be unversed in the lore of scholars, he has a glorious voice that nature gave him, an inner vision, and there are uncounted pages in his heart which are filled with glorious truths: he can read them, though his eyes *have* grown dim. Thus can he serve God in His holy temple, and teach mankind to praise Him.

And reasoning thus, Blanche by her own high, pure hope brought back hope to the soul of Adam, and of his poor mother. And when one day she said, "you have no need to write: go into the pulpit as soon as you are strong, and with your mind and voice to illuminate them, the people will not ask you to *read books and write sermons*—try it! only promise me that you *will* try it, Adam," he promised her; and the fulfilment of his promise, made with tears and doubts, was glorious, *was glorious!*

And so it was that a second Whitfield appeared in the world. So it was that a day came wherein souls hungering and thirsting for righteousness, gathered together in nightly crowds when Adam appeared among the people, to breathe the bread of life for them. Before the splendor of his day on earth was recognized among men, his mother died—he had not then even entered on that career of usefulness and of honor, that in after years made his name such a blessing to hundreds of ransomed heathens in a Christian land—heathens, upon whose hearts his words fell as the rain, and sunshine of spring falls, revivifying and quickening the barren, frozen fields.

It was a happy day for him and for myriads beside, that saw him turned by fate, nay, by the hand of Providence from the wisdom of colleges, and the sayings of the wise in this world's knowledge, to study the book of the human heart, to find his texts in the countless experiences and lessons written on the pages of mortal life; to find his gospel in the spirit of the word!

A happy day! You also would declare it, could you have seen and heard the contrast presented in the preaching of those two gifted and acknowledged teachers, Lester Warren and Adam Ballantine. A happy day! You would also feel it, did you know how the words of Jesus found their echoes so diverse from the lips of these men—had you seen their daily walk and conversation, and known how, while the one was forever bound and curbed by custom, and fashion, and a chilling sense of false propriety, the other, armed with the whole armor of God and his righteousness, stormed the citadels of sin, and showed the prisoners of the tyrants sin, and error, the way of life and safety!

Years went by before the decision of the parents of Blanche was revoked. Still she lived with them, and for them, faithful and dutiful to them, but faithful to Adam also. They demanded a sacrifice of their child, and she yielded it. No entreaty on their part, however, could ever induce her to resign the love, and the sweet hope of her youth. And these at last did find their full accomplishment and reward. But it was not till after the absurd prejudices of the world had given way to a wiser conviction, and the

scoffers were ashamed to, or had forgotten to, apply that title which at first, and for a long time was all the title Adam acquired—"the ranting Methodist." Another and a loftier, and a truer name was then bestowed on him, "the holy apostle," and not till that day came was the betrothed of Blanche considered a fit "match"

for the doctor's daughter! And it was his fame, his popularity alone, that made him even then in their sight an accepted son!

But, for all their pride, their high notions, you, reader, would never have heard of the doctor, his wife, or his daughter, had not the latter become the wife of Adam Ballantine!

## CONSTANCE LESTER;

### OR, LOVE VS. GRATITUDE.

BY CLARA MORETON.

#### CHAPTER I.

"A BEAUTIFUL creature! By Jove a perfect Juno—no wonder you are so in love with her, Fred."

"Isn't she superb? isn't she magnificent? and then the mystery of her whereabouts, for though I have made every inquiry I cannot find out who she is, where she comes from, or whither she goes."

"And yet you say she passes here nearly every day at this hour?"

"Yes, as regular as clock work."

"Well, why don't you stroll carelessly up street after her? It would be the easiest thing in the world to find where she goes."

"Ay, I tried that, and instead of finding it the 'easiest thing in the world,' I found it the rudest. I've several times followed her as far as Eleventh street—she always turns the corner there, and I have never had the face to go any farther."

"Better go back to the army, Fred, and get a little more courage—you were never in want of it there, if report speaks true. But, joking apart, you don't deserve the love of the fair unknown, if you won't take a little trouble in the matter."

"Trouble! haven't I been to every bore of a party for the last six weeks in hopes of meeting her?"

"Well, if you were to meet her, and find out who she was, then the mystery would be over, and consequently you would lose all interest in her; for I have thought from the first, and think still, that the principal feature of her attractions to you, consists in her remaining incog despite of your efforts to discover who she is."

"And you can say that coolly, after looking at her face this morning—after seeing the perfect grace of her every movement. Why, Harry, I tell you she is a queen—a goddess."

Henry Mortimer laughed heartily as he replied,

"Ah, Vincent, you are as romantic and enthusiastic as in your college love scrapes, and it will last quite as long, I fancy. Come, I am going up street—will you come along?"

"No, I have an engagement at one; it wants but half an hour of the time."

The friends parted. Mortimer walked up the street, and Lieutenant Vincent went into the reading-room of the hotel where they boarded.

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The next day, at the same hour, they stood upon the steps again. The expression of Vincent's face was one of eager expectancy, while a calm looker on could not have failed to have noticed the arch twinkling of Mortimer's eyes.

"There—look, Harry, she is crossing the street. By Jupiter, what a step."

Mortimer placed his arm in Vincent's, and before he was aware of his friend's intention, they were strolling toward her.

They met. Mortimer lifted his hat—the salutation was answered by a stately bow from the lady. In amazement Vincent turned to his friend.

"I know all you would ask," said Mortimer, laughing, "but don't get indignant, for I assure you upon my honor, I never saw your innamorato until yesterday. I was as much struck as yourself with her beauty; and astonished at your timidity, I determined to show you what one day could accomplish. Now I will give you the advantage of whatever I know, but at the same time I warn you fairly, that I shall follow up what I have learned."

"That is not fair," said Vincent.

"Everything is fair in love, as well as in war," replied Mortimer, "it will only add interest to the thing, and we will both promise whatever turns up to remain friends."

"I'll not agree to that," answered Vincent, indignantly.

"Why, Fred, the eyes of that splendid girl have blinded you, or you would see the reasonableness of the thing. Let us go back to my room, and we will talk the matter over calmly."

They entered Mortimer's cozily furnished room, and wheeling the lounge in front of the glowing grate, they sat down together.

"Now I won't tell you a thing, Vincent, until you look at it in a right light. Promise it shan't break our friendship, and I will manage an introduction for you—will tell you how I came by mine, and all about it. She *may* prefer you, she may me," and Mortimer cast a complacent look at the glass opposite, at the same time raising his thumb and finger to his dark moustache, which he gave an extra curl. "There is no accounting for tastes," he continued, "your figure is not quite equal to mine, and I suppose you would not generally be called as fine-looking," another

extra curl, "but then the laurels you have won would, probably, with a great many counter-balance my personal attractions."

"In your humility you have forgotten your greatest attraction," said Vincent, in a half-musing tone.

"What's that?"

"Your money."

"What the deuce has that got to do with it?"

"Why, some ladies would prefer a fool with a fortune, to a Socrates without one."

"Good," said Mortimer, as he burst into a hearty laugh, "I believe my soul, Fred, you have had some serious intentions, while I have only been planning a flirtation to amuse myself during the rest of the winter."

Vincent's eyes flashed, but he promptly answered, "I acknowledge that I am serious. I would marry that girl to-night if she would have me. I would trust everything to such a face as hers."

Mortimer laughed louder than ever. "Why, Fred, she's a music-teacher," he found breath to say at last.

"And what if she is? I wish when you have finished that laugh you would tell me how you contrived to meet her so soon."

"Well, I'm ready now. You know I asked you to come up street with me—you couldn't come, that was your fault not mine. I looked out for the garnet merino, and counted a dozen at least. I quickened my walk, and at length espied one about a square ahead. It was the same velvet hat—the same cashmere—the same queenly step. I was near Tenth street then, and had walked myself into a fever. Gradually I fell into the same measured tread, and by the time we turned into Eleventh street I was quite cooled off. Well, on we went, she one side of the street and I the other. We neared Clinton. Mrs. Foster's carriage was standing in front of her door. The garnet merino was almost past—a moment's hesitation, and back it swept—up the marble steps into the vestibule, and in a moment more was beyond my vision. I walked a square below, crossed the street, walked back again, and rung the bell."

"Cool, I declare."

"Why so? I had been intending to call on Mrs. Foster ever since her invitation at Patterson's. She was evidently very glad to see me."

"I do not doubt it. This is Miss Foster's third winter out, I am told."

"Well, Miss Foster was not there, but her place was well filled by this superb beauty—pity she teaches music, it was quite a come down, I assure you. For a moment I thought I should not get an introduction, but I kept my eyes on Mrs. Foster inquiringly—she looked a little

confused, but at length it came, "Mr. Mortimer, Miss Lester"—in ten minutes more, thanks to my tact, we were in as animated a conversation as though we had known each other for years. She is as intelligent as she is beautiful. Mrs. Foster grew colder and colder. Miss Lester took the hint, and gracefully pleading an engagement, left, greatly to my disappointment, and to Mrs. Foster's relief. Then came the old story—the daughter of an acquaintance who had been reduced, and whom Mrs. Foster employed out of charity to practice with Miss Foster, and help her along with her music. It quite gave me the idea of taking music lessons myself—what say you, Fred?"

"Nonsense. All this don't bring you any nearer an acquaintance, nor me an introduction," said Vincent, moodily.

"Oh, leave that to me. It is the easiest thing in the world to call on Mrs. Foster again—tell her how much I was struck with that divinity—how fond I am of music, beg of her to make an evening—invite some half dozen amateurs, and to wind up I'll tell her that I will bring around a gallant lieutenant—she's death on lions."

"But will she consent? You noticed her reluctance and her inexcusing coldness. Depend upon it, it won't be so easily managed."

"Never fear. She knows the fact of her being a teacher will counteract her other charms, and besides she will be too much flattered with such a request from me, to think of denying it."

"Well, I must give in, I suppose, as I cannot do any better," and Vincent cast his eyes upon the mirror. He need not have drawn so long a sigh, for there was that in his face which was far more attractive than the regularity of features which his friend possessed. His countenance was full of expression. His large and luminous grey eyes were shaded by dark lashes, long and silken as a woman's, but in nothing else was there aught effeminate about the face. The scornful curl of the well-turned lip might have led a physiognomist to have called him overbearing and cold-hearted, but never in human frame beat a warmer or more generous heart than Frederic Vincent's. Henry Mortimer's fortune was said to be immense, while that of Vincent was only moderate. He was some three or four years older than his companion, and so vain of his really fine appearance, that he forgot that there could be any attractions superior to those of mere personal beauty. He was so in love with himself that he had never lost his heart, and firmly believed its citadel unassailable. He had long ago concluded not to marry as long as he was so important a member of society. It was so delightful to him to receive the homage of the manœuvring mammas, and to watch the

increasing interest of their marriageable daughters, that he could not think of sacrificing it all while yet in the zenith of his glory. He had a vague anticipation of one day meeting a companion—some one who should increase his own importance by her brilliant position in society, or one whose wealth added to his, should swell his income to such an extent that he should be able to boast the finest establishment in the city. Whether it should be the President's daughter, or the widow of some East India merchant, (*retired* in two senses of the word) he had not yet decided; but that he should prove irresistible to whoever he should conclude upon, he had not a doubt.

## CHAPTER II.

It was not without some difficulty that Mortimer succeeded in persuading Mrs. Foster to arrange an evening for him to meet Miss Lester at her house. Mrs. Foster had sufficient penetration to discover that it was not for the sake of the music that he desired an invitation extended to the teacher; but the young hero carried the day, for heroes were a species of the lion not as common then as within the last few years. The evening was appointed, and greatly to Vincent's satisfaction it at length arrived. At an early hour he was introduced by Mortimer into the elegantly furnished and brilliantly lighted parlors of their hostess. She received them cordially, and continued conversing with Mr. Vincent, while Mortimer hastened to renew his acquaintance with the beautiful Miss Lester, who was seated near the centre-table looking over a port-folio of engravings with her friend, Cornelia Foster. *Her friend* she had proved herself, for she still remained strongly attached to Miss Lester, notwithstanding the reverses which had estranged others from her.

To some remark of Mortimer's, Miss Lester replied with such a silvery laugh that Vincent turned toward them, and the promised introduction was given. Miss Lester arose and extended her hand warmly,

"Why, Frederic, what an age since we have met."

"Miss Lester! Constance Lester! is it possible?"

"Why, '*is it possible*' that you did not remember me? I am sure I should never have forgotten you. You look almost exactly as you did years ago when we quarreled about our hoops, and I stole all your marbles." Another silvery laugh. Vincent was beside himself with pleasure—his heart seemed in his mouth, he did not know what to say, and said the very things he would have wished unsaid. He soon, however, recovered his self-possession; and before the evening was over,

he heard from Constance's own lips the tale of her father's misfortunes, his sudden death, the grief of the heart-broken mother who soon followed him, the bitter coldness of professed friends—he listened to it all, and he longed to clasp her to his breast, and tell her how doubly dear to him she was for her misfortunes.

"And where is your home now, Constance?"

"Not a very long walk from here, but oh, it is such a tiny little place, I am sure you could not find it."

"If you will let me try, we will see how long it will take me."

Constance laughed again, and Vincent thought of the "noble throated nightingales."

"Do you sing, Constance? But I need not ask you, for I am sure you do."

"Oh, yes, I am always singing at home, sometimes cheerful songs, sometimes sad ones—which shall I sing for you, for I see you are going to ask me?"

"Not exactly a sad one—only a little pensive," said Vincent, as he followed her to the piano.

Mortimer and Miss Foster soon stood beside them.

"You have selected a favorite air of mine, Miss Lester—will you allow me to accompany you?" said Mortimer.

"I should be delighted to have you," was Constance's reply.

Her execution was perfect—their voices harmonized well, and song after song was repeated before they left the fine-toned instrument.

"Do you not sing, Frederic?" Constance said, as she sat down on the lounge beside him in the back room.

"Sometimes, but not to-night."

"Well, you must sing for me the next time we meet, for I am extravagantly fond of music. What a perfect voice your friend has?"

"Yes—very fine."

"And a splendid figure—quite *distingue*, is he not?"

"Quite so."

"Have you known him long?"

"We were at college together."

"Is he a Philadelphian?"

"No, he is a Southerner, and very rich."

"Ah, fortune has favored him in more respects than one then."

"Yes, and I think likely will favor him still more."

"How so?"

"Time will show."

"And I suppose she may be as fickle as she has proved to others, and change her smiles to frowns."

"Possibly."

"How concise you are, Fred—you haven't said

anything hardly but in monosyllables since we sat down here."

"And you, Constance, have not done anything but ask me questions to which I could reply in no other way."

"And is it my fault then? Now you ask me some, and see if I do not give you longer answers."

"Very well, and to begin, how do you like Mr. Mortimer?"

"Exceedingly—he answers my ideal of a perfect gentleman—a noble man perhaps would better express my meaning. Now listen and don't interrupt me, for I am not half through yet. I will read you his character from his face—you must correct me if I read wrong. Energetic, proud, high-souled, capable of strong feelings, and of concealing them when occasion requires—disinterested—but I will stop for you are smiling—now I have told you some of the virtues, you must tell me the faults."

"Such a character as you have been describing could have none in your eyes—their very faults would become virtues in time. No, you have found your ideal I plainly see, and even if I could, I would not show you that it was moulded in clay."

Constance laughed carelessly, but the color deepened on her cheeks at her companion's steady gaze, and altogether her embarrassment increased so greatly, that not without some cause came the conviction to Vincent's heart that Mortimer would be preferred to him.

That night as they sat together over their wine in Mortimer's room, Vincent thawed somewhat from the icy silence in which he had indulged during his walk home from Mrs. Foster's, said to his companion,

"As might have been expected, Harry, you have proved to be the favorite—your conquests are quickly made."

"How now, Sir Frederic?—flattery is a new vein for you."

"But I am not flattering now; I wish there was less truth in it. Didn't you see how much at home Constance made herself with me? Confound it! I wish she had been more distant and reserved, but she was just as she was five years ago. Sometimes when we were children and played together, I would coax her to make believe she was my little wife, but not a bit of it—she would 'brother' me though, until I was sick of the name of brother; and now things seem going on the same way again. Why, would you believe it, she talked more about you than any thing else, and there I had to sit and hear it all, wishing from my heart that you had never been born, so that there might have been some hope for me. Hang it, I believe the women are all

alike—a handsome face, fine figure, &c., carries the day with them, and a sensible fellow like myself stands no chance."

Mortimer laughed merrily at the serious air with which Vincent said this, but although he effected to ridicule the idea, it evidently made an impression upon him. So much of an one that, during the following week, he was emboldened to seek Constance in her own home; and she, unsuspecting and confiding, welcomed him as Frederic's friend. When he repeated the call, Constance ventured to inquire after Mr. Vincent, and Mortimer prevented her from dreaming that Frederic was not aware of his visits by pleading his gaiety, and added that "he intended to accompany him some evening, when he could break away from his numerous engagements."

Thus weeks passed away, during which Mortimer visited Miss Lester frequently, and he never failed to give his friend a somewhat embellished account of each agreeable interview.

The irritation which Vincent felt at Constance's supposed neglect, in not extending to him the invitation to call, which Mortimer had said that he had received, increased daily. Too proud to seek her society again, he left the field uncontended to Mortimer, who made the best use of the advantage thus gained. More and more chagrined at his rival's success, and at the failure of his own hopes, Vincent made immediate preparations for leaving the city. In vain he tried to find consolation in the thought that Constance was not what he had imagined her to be, but ever before him would rise a vision of her pure face, whose serene expression and soul-lit eyes seemed to defy him to dream that she was other than the noble-minded being that she seemed. Of late she had failed to pass the hotel, on the balcony of which Vincent always stationed himself at the usual hour of her passing, and this caused a suspicion that she had given up her teaching for Mortimer—perhaps was even betrothed to him. Then came a remembrance of the mockery with which Mortimer had always treated marriage:—of the merriment he had expressed at the idea of being in love with a music teacher; and he resolved to ask him before he left—to refer to that conversation, and ask him if his intentions were any more serious than they had been at that time.

He did so, and Mortimer candidly confessed that Constance was his idol, and that he would sacrifice his fortune rather than lose the hopes that he now had of one day making her his own.

It was enough, and with a heavy heart Vincent parted from his friend, and that night left the city for New York.

With assumed cheerfulness he had disguised his real feelings, and his last words to Mortimer

had been, "well, Harry, I shall not see you again, I suppose, before I go to Europe—perhaps when I return I may bring such a pretty dark-eyed Italian wife back with me, as to make you regret your present choice."

"No, Fred, the world has but one Constance," replied Mortimer, and he grasped the hand he held tighter as he continued, "you do not know, my dear fellow, how infinitely obliged I shall ever be to you for the selection—good-bye, may you be as lucky as I trust I shall be."

Vincent disengaged his hand hastily, and with a half suppressed exclamation of impatience threw himself into a corner of the carriage, and was wheeled onward.

It was night, and the long rows of dazzling lights in the shop windows mocked him with their brilliancy. He covered his eyes with his hands, and desolate indeed were the feelings of the heart he looked in upon. He was alone in the world, and earnestly had he longed for the sympathies and love which he now felt were forever denied to him.

When love is crushed in youth, and the flame of hope has flickered and gone out; in the dense darkness that follows, it seems impossible that it can ever again be re-lighted. The world is but a dreary waste, life a blank—a void, and death a sweet repose from grief and trouble.

So thought Frederic Vincent as he leaned over the railing of the boat that night, and looked down into the deep, dark waters that glided so sullenly in their wake. There were wild feelings wrestling in his heart—temptations of evil that well-nigh conquered him in his loneliness and despair; but there came memories of other days to save him from their power—memories of a time when he had not been so destitute of earthly ties—when a mother's love had blessed his pathway with its holy light; and although that mother was now mouldering in the grave, her memory was strong to combat with the evil within. Calmly he raised his eyes from the night black waters, and as he lifted them to the heavens the pure rays of the stars fell upon him as a benediction. That night in Frederic Vincent's breast, the lesson of endurance was added to that of suffering.

### CHAPTER III.

Nor in regularity of feature or brilliancy of complexion did Constance Lester's beauty alone consist. Attractive as were the faultless outlines of her face and figure, there was something far more so in the soul which looked out of her dark hazel eyes. It was the exceeding power of that soul that had so changed Mortimer from the gay and vain man of the world, to the devoted and idolizing lover.

Not because Constance was a music teacher had Mortimer hesitated in declaring himself, for over all pride and selfishness had love triumphed; but there were fears in his heart which he scarce would acknowledge to himself, and he lingered on day after day watching for some look or word that should encourage his avowal. Several times had Constance shown more emotion at the mention of Vincent's name than it had been pleasant for Mortimer to see; and when he parted from his friend it was with no regret, for now he thought he should be more certain of success.

Had Vincent known this, not so hastily would he have renounced his hopes of happiness, but truthful and single-minded as he was, it never entered his heart to doubt his friend's representations. He had also been deceived at the embarrassment which Constance had shown, when he had spoken of Mortimer as her "ideal." Could he at that moment have seen into her heart how differently would he have judged. She was thinking of the ideal of her childhood, and when she met the glance of those never-to-be-forgotten eyes, which for so many years had only in dreams smiled upon her, what wonder that it brought the bright blood to her face, and caused the dark lashes of her eyes to sweep her crimsoned cheeks more heavily. But her heart was not open to his gaze, and how could he imagine that his face and not Mortimer's answered to that of the "ideal" enshrined within its depths. Weeks rolled away, and he sought her not again, while Mortimer, ever kind and considerate, whiled away many evening hours with her, that else would have been sad and lonely.

Day after day she watched and waited for Vincent—that he would sometime surely accompany his friend she did not doubt—but she watched and waited in vain. At length Mortimer told her that he had left the city for Italy, and would probably return in the course of a year with his bride.

That night Constance wept herself to sleep, feeling as lonely and desolate as Vincent had done the night of his departure. It was with a heavy heart she arose the ensuing morning; and although the sky was cloudless, and the air soft and mild with the breath of approaching spring, she stood beside her open window unmindful of it all.

Mrs. Hunt, with whom Constance boarded, lived in the suburbs of the city in a small frame dwelling, which in summer time was not uninviting in its exterior, so thickly was it covered with the green and luxuriant vines that had been twined about the doorway and casements. She was a widow, and had nursed Mrs. Lester at Constance's birth, and also during her last illness. Her only son was at sea, and as she still followed

her occupation, Constance, and Biddy the housemaid, had sole possession of the cottage during a great portion of the year. The parlor had been appropriated to Miss Lester since she had made one of the household, and here were her piano and sewing-chair, her work-table, and several other elegant souvenirs of her former home. The carpet was a rich woven Brussels, that had once covered her chamber floor, and the pictures and medallions that hung upon the walls had decorated the same room in her father's prosperous days.

That morning Constance prepared herself for her usual round of lessons, but she was not now obliged to leave home as early as formerly. Several of the families where she had been giving instructions had concluded to employ a professor—some for other reasons had declined until she retained only a few pupils: most of them the daughters of those who had been personal friends of her parents.

As Constance closed the garden-gate after her, she saw Mrs. Foster alighting from her carriage a few rods below the house, and she hastened to welcome her. Mrs. Foster took her hand coldly.

"I have something to say to you, Constance—will you come back to the house again, or shall I be encroaching upon your time?"

"Certainly, I will return, but I hope you have no bad news. Is Cornelia well?"

"Perfectly so."

"And Mr. Foster, too?"

"Yes."

They reached the house, entered the parlor, and Mrs. Foster carefully closed the door.

"Constance," she said, and the tones of her voice were in no way calculated to dispel the mingled emotions of surprise and fear which Constance felt as she noted the mysterious air of her companion. "Constance, I was your mother's friend, and I think you have known me sufficiently not to doubt that the friendship which I felt for her has been continued to you."

"I have never doubted it," said Constance, earnestly.

"Nor will you, I trust now, when I request of you to receive Mr. Mortimer's visits no more. He is a man of the world, Constance, and had you thought for a moment you must have seen the imprudence of allowing him to come here so frequently. I do not wish to pain you with the reports which your intimacy with him has given a foundation for; but as your friend, and your mother's friend, I request you to let that intimacy cease from this hour."

"What reports?" said Constance, and her eyes kindled as she spoke, "I desire to hear them all."

"Not from me, Constance. I have never given credence to them, nor will I repeat them. I have

done my duty to you in warning you of them. You know the world is not proverbially charitable, and if you have been imprudent you have no one but yourself to censure."

"But how have I been imprudent, Mrs. Foster? What have I done?"

"Has he not frequently joined you at the Pattersons and the Wiltons, often leaving to walk home with you?—you cannot wonder that it should have been remarked by them. His character is known too well to doubt his motives in paying you the attentions which he has; and if you would retain any of your pupils you will be obliged to receive his visits no longer. Cornelia tells me that he frequently passes his evenings here: how could you allow it, Constance?"

"Indeed—indeed, I never thought of its being wrong. He is so fond of music, and we have practised so much together, and I have so few friends. I cannot think his motives have been unworthy—he has never breathed a word of love to me."

"No, Constance, he has been cautious—he knew who he had to deal with. There is a dignity about you which would preserve you from any open insult; and he saw the first step with you must be to gain your confidence and affections."

Constance was so deeply humiliated at this new view of Mortimer's kindness and attentions that she could not answer.

Mrs. Foster continued, "have you not noticed that your pupils were falling off?"

"Yes, I have; but I never dreamed the cause. There was always some plausible excuse given. Can it be possible that this has been it? oh, mother! mother!" and bursting into tears, Constance covered her face with her hands and wept unrestrainedly.

Mrs. Foster was touched, and her manner was softened as she stooped over her and kissed her. "You must not give way so, Constance—these unkind reports will soon die away if you do your duty. Be resolute and see him no more, my child. I must go now. Cornelia is waiting for me to shop with her this morning—good bye."

"Do not think me ungrateful," answered Constance, through her sobs, "for I do thank you, but it seems so cruel that——" she could say no more, and when the door closed upon Mrs. Foster she buried her face in the pillows of the lounge, and for full an hour sobbed as she had never done since the day of her mother's burial.

Twice Biddy half opened the door and closed it again, saying, "poor young creature," but the third time she found courage to enter. She stood close beside her before she spoke, but by word nor signs did Constance show that she knew of her presence.

"It's not the likes of me, Miss Lester, that can be giving yer comfort for yer sorrow, but it makes my heart sore to hear ye takin' on so; and if it's about the jontleman, as I'm 'fraid it be, I would just say that it's not him I'd be frettin' after; for Ann, as lives at Mr. Roberts, just beyond the road there, was tellin' me only last night that the peoples do say 'tis for no good he comes here so often, and that——"

"Biddy, how dare you repeat this to me," said Constance, starting to her feet.

"Indade, mam, 'twas only to comfort yer—I thought maybe he'd been gettin' married, and you was grievin' after him. I never took on so but once in *my* life—oh, the men are wicked desavin' bastes, Miss Constance. I had my own heart's trouble with one of 'em, but God be blest, it was the first and the last one."

Constance dropped down in her chair, and rocking to and fro sought to control herself. She knew that Biddy had spoken from the kindness of her heart, but it was hard to bear. Encouraged by her silence, the garrulous girl talked on.

"Och, Patrick *was* a boy; he'd not his beat for size and strength in county Cork, where both of us was raised; and his eyes I am sure would have coaxed a potatoe from a pig any day, they were so winsome—then ye couldn't wonder that——"

Constance interrupted her, "Biddy, will you leave me," she said, gently, "I want to be alone to-day—never mind my dinner."

"Yes, mam; but don't fret any more. There's nothing worth yer while to cry so for, it takes the light out of yer eyes intirely," and the good-natured Irish girl sighed in sympathy, as with a heart full of memories of "Patrick" and "green Erin," she returned to her work.

Constance bolted her door that she might be safe from intrusion, and then resuming her seat, she recalled incident after incident of her acquaintance with Mortimer. There was nothing to justify the suspicion which Mrs. Foster had created. With the utmost respect and consideration had he ever treated her, until she had learned to look upon him as a brother, and now even this friendship was to be denied her. In musings and memories, the day wore on—once she slept, she knew not how long, but it was nightfall when a gentle knock upon her door aroused her. "What is it Biddy?" she said, as twice before since she had bolted the door—receiving both times the answer, "take a cup of tea and a bit of toast, Miss Constance—ye'll be the better of it." But now there was no sound save that of the rap repeated. She undid the bolt, and Mortimer stood in the entrance. For an instant not a word was spoken. Biddy crossed the narrow hall with a light, which she left upon

the table in the darkened parlor. The rays fell full upon Constance's flushed face and disheveled hair.

"I have intruded," said Mortimer, "but I will come no further without your permission."

Constance stood irresolute—her fine face now suffused with crimson, now blanched as the memories of the morning came over her, and again flushed with the warm tide of blood that swept up from her heart. Still she spoke not.

Mortimer's voice at length broke the silence, and its tones were deeper and more earnest than they had ever been before.

"You are in trouble, Miss Lester," he said, as he drew her to a seat. "If I could hope to deserve your confidence, the dearest wish of my life would be answered—I know my unworthiness of so great a treasure, but if you will give me a hope of one day winning you to be my wife, there is nothing that I would not endeavor to become for your sake."

Oh, these were dear words to Constance, but she answered them only with tears.

Mortimer ventured to clasp her hand—it remained passive between his own. Encouraged by this mute acknowledgment of confidence, he spoke tender and soothing words; and Constance at length told him all that Mrs. Foster had said, and the confirmation which Biddy had unwittingly given to the prevalence of the reports—of the agony of mind she had endured in consequence, and how she had thought that she could never again go out in the world to meet the cold and suspicious glances which she now felt would be her portion—how she had longed and prayed for death as her only relief; and Mortimer listened, and clasped the hand he still retained, still closer, breathing such ardent words of love to the lonely orphan, that with a heart filled with gratitude she promised to be his.

With *gratitude*? Yes, I said aright. No wonder that in her desolation, Constance thought not of the difference between gratitude and love—that in the whirl of her emotions, she paused not to ask of herself whether had it not been for the bitter trial of the morning, her consent could have been thus willingly given.

The words of love which he first breathed to her, I said were dear words; and very dear they were, for 'at a glance she saw how all suspicion could be crushed, and the scornful and averted looks which in imagination she had so trembled before, should be changed to those of envy; for she well knew that where the first could find place, there would be room for the last to follow.

When Constance slept that night, she dreamed that she stood before the altar; but the arm she leaned upon and the hand she clasped were not Mortimer's.

She awoke with the memory of the dream still strong upon her, and she asked herself whether in truth and wholly she had given her heart to the one to whom she had promised it.

A heavy sigh was the only answer.

"I am surely not so ungrateful," she said, at length, "as to turn from him for one who has so neglected me!—one who has even now gone to Europe for his bride! No, no, I am not so foolish, not so ungrateful." She went to her writing-desk, unlocking the drawer. From it she took a folded sheet of tissue paper and opening it, looked fondly down upon a penciled head, and a short curl of dark crisp hair that lay within. Then she glanced toward the fire-place, as if she had thought of committing this one secret of her life to the flames, but she evidently had not the courage to see them so perish.

"I wonder if it would be so very wrong," she said, at length, "to preserve these mementoes of childhood. No, I used to call him brother, and he shall be my brother still." Thus deceiving herself, she relaid them in the drawer and turned the key upon them.

That same morning Mortimer called upon Mrs. Foster to communicate his engagement with Constance; and in another week it was the topic of conversation in the circles where Mortimer was known.

Constance Lester was suddenly remembered by many as a most attractive and beautiful creature—others who were personally disappointed, thought she must have been very artful to have entrapped one who had escaped so many snares; and there was still another class who would have wagered any quantity of white kid gloves, that he would never marry her at all—not he, they knew him too well.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THERE came a letter to Constance—it bore a foreign post-mark, and was directed in a strange hand. She opened it and read—

"MISS LESTER—

Dear Madam—My mother writes me that your parents are dead, and that you are boarding with her. It must be a great change for you who used to live so elegantly. She also tells me that you are dependent upon your own exertions. I trust that now your father's kindness to me may be the means of rendering your life easier. When I was home from sea, three years ago, I told him of an opportunity that I had during my last voyage of making a handsome fortune, which I was obliged to give up on account of a want of funds. Your father was kind enough to say that he had upon more than one occasion noticed my business tact as well as my integrity—I give you the very words, Miss Lester, not to praise myself, but to explain to you why he trusted me with so large a sum. You know I was in his counting-house

several years, and when I first went to sea I went as supercargo in one of his ships. Well, he spoke of my business tact, as I told you, and said that he would advance for me the requisite amount. He did so, I agreeing to share equally with him the profits. The venture turned up much better than I could have expected, and my first profits have been doubled by another successful speculation. I have bought the barque Haytie, and intend freighting her with a cargo that cannot fail of rendering me independent if we reach the United States safely. I enclose for you a one hundred and eighty pound note. I do not like to risk more by mail, but I shall probably be at home the last of next summer, and you shall then have yours made all right. It is but just that I should divide equally with you, for had it not been for your father's munificence and influence I should still have been a poor man.

Very respectfully yours,  
EDWIN HUNT."

Constance held up the note and looked at it, as if she doubted its reality, and read over the letter as if she thought that so much good luck was impossible, and that it must be a hoax; but there it was, a genuine note on the bank of England—a soiled and crumpled letter, which in every line bore marks of its genuineness, and with tearful joy she folded it. As she arose, a small billet dropped at her feet. Without looking at the address, she broke the seal and read, "what has become of Mary, dear mother, that she writes to me no more? It is two years since—" These words Constance's eyes glanced over before she had time to think that it was not designed for her. She looked at the outside. It was directed to Mrs. Hunt, and had been enclosed within her own. She knew it had been a long while since Mrs. Hunt had heard from her son, and that she had felt very anxious upon his account. So hurrying on her bonnet and shawl, she started immediately for the house where Mrs. Hunt was now engaged. She came down stairs to her, and Constance, explaining why she had broken the seal, placed the billet in her hands. Mrs. Hunt read it with much emotion. The last few lines she repeated aloud, "Miss Lester will tell you of my success. I am coming back a rich man, mother, and *you must not go out nursing any more—you know I wanted you to give it up long ago. You must stay at home and get ready for me. I dream often of what a spot my home will be with you and Mary. God bless her, how surprised she will be to hear that her Edwin is rich. I did not want to write it to you, but to come home and tell you myself, but I had to explain to Miss Lester when I heard she had herself to support. I think she could not help liking Mary; and I hope you have brought them together."*

Mrs. Hunt stopped reading. "A rich man he writes. Well, well, what will he care for it all, when he hears about Mary," and Mrs. Hunt

wiped the tears from her eyes, and sat down, while Constance read her own letter to her. Her eyes brightened once or twice during the reading of it, but when Constance finished, and closing the letter looked up into Mrs. Hunt's face, she saw that the good woman was nearly blinded with the tears that were now raining so thick and fast.

"I am sorry this good news seems to sadden you so," Constance ventured at length to say. "Who is this Mary that he speaks of? or is that a secret, Mrs. Hunt?"

"No, no; it has been one, but it cannot be much longer. She was as beautiful a creature, this Mary Winters, Miss Lester, as I ever saw; and I never expect to see her like again. My Edwin set his whole heart upon her when he was but a boy; and when they grew older she promised to marry him, although she told him that he seemed more like a brother than anything else to her. It is now more than a year since her parents have heard a word about her—they don't know whether she's dead or alive. She had a dashing beau after Edwin went to sea. He got to coming pretty often, and one night her father turned him out of the house, and rated Mary well for not loving my son better. She told her father that she never could marry Edwin, now that she knew what real love was; and he said she should. She seemed very sad and unhappy all the next week. At the end of that time she went away, leaving all her clothes and jewelry behind her; and her mother thinks she wandered off and drowned herself, but they never could know anything for certain; and I hadn't the heart to write the bad news to Edwin. Oh! it will be a heavy blow to him when he does hear it."

"Poor fellow!" said Constance, "how terrible it seems—do *you* think, Mrs. Hunt, that she drowned herself?"

"I don't know what to think. Mary was such a modest, lovely girl, I cannot judge her wrong; but I greatly fear that not loving Edwin rightly, she was persuaded away from her home by some one whose love was not as honest as was my son's. He would have made her happy—Edwin would, for he loved the very ground she trod upon. But I can't find it in my heart to blame Mary over-much—still she should not have promised to be Edwin's wife, if she did not love him well enough. *There* was where she did wrong. If he had never had the promise of being a husband to her, her loss would not break his heart, as I am sure it will now. Ah, Miss Lester, such promises should not be lightly made, but when once made, they should be kept *forever*."

Constance remembered those words long after they were spoken.

## CHAPTER V.

THE Fosters were going to Saratoga for the summer. Constance had concluded to accept their invitation and accompany them. Of course Mr. Mortimer was of the party. Their marriage was to take place in October, immediately after which they were to sail for Europe.

Mortimer had received a letter from Vincent, saying that he had changed his plans, and had concluded to travel over the northern portions of the United States. Mortimer wrote in return of his engagement to Constance, and invited Vincent to be present at their wedding in October. Then the correspondence dropped, and in Mortimer's increasing happiness, his friend was nearly forgotten.

They reached Saratoga the last of June, and were all comfortably settled at the United States Hotel, for the crowd which throng this place in the latter part of the season had not yet arrived. Mortimer was delighted with the admiration which Constance everywhere elicited, and gratified to see that the universal homage which she received, in no way excited or changed her. A month glided away as pleasantly as time must ever glide to the light-hearted in that lovely place.

Thus Constance wrote in her journal at the end of that month.

"Thursday night.—Never was I so greatly astonished at the quiet beauty of any spot as at that of this much abused watering-place. In such condemnatory terms had I heard it consigned to fashion and folly, that I expected to see nothing but huge hotels, bevys of languishing belles, and flocks of moustached foreigners. I find to my great surprise a lovely, rural town, with many large hotels, to be sure, but most of them having such delightful grounds that you can be free forever, if you choose from the throngs of fashionables that crowd the parlors and the promenades. We have nightly the most delicious music, and these moonlight evenings are glorious. My room is on the ground floor, and last night, as I sat alone by my window, a gentleman repeatedly passed me. The roof of the piazza and the grand old trees kept the moonlight from his face, but there was something about him so like Frederic that I could not keep my eyes from following him. Of course it could not have been he—he must have been in Europe long before this. Why do I still think so much about him? How wrong it is—three more months and I shall be Mrs. Mortimer. God forgive me, but as the time draws near I feel as though I never could be his wife. Poor Mary Winters! I wish for Edwin Hunt's sake I could know what became of her. His mother thinks he would have made her happy, but that could never be if she had not the love for him which a wife should have. Yet, he

was so fond of her, she should have been true to him. What am I writing? my own condemnation! How ungrateful of me to feel toward Harry as I do. He is so generous, so truthful, and so fond of me. Sometimes I think I will tell him the whole—that I feel the most unbounded gratitude to him, but that it will not ripen into love. Then I remember Mrs. Hunt's words so solemnly spoken, 'ah, Miss Lester, such promises should not be lightly made, but when once made they should be kept *forever*.' She little thought that I needed such a charge.

"Monday night.—I have seen Frederic. How he has changed! he is pale as if recovering from sickness, but his eyes! they are the same; they must have read my very soul: there was no disguising it from such a glance. Oh, my brother, my—"

"Poor Mary Winters! poor Constance Lester! To-night I wonder which is the most unhappy.

"Wednesday night.—Vincent's room must be near mine. He walks past the window during the evening constantly. He does not seem to know that I am so near. Last night I refused to go to the ball; Harry was so disappointed; he had set his heart upon having me 'the cynosure,' he said. I wonder if he would love me if I were not beautiful. Ah, I will not doubt him—did he not woo me in poverty and neglect? Generous heart, I am the unworthy one. I plead a headache; but oh, my heart ached worse. I sat beside my open window all the evening—so near was Frederic to me at times that I could even hear his sighs. He is unhappy. Perhaps he has been disappointed—that Italian lady may have refused him, and if it were so. What folly am I writing? Enough.

"Monday night.—A week ago I was first sure that Frederic was here. Harry does not seem to know it yet—his room is up stairs in the opposite wing. Frederic's I have discovered to be the last one on this side—he seems to keep it all day, coming out only in the evening. What a restless spirit he then appears to have—he walks this piazza constantly. Cornelia tells me that they all think I am acting very strangely: perhaps I do stay too much in my room in the evening; but it is to save Harry the pain of seeing that my thoughts are not of him, and—but no, I will not write it.

"Was ever woman as foolish as myself? turning from one who idolizes me for another who has neglected me—one who would even scorn me if he knew all; but is he not my brother? I am sure never sister loved more ardently than I. My heart burns and throbs to-night—I will walk in the grounds; the cool air may relieve me."

And Constance did walk in the grounds—but not alone; for as she left the piazza, one who well

knew her form and step followed her timidly at first; but gathering courage, until at length in a spot the most remote from the glare and bustle of the hotel, he whispered her name. She turned and saw Vincent. It was an embarrassing moment to both of them. Constance extended her hand.

"My brother!"

"Brother still. I would I never had heard the sound of that word:—what am I saying? forgive me, Constance, I should be thankful for it, and I am. I must not forget to congratulate you, you deserve to be happy—you are of course. Harry is a splendid fellow."

"He is a noble man, Frederic. As you say, I ought to be happy."

"No, I did not say *ought*, I said you were of course."

Constance sighed—Vincent answered it.

"You have been sick, Frederic."

"Yes, my physicians thought at one time that I should not recover. I wish I never had."

"Frederic, how changed you are. You must have had some serious trouble, some great disappointment."

"You say rightly, I have."

"And will you not let me be a sister to you; and give me your confidence as such, my brother?"

"If I had never heard that word '*brother*' from you, Constance, I might have been a happier man. A *sister's love* was not what my heart craved from you, and therein lies my disappointment."

Constance trembled at these words—these earnestly spoken words that had come *too late*. It was the full knowledge of this that now caused her violent emotion.

"Forgive me, Constance; I have pierced your gentle heart, with words that should not have been spoken—forgive me, and you shall not be so troubled again. Let me feel that I have not forfeited your regard, and I will endure my disappointment without another complaint. Am I forgiven?"

Constance extended her hand, but she dared not trust her voice to words.

"Will you not say with your lips that you forgive me, Constance?"

"You need no forgiveness—you wrong no one; but I, oh! how greatly am I to blame."

"That cannot be, Constance. You could not help it that you loved Harry, brilliant as he is, better than myself, I have not a shadow of blame for you in my wretchedness. But could I have been worthy of your love, earth would have been a heaven to me where 'tis now but a wilderness."

No wonder that Constance's head grew dizzy, that the hand which Vincent still retained with a brother's privilege, became chilled like ice. Vincent noticed it.

"You are ill, Constance. Shall I take you back to the house?"

"No, no, do not take me to him. I could not endure to see him to-night. Oh! Frederic, if I dared to tell you that I too was wretched, that Harry has my sincere respect and gratitude, but not my love; would you have me? would you spurn me from you as unworthy of your noble friend? You must—I know it would be so."

"Never, Constance; but this cannot be. Why did you engage yourself to him? Why did you so neglect me?"

"Neglect you! that reproach I do not deserve, although the first question you may well ask. Neglected by you—slandered by the few acquaintances I had—Harry, alone my friend, I promised to be to him all that he could ask. I had no one else to turn to, and he had been so kind. Do not blame me now, it would be more than I could bear," and Constance clasped her hands to her head, which now throbbed with redoubled power.

Vincent drew her to a seat, and sitting down beside her, heard from her own lips the history of her life as it had been since Mortimer first met her. Sometimes he was obliged to question to comprehend more fully, but at length he saw the double part which Mortimer had played toward him. Constance could not be convinced that it had been intentional, but Vincent knew Mortimer but too well. He knew that no deceit was too low for him to stoop to—no stratagem too mean for him to devise, where a woman's heart was the stake he played for; and Vincent now only wondered that he should ever have been serious in his attentions to Constance. He would not have wondered though, could he have known the intensity of Mortimer's feelings for his betrothed. Truly and passionately did he love her—even the coldness of manner which she could not avoid showing him of late, had but kindled his affections to a more fervent heat. He idolized her, anticipating every desire, watching every opportunity of paying her the most delicate attentions, until Constance had hated herself that she could not return such love. She would not now believe that he had intentionally deceived his friend, nor would she allow Vincent to seek him for the purpose of demanding an explanation.

"For my sake," she had said, "promise me that on no account will you approach him. I will confess everything, and noble-hearted and generous as he is, he will release me at the expense of his own happiness."

Vincent had promised, and the promise had been sealed with such a kiss, that, loth as he had been to give his word, he was satisfied. It was a kiss to dream about—to remember in after days, and well was it remembered by another

than these two, whose hearts still thrilled so fondly. One moment was Constance held to Vincent's heart—another, and he had gone. She was alone upon the garden-seat, alone and very wretched, notwithstanding Vincent's confessed love. She thought of Mary Winters, of Mrs. Hunt's honest words, of the pain she should give the heart she still believed noble, and she wept. She started, for the sound of suppressed breathing fell upon her ears; she turned her head in the direction from which it came. At that instant a servant crossed the grounds with a light, and the rays flashed upon a face scarce a rod from her own. It was Mortimer's, but so contorted with passion that she could hardly believe it his. She would have screamed, but he grasped her arm, and the touch paralyzed her. He spoke, but although his teeth were set, the words hissed through them painfully plain.

"You trusted to my generosity—you pitied me—yes, you even wept for me; but know, Constance Lester, that all the tears in the world should never melt me—you *shall be mine*."

Constance raised her hands in supplication.

"You need not plead. I tell you nothing shall deprive me of you. No, were the powers of heaven and hell leagued together against me, I would traverse the earth, but I would find means to hide you from them. *Mine, mine* you are: let Vincent *dare* say otherwise, and I will shoot him like a dog. Aye, don't shudder so, and clasp your pretty hands so closely, he is in no danger so long as you are true to me, and to your own free will promise: but give such another kiss as these trees witnessed a few moments since, and he shall never live to repeat it. You have turned my heart to flame, complain not if its heat scorch you now."

In the wildness of his passion, he sought, for the first time, to clasp her to him, but she struggled to disengage herself.

"My God, Constance! what have I done to you to deserve this? I who so gloried in you!—who loved you as never woman was loved! Flame I said," and he struck his breast with his clenched hands, "no, no, there is nought but ashes. Not from you—not from you, Constance, did I deserve this."

Constance was more agonized by these reproaches than she had been by his threats. She had not been true to herself, and bitter were the fruits she was now reaping.

The next morning, Mr. Mortimer, with Cornelia and Constance, left Saratoga. Constance had not seen Vincent again. He missed her, and inquiring of Mrs. Foster, found they had gone to Niagara. There he followed them, but his search was unsuccessful. Their names were not registered at any of the hotels; and after waiting a week,

Vincent returned to Saratoga, hoping to hear from the Fosters where he could now find them. Mrs. Foster gave him a note, which had been enclosed in a letter to her. It was dated Trenton Falls, and read thus—

“FREDERIC—We have parted forever. I request you never to seek me again, unless you wish to make my life utterly miserable. I would have you forget, as I shall strive to forget all that passed between us in the grounds that night. I wish we had never met, for I fear that although I now plead with you so earnestly you will violate my wishes, and render my whole life a curse by again seeking me. You peril your life and mine by doing so. For my sake listen to me—my life will be bearable will you but avoid me. Go to Europe—go to the farthest ends of the earth, so that we but never meet again. Remember your promise—it was made in the sight of God, and never, I implore of you, never dare to break it.  
CONSTANCE.”

Vincent left Saratoga immediately for Trenton Falls. They were no longer there. Disappointed and discouraged, he returned to Philadelphia to await their return. Here overcome by the excitement of the last two weeks, he had a relapse of the fever which was even more dangerous than the first attack.

## CHAPTER VI.

On the distant hill sides, and by the winding rivers' brink, autumn had pitched his tents. Through a golden haze the morning sun glanced down upon a mingled mass of bright and glorious hues. Canopies of dark brown, and deepest orange, of purple and mottled green, of crimson and gold, loomed up wherever the eye might chance to rest; but gorgeous as was the sight, autumn came not to celebrate a festival. His tents are over peopled with pale and melancholy visions of the past. As if in mockery, he scatters his brilliant signal flags and pennons, for with his unchanged solemn mien, he moves along, swelling his train with sad memories even from the hearts of the mirthful.

One there was who looked upon this more than regal splendor, and marked the visions of her blighted hopes, her perished joys pass one by one.

The day of Constance Lester's bridal was fast approaching. Mortimer had relapsed into his usual manner, all tenderness and devotion, but it could not blast from Constance's mind the fearful memory of that night of passion. Vincent she saw no more; and she rejoiced, for she well knew that Mortimer's threats had not been idle words.

Edwin Hunt had returned from sea. He had immediately settled upon Constance, the sum which rightfully belonged to her, she positively refusing to receive more. Constance had seen him but once, as her home was now with the

Fosters. He had then seemed stern and morose—very different from the idea she had formed of him; but Mrs. Hunt told her that he had not been the same since he had heard of Mary's disappearance. It seemed to turn him to stone, she said; and she grieved that she saw so little of him, for he was out all day, and often till late in the night.

The last day of the month Constance had fixed upon for her wedding, and as she was firm in refusing that it should take place at an earlier day, Mortimer was obliged to yield.

The Fosters and Mrs. Hunt were the only persons whom Constance would allow to be present at the ceremony.

One day, wearied with her preparations, and sick at heart of the gay apparel that was scattered around her room, Constance resolved to escape from it all and pass the afternoon at the old cottage.

She found Mrs. Hunt at home anxiously watching for her son, who had left the house the previous morning, and had not yet returned.

Constance's haggard face alarmed her, and she questioned her if she were well, but Constance evaded the answer.

“Poor child,” said Mrs. Hunt, “I have been so wrapped in my own troubles, that I have not noticed you before. You must be sick, I am sure.”

“No, only sick of life—but I ought not to have said that. Indeed, Mrs. Hunt, you must not ask me any more.”

“But I must, my child. I cannot see you suffering and not ask you to tell me the cause. I might, humble as I am, be of use to you, Miss Lester—if you are in trouble, tell me what it is.”

“No, you would only blame me. I alone have brought it upon myself, and I must bear it alone.”

“Not alone, Miss Lester: there is one ever ready to bear our burdens for us—mine were long ago too heavy for me to bear alone; but blessed be God when the clouds were the thickest, His strong hand was stretched out to help me, and His love made the dark places light as day. Look to the Saviour, my child, put your trust in him, and your troubles will vanish like the clouds of the morning. Your mother was a pious woman, Miss Lester, and it has been my nightly prayer since she was laid in the grave, that you might follow in her footsteps. It is such as you that make religion beautiful to the world, and oh! you need it—you need it—the heart is desolate without religion.”

The mention of her mother's name brought the tears to Constance's eyes—her heart was softened by this “resurrection of its buried memories,” and with a faltering voice she poured out her troubles to the sympathizing Mrs. Hunt. She

sought not to conceal or palliate her error, for now she could plainly see that because she had not courage to meet the sneers of the world, had she promised her hand where her heart was wanting.

Mrs. Hunt in her amazement scarcely knew what to say or how to advise.

"And you are then determined to keep your faith?" she said, at last.

"I can do nothing else; if knowing that my heart is not his, he still claims the fulfilment of my promise, there is nothing left for me to do but make the sacrifice and die."

"My child, death comes not so easy. Are you prepared for a long life of *continued sacrifices*—a life more terrible than a martyr's death! I beg of you, Miss Lester, refuse to be his wife—no imagining can equal the anguish that you will otherwise have to endure."

"I cannot—I dare not—Frederic's life would then be the forfeit. No, no, let us talk no more about it—nothing can save me now."

There was a grinding step upon the narrow graveled walk, and flinging open the cottage door, Edwin Hunt stood before them. His eyes were blood-shot, and his long hair hung disheveled about his face. His beard had been suffered to grow untrimmed, until poor Mrs. Hunt could scarce recognize in the careless and morose man, her once neat and merry-hearted son.

"I have seen her, mother—I have seen her," he said, unmindful of Miss Lester's presence, "oh, my God! I have seen the wreck of my Mary, and she is lost to me forever." He threw himself into the nearest chair, and bowing his head to his hands, he sobbed like a child.

"Edwin, Miss Lester is here," said his mother, rising, and laying her hand upon his shoulder.

"Then Miss Lester may weep with me," said Edwin, lifting his head and fixing his eyes steadily upon her, "Miss Lester may weep with me, for the man she is so soon to marry, was my Mary's destroyer. For your sake, Miss Lester, I have spared him:—with the memory of the kindness which your father showed me, I could not render his daughter's life wretched. I spared him! but oh, it was a bitter struggle."

Mrs. Hunt fixed her mild eyes rebukingly upon her son, and in solemn tones repeated this passage of Scripture, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord."

"Yes, mother, I know; but I would that he could answer to me, before he stood at God's tribunal."

Constance had started to her feet, her face was ashy pale. For an instant a gleam of hope shot from her eyes—the next moment she could have hated herself that she had thought of escape in such a way. Fourfold her sufferings were now

increased. She pressed her hands convulsively to her breast, as though she would still its painful throbbings. With that man was her fate linked forever? Was there no way of escape? None, and overcome with the horrible thought, a faintness came over her, and she fell to the floor.

## CHAPTER VII.

At noon of the day following the one wherein occurred the events of the preceding chapter, a young man weak and greatly emaciated, alighted from a hack that stood in front of a neat two story house in a retired street of the city, and with feeble gait ascended the steps and rang.

To his inquiry if Mrs. Rivers was in, the housemaid ushered him into a small sitting-room, where a lady and a child were the only occupants.

The lady was of slight stature, and of that wonderful, almost spiritual beauty which is so rarely seen. Her fair hair was drawn off from her low, transparent forehead, and simply banded about her exquisitely shaped head. Her eyes were of the softest, deepest blue—you could not look at them without thinking of spring violets. As she sat bending over her work, the babe sleeping in her lap, it was so beautiful a picture that it was no wonder that the young man paused, holding his breath, as if almost in fear that the vision should vanish. Another moment and she had glanced at the doorway.

"Have you forgotten me, Mary?" said the young man. She looked steadily at him—her crimson lips parted, and a deep glow burned on either cheek.

"It is Mr. Vincent, is it not? I am sorry to see you so much changed. Ellen, bring in the easy-chair—Mr. Vincent needs it, I am sure."

Frederic Vincent, for it was he, did not refuse the seat; for in his weak state he was almost overcome with the exertion he had made.

"I have come to you, Mary, on a painful errand," he said, "but—" he paused, as if hesitating to speak the words which he knew would cause so much grief.

Mary anticipated him. "I know, Mr. Vincent, what you would say. Harry has ceased to love me; and would desert me, would I but sign the paper which he has so often of late endeavored to force me to do."

"Worse than that, Mary. He is to be married to another, this month."

"No, no, Mr. Vincent; you do him injustice—he cannot, he dare not do that."

"I would not jest with you, poor child, it is the truth."

"But how dare he, Mr. Vincent? I will never suffer that. *You know I am his wife.*"

"I never doubted it, Mary; and it is this that I came to see you about. If we could only prove

it. I was not in the city at the time, but you told me all about it when I came to you on that horrible errand. Let me see, he hired some low fellow to personate an alderman if I remember—before the night arrived, the man was conveyed drunk to an alderman's office; here he disclosed the secret, and the alderman came himself in *propria persona*, married you, gave the certificate in your keeping, and then taking Mortimer one side, told him to make the best of his marriage, for it was a bona fide one. Mortimer concealed his chagrin from you, thinking you knew nothing of his intentions. Suddenly the alderman died, and he then went to you, obtained the certificate and destroyed it, telling you that it was a false marriage, and that there was now no proof of it in existence. Am I right?"

"Yes," answered Mary, and her eyelids drooped until the thick lashes rested on her burning cheeks.

"Then proof is impossible. Oh, I would give worlds, if I had them, to recall that certificate." He spoke so earnestly, and there was such misery expressed in his countenance, that Mary was touched by it.

"If I only knew you was my friend, Mr. Vincent," she said, "*if I only knew*. Forgive me, for I have learned to mistrust every one."

"Mary!" said Vincent, reproachfully, "did I not prove myself your friend when Mortimer sent me to you on that shameful errand, the memory of which even to this day makes me indignant. I promised then to be a brother to you, and had I known that you were living, you should not have been thus long neglected. I sought you at your boarding-place—you were not there. I inquired of Mortimer, and he dared to tell me that you were dead. It was scarce a week ago that my physician accidentally spoke of one of his patients in such a way, that I was convinced it must be you, for I never saw any one like you, Mary. He called you Mrs. Rivers. I made inquiries and was satisfied, and the first moment that I was able to walk across my room I came to you. You must not doubt my friendship—we have both suffered through Mortimer. The one he is going to wed would be mine if it were not for him. I shall go to her from here, and tell her your history; she cannot then persist in the mistaken notions of duty which he is now forcing her to carry out."

Mary arose, laid her sleeping infant in the cradle, and left the room without speaking. The child was the image of Mortimer, and as Vincent looked at it, he wondered at the cruel heart that could desert two such lovely beings as were Mary and her babe.

When she returned, she placed in Vincent's hand a folded paper—he opened it, while she stood silently watching the play of his counte-

nance as he read. There was cause for the joy that she there saw expressed, for the paper contained a full account of the scheme which the good alderman had discovered, with his name signed to it, and that of the man whom Mortimer had bribed. Underneath was a duplicate of the marriage certificate properly attested, and Vincent saw at a glance that Constance was saved.

The alderman had drawn up the paper with a shrewd suspicion that Mortimer might seek to destroy the certificate, and had given it to Mary with the charge never to part with it. Shocked at the discovery of the fraud which her husband had sought to practise upon her, and yet loving him too well to yield him up, she had been satisfied to live only for him, and so the fond wife died to the world, and with a devotion of which its object was unworthy, she had striven day after day to bind him to her with bonds which he should not seek to break. This only proof of her marriage had long rested in a sealed envelope directed to her father, that in case of her death, he might know that her life had not been one of sin.

Vincent's first proposition to Mary after giving vent to his joy in words, was that he should seek her parents, and exhibit to them the paper which could not fail of giving them the happiness they had so long been strangers to. Mary had been so accustomed to fear Mortimer, that she hesitated in giving her consent, lest it should call down his anger anew upon her; but Vincent explained that steps must be immediately taken to make Mortimer's marriage with her public; and that her father was the most proper person to move first in the matter.

Mary yielded a tearful consent; but it was with a heavy heart that she saw Vincent leave. She could not quiet the forebodings of evil that cast their shadows upon her heart.

Vincent reached Mr. Winters' house, and was surprised to find that he knew the residence of his daughter. In a few words Mr. Winters told Vincent that Edwin Hunt had traced Mortimer as the one who had visited Mary after his departure. Day and night had he dogged his steps, and at length had seen him enter this house. In the neighborhood he then stationed himself until he had seen Mary at the window with her child in her arms; but neither Hunt nor Mr. Winters had dared to hope that there had ever been even the mockery of a marriage.

Mr. Winters accompanied Vincent in his carriage to Edwin Hunt's. The paper was shown him, but very different was the effect upon him from what it had been on either of the others. His eyes flashed. "Villain!" he said, "God keep my hands from blood! but I could tear his heart out." He paced the floor rapidly, his broad chest heaved quick and strong, and his nostrils dilated

in the excess of his passion. When the first violence of his feelings subsided, he rejoiced with the father that Mary had not been the guilty creature they had feared she was; and then as calmer thoughts took possession of him, he exulted in the idea that Mortimer would now be made to feel in the loss of Constance, a part of the agony which had been his portion. Enough had his mother told him the previous day with regard to Constance, to convince him that it was no willing heart she should bring to the altar; and he saw that upon Mortimer would the blow alone fall.

Before they separated, it was decided that upon the following morning Mr. Winters should call upon Mortimer, and acquaint him with his knowledge of the marriage, and of the existence of proof. But not till morning could Edwin wait.

That night when Mortimer went to his room after supper, he found a stranger awaiting him there. The servant retired and left them together. What then passed between them was never known. At length a violent and repeated ringing of his bell, caused several of the servants to rush to his room. The stranger stood with his hand on the bell-rope, and Mortimer was stretched prone upon the floor, the blood gushing from his mouth and nostrils. A physician was immediately summoned, and Mortimer was found to have ruptured a large blood-vessel. The hemorrhage was so profuse, and the attack altogether so uncommonly severe, that the physician desired if his patient had any friends they might be immediately sent for.

"I will go for his wife," said Edwin Hunt, and he jumped into a carriage, ordering the coachman to drive to J— street.

It might have been an hour afterward that the carriage returned. Edwin with the most tender care assisted the fragile young creature to her husband's apartment. She was just in time, for Mortimer had been conscious for the last few moments. His eyes were closed, but as Mary's sobs fell upon his ear, he moved his hand restlessly until she clasped it within her own. He essayed to speak, but his voice was so feeble that Mary bent her head lower before she could catch the words—"my wife, forgive me." Her kisses and her hot tears were the only answer.

These words atoned for all his neglect and deceit—for all the wrong he had sought to do her. To her woman's heart he was dearer than ever, and she pictured to herself days of happiness that might yet be in store for herself and her child.

The morning came, and she was a widow.

Once more Mary Mortimer's parents held her to their hearts, but their love, precious as it was to her, could not subdue or even lessen her great sorrow. Her husband's body was brought to her dwelling—three days and nights more of anguished watching beside his marble face, and he was buried from her sight.

Prostrated by a low, nervous fever Mary then lay for months, during which time Constance was her most faithful nurse. By her devotion to Mortimer's wife, she sought to atone for the wrong which she had so unintentionally done them both in listening to his coldness. Together they read the word of God—together their prayers were mingled, and by degrees both learned to know "that peace which passeth all understanding."

Vincent was a frequent visitor at Mary Mortimer's home; and daily he saw more and more to admire in Constance.

The Hunts also were sometimes added to that little circle, and Mary's parents very often. Little Viola Mortimer was quite a pet among them; and a year afterward she cried heartily because "naughty Aunt Constance would go away with Mr. Vincent."

As happy were Frederic and Constance in their married life, as "pure and well placed love" will always make its possessors.

This story may possibly meet the eyes of some, who, like Constance, to escape from a threatening evil, or for the more unworthy motive of obtaining wealth and influence, have promised their hands where their hearts have refused to rest. To such I would say, weigh well the sacrifices you will be called upon to make: fearful are the responsibilities of married life to women—even to those who love, and how must they be increased tenfold, where love is wanting. Peril not your soul with the word upon your lips which your heart belies, for you cannot dream of the wretchedness which such a sin will bring upon you.

## DAY DREAMS.

BY W. T. RICHARDS.

WE all have day dreams. To some, they come like bright, sweetly beaming pictures, haloed all around with glory, as if painted by that spirit, fancy, with the mellow, glowing tints borrowed from a crimsoned sunrise, or they spread out before the enraptured sight in one vast panorama, among whose everchanging scenes and glorious harmonies the restless soul may roam as if through fairy land, catching here and there a glimpse, a foretaste of Elysium! To others, to those whose eyes are dimmed with tears, and on whose hearts misery has flung her death-like pall, when the mind with magic wish would call them up they seem all dark and shadowy, bereft of sunlight, clouded with sorrow, deeper shades seem checkered on them, intertwined with wilder griefs; or they are like phantoms wrapped in sulphurous storm clouds, with great wings tipped with the lurid lightning pictured by that demon, dread despair!

Some spend their lives in dreaming, in painting on the mists and clouds that veil the future, fantastic visions of goals reached, of golden crowns, of fame's laurel chaplets, and of a world's homage to their well-earned greatness; while others, such as would rather strive to reach high heaven, by toiling up their mountain pile of earthly common places, than to rise thither in Elijah's sunlight chariot, are ever crushing in their cold hearts all the warm aspirations, and the lofty longings for something higher, that their souls may never dream the bright day dreams of this life that awaken wishes for a better!

How soothing and how blessed are these day dreams! How the wearied mind, overcharged with griefs and disappointments, will oftentimes build up for itself, on some slight foundation, gleams of hope that glimmer far away on its horizon, airy castles, in whose beauteous halls hung round with memory's pictures it will revel, tasting of pleasure's sweetly flowing nectar, feasting on love's precious words! And then, how the bright basis seems to rise, expand, like some volcanic island springing up amid old Ocean's waste, rearing its dim superstructure nearer to the skies; and when some touch from that grim spectro, stern reality, rocks to and fro those shadowy piles and dispels the pleasing visions, how they seem like breaking clouds at morn, more glorious in their shattered forms and

blended colorings! They are to the sickened heart like moonbeams dancing through the storm, like plaintive music echoing at night through lonely corridors!

And these dreams come round us in all times and places. Even in the crowded thoroughfare, some glad word, some light laughter, some young face beaming amid that world of selfishness, will awaken long trains of mingled thoughts; and by our warm firesides we seem to see among the burning embers half-forgotten scenes, mingled with the pencilings of creative fancy. And music too will call them up. Ay, music, that soul ennobling art, the only one that spirits ever practice, the only one that lives in heaven—that incarnation of the thoughts of angels, with its ever-varying strains and swelling notes—with its skyward rushing peals of hallelujahs and its winged songs of praise!—with its wild, gushing melodies and its heart-thrilling magic trills—with its enrapturing, ringing tones of gladness—with its low, mournful numbers, the embodiment of sadness—with its full expression of deep-seated feelings, seems to fling a spell around us, and to summon up bright spirit forms that weave those lingering, quivering notes with gleams of sunshine and with moonlight lustre, and form for the soul a fairy car, and borrow seraph's pinions for it, and bear it upward till there are outstretched beneath all the glories of the earth's extended landscapes—wide-spread Savannah valleys blooming with ten thousand tropic flowers; lovely dells and tree-crowned peaks; winding rivers and bright cascades; wooded isles and murmuring seas; old forests with the flickering sunlight gleaming through their dim, twilight shades and ghostly glaciers, wrapping their snow robes all about them, and in their icy armor standing as if to defend from desecration their own haunted realms. Higher yet the fancied chariot is borne amid dreamy mists, and golden clouds, and bright blue ether, among the rolling worlds, archangel's thrones, till *fame's* far-distant temple seems to burst upon us, with its white beacon blazing from out its Iris dome, and with its lofty columns formed of heaven's own light; and the great goddess seated on a beaming star, with her sceptre twined with laurel leaves—and round her ranged the mighty intellects that she had crowned, pale Dante with his gloomy brow,

and god-like Milton with his solemn harp, and  
gigantic Angelo, with his lofty aspect, like to his  
own great Moses. Nearer and nearer we are  
borne, we almost grasp the crown that she has  
proffered, and we wake and find it but a dream  
as fleeting as the strains that gave it birth!

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## DORA ATHERTON; OR, THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM."

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 270.

WE left Mrs. Harper thunderstruck at the news of Dora's arrest. While, with trembling hands, she is endeavoring to tie her bonnet-strings, in order to fly to the aid of our heroine, let us go back, for some hours, in order to explain these startling occurrences.

And first we must follow Butler's proceedings. All the morning he had walked about, visiting various acquaintances, and was on the point of returning home, when, toward noon, meeting a companion, he was induced to accompany him on a stroll. The day was a brilliant one, late in November, one of the brightest of the Indian summer. Beguiled by conversation, and by the beauty of nature, the two companions sauntered on until they reached a public promenade on the outskirts of the city, where they sat down, for a while, to rest.

The sun was already in the western heavens, and crowds of pedestrians, as usual at that hour, filled the walks of this lovely retreat. Butler and his companion sat, for some time, watching the throng. There were nurses with children; school-boys on an afternoon holiday; and parties of laughing girls; with here and there a pair of lovers, easily distinguishable by their air of entire indifference to everything but themselves. Around the fountain, which, in the centre of the garden, threw its jet of liquid silver to the sky, troops of noisy children, under charge of their parents or of elder brothers or sisters, were whooping in wild delight.

Suddenly Butler started to his feet, and holding up his hand to his companion, said,

"Good-bye, if I don't return. There's a young lady I should like to bid farewell to—Miss Atherton."

Dora was indeed approaching, her face wreathed in happiness, for, in the bright air, and with all so pleased about her, she felt as gleeful as a school-girl. She came forward with a frank smile, offering Butler her hand.

"I am so glad to see you," she exclaimed. "I was afraid we should not meet again. You have my best wishes for success: and remember," she

added, kindly, "if ever I become rich, you are to paint my portrait at your very best price."

"I shall certainly paint it then, and at no distant day," replied Butler, speaking in sincerity, though apparently with flattery. "You could do so much good—so much more than most of your sex—that I cannot reconcile your leading this life with the just decrees of Providence."

Dora sighed.

"It is all for the best," she said. "God, and not we, knows what is most proper. But let us talk of yourself. Do you intend to travel?"

"That is my plan. My profession, in which I have some proficiency, will support me, while I go from town to town; and, in this way, I hope to visit all sections of the Union, observing nature and studying men. As I hear they have an excellent school for artists at —, I think I shall stop there awhile, though it may be a year before I reach that place. But which way are you walking? I have half an hour to spare. Shall I accompany you?"

"Certainly," replied Dora: and he placed himself by her side.

They soon left the crowded promenade, and sauntered slowly on. Dora began to speak again of Butler's art, and as both had read much on the subject, the conversation became enthusiastic. They discoursed of Rubens, Titian, Vandyke, and the great Italian masters, Butler declaring his predilection for the former, and Dora for the latter, especially for Raphael.

"It is color, rather than beauty of form or expression," she said, "which seems to enchant you. But for me, I would rather have the 'Madonna and Child,' than even the 'Descent from the Cross,' wonderful as this last is."

"I don't think I should care to go abroad," said Butler, "even if I could; for it might make me a mere imitator, as it does most. The old masters painted from nature, not from smoke-dried pictures, and we moderns will never equal them till we go back to nature too."

"But the old Italians had a faith in inspiration," said Dora, "and it was that which made

them so great. In this skeptical age it is impossible to expect master-pieces."

Butler took off his hat reverently.

"If I ever become a great artist," he said, "if ever my faith inspires a true picture, it will be, under heaven, through you, Miss Atherton. You found me an infidel; you leave me a believer."

"Nay," she replied, "do not speak thus. God has himself brought you to him by a way you knew not."

Butler was about to answer, but at this instant the whistle of a locomotive was heard. He started at the sound.

"That is the down train from —," he said, "and, if I do not leave you, I shall be late. If I return through the wood, which we have just passed, I shall overtake the train at its stopping place below, and can easily get a cast on it to the depot, in town."

Dora held out her hand as she would have done to a brother.

"Good-bye," she said, smiling.

"Good bye," he replied, taking her hand as frankly. "God in heaven bless you!"

He spoke with emotion, and turning disappeared. Dora saw him running till he entered the wood, and then lost sight of him among the thick undergrowth. She now walked on awhile, musing of this strange soul. Suddenly she heard a shot, as if from a gun, in the wood behind. Her heart began to beat fast with a presentiment of evil. She turned on her steps by an irresistible impulse, and hurried back to the wood.

Meantime Butler, having threaded half the wood, was still advancing at a rapid pace, when he found himself confronted unexpectedly by a person approaching in the opposite direction.

The path, at this point, was exceedingly narrow, indeed only broad enough for one person. It ran, moreover, between high, thorny-bushes, so that stepping aside was inconvenient. Butler was close on to the other person before observing him; and then he paused involuntarily, raising his eyes to see who it was.

He started back a step in horror, for the stranger was Susan's seducer. The young libertine had apparently been out shooting, for he carried a gun, and a dog was heard breaking through the bushes behind him.

The blood rushed from Butler's heart into his face, and then poured back again, leaving him pale as death. Involuntarily a scowl knitted his overhanging brows, and his eyes flashed, for an instant, with fury. His first impulse was to strike the profligate to the earth. Three months before he would have done this without compunction, but now, as on a former occasion, better counsels prevailed; and, with a mighty effort, he controlled himself. He drew his tall person up haughtily,

however, eyeing his opponent resolutely, but with a darkened brow.

Careless and supercilious the seducer of Susan advanced, whistling a light opera air; and it was not until he stood directly in front of Butler that he stopped. Seeing, however, that his opponent did not move aside, he now looked insolently at him, as if expecting this to be sufficient, especially as he noticed that Butler wore the dress of a mechanic.

But the latter remained immovable, the color deepening again on his cheek. His well-dressed antagonist now waved his hand with an easy, contemptuous air, for him to make room; but still Butler stood rooted to the spot, anger fast mounting to his eyes.

The profligate cast a look on either side at the apparently impenetrable brake, and then faced Butler, with a scowl on his face also. He had not yet recognized his opponent.

"Stand aside, fellow," he said, stepping forward.

But Butler remained firm as a rock, his arms folded, his face black with suppressed emotion.

"Mr. Thomaston," he said, in a deep, guttural voice, "you had better give way yourself. I am in no mood to be ordered—"

"Hey!" exclaimed his opponent, with surprise, stepping coolly back, and measuring Butler from head to foot. "It's you, is it? I've seen and heard of you—the house and sign painter—Susan's jilted lover, by Jove!" And he laughed scornfully and coarsely.

"Take care—take care," cried Butler, in tones low, yet hoarse with passion; and he advanced a step. "Don't drive me mad, sir, or, by —, I can't answer for myself."

The look of concentrated rage, partially suppressed, yet still fearfully visible, terrified the profligate, notwithstanding his self-confidence. He had never seen, or even imagined a face like that. He retreated, therefore, presenting his gun.

"Keep off," he cried, in alarm, "keep off, you scoundrel, I tell you. By the Lord, if you don't I'll shoot you."

"Put down that gun, if you are a man," rapidly said Butler, following him up. "I don't want to harm you—but you'll have to give way—I've wrongs of others as well as myself to avenge, and it's as much as I can do to keep my hands off you—"

"Insolent lackey!"

"By —, don't say that again, sir. Make way at once," shouted Butler, pressing on him, "or it will be worse for you."

"Keep back," cried his opponent, eagerly, cocking his gun, "I'll fire if you don't—I will, by heaven—"

"Will you," hissed Butler, mad with rage, springing upon him.

The action was so sudden that the profligate had not time to fire, before his athletic antagonist had grasped the piece, and was struggling with him to wrench it from his hands. Had Thomaston yielded the gun, Butler, incensed as he was, would have flung it into the bushes, and depended on his strength of arm to put the libertine from his path. But the latter, judging Butler by himself, feared to give up the weapon, lest it should be used against himself; and accordingly he struggled desperately to retain possession of it, or even to turn the muzzle toward his antagonist, that he might discharge it. The conflict was, for a full minute, undecided. Though apparently slightly built, constant exercise in athletic sports had hardened the muscles of the profligate to iron, and he was, therefore, no contemptible match even for the powerfully built Butler. Besides, he believed himself struggling for life itself; and when a man has that conviction, his efforts are superhuman.

Panting, twisting in and out, their faces flushed, yet scarcely moving their feet an inch, the two wrestlers swayed backward and forward. At last, with a sudden wrench, Butler forced his adversary's chest backward. At the same instant, by accident, the muzzle of the fowling-piece became pointed in the direction of its owner's heart, and being already cocked, the jar started the hammer, and the piece was discharged. The load lodged in the bosom of Thomaston, who fell back, on the moment, dead.

The report of the gun, the relaxing of his adversary's limbs, and the dull weight of the body assuring him of the sad tragedy, filled Butler with horror indescribable. Though, for a few moments, he had given way to passion, he had not desired his antagonist's death; and, as he now gazed on the glazing eye, and beheld the stiffening body, a cry of anguish burst from his inmost soul. He laid the insensible form on the ground and knelt beside it, chafing the hands, in the vain hope that life might not be extinct.

But there was no doubt, he saw, of the terrible fact. The arm, when he let go of it, fell heavily, like a piece of lead; and he knew then that the spirit had irrevocably departed.

"Oh! God," he cried, in passionate agony, big drops of perspiration starting on his forehead, "Thou knowest I did not mean to do it. I sought not his life."

But, even as he spoke, he remembered the stubborn pride which had led him to block up the path, the mad passion which had prompted him to rush upon his adversary: he felt self-condemned: he could not pray; and, burying his face in his hands, he groaned in utter despair.

Texts of Scripture, terrible and condemnatory, rose up to his memory. "The blood of thy brother crieth from the ground." "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." And others as awful. He seemed to see himself condemned eternally: the trees, the sky, the sunshine frowned on him: and he felt, in his heart, as if he had committed the unpardonable sin, as if the gates of mercy were closed to him forever.

All at once, the whine of a hound aroused him from this stupor of madness and horror. He looked up. The dead man's dog, which had been chasing about the woods, had now come up, and was snuffing about the corpse, uttering low, plaintive cries.

Butler started to his feet. The presence of the dog recalled him to himself. He remembered that the wood was contiguous to a populous district, and in sight of a travelled road, and that, therefore, numerous persons must have been within hearing of the gun, who would be attracted immediately to the spot. He reflected that, if arrested near the dead body, the circumstance, notwithstanding every possible explanation, would go far to convict him, in the eyes of others, of deliberate murder. He recalled also the pregnant fact that he had loved Susan, and that, in the rage of a disappointed affection, the public mind would find a motive for the homicide.

He had been horrified before at the crime itself; for he felt himself, though not a murderer, criminal. He was now alarmed at the possible consequences that might ensue to his person. He determined to fly at once. He remembered that he had luckily made every preparation to leave the city, so that, if he could only escape from the wood unseen, he might entirely avoid arrest, and even, perhaps, suspicion. Taking a last look at the corpse, therefore, he fled from the awful spot, pursued by terror and remorse alike.

He was not a coward, but the image of the gallows, the jeering crowd, a name stained forever appalled him: and he rushed from the place, as if a thousand avenging furies were in pursuit.

No one saw his exit. He was just in time to intercept the train of cars at the stopping place. In five minutes he was at the depot. In ten minutes more he reached Mrs. Harper's. We have seen his strange conduct there, now entirely explicable. In less than an hour after he fled from the wood, he was being whirled away to a distant city, with a speed rivalled only by that of the wind.

And now let us return to Dora, whom we left hastening into the recesses of the wood, alarmed by the report of the gun.

She soon reached the spot where the dead body lay, with the hound, faithful to the last, whining mournfully over it.

At first she did not recognize her old persecutor. She did not even notice, at first, that it was a corpse lying across the narrow path. But supposing that the sportsman had been wounded by the accidental discharge of his gun, she hurried forward, after a momentary start of pity, to offer him her aid.

As she drew nearer, however, she observed that the prostrate form lay entirely motionless. There was not even a groan. Her heart now began to beat fast. What if the sportsman should be dead?

She hastened onward with accelerated steps, and soon reached the side of the body. The face was partially concealed, being turned to one side. She said eagerly,

"Are you much hurt, sir?"

There was no answer. But the hound gave a long, plaintive howl, looking piteously up into her face. She almost knew now that his master was dead.

We have failed to represent Dora's character, if our readers do not know that she was as courageous as she was good. She did not fly, therefore; but stooping down, in the faint hope that the sportsman might still breathe, she gazed into his face. Before she could do this, however, it became necessary to remove the fowling-piece, which had fallen across him, and was in Dora's way; and in lifting it, her hand became soiled by the lock, for she thoughtlessly grasped the piece at that point.

When she had bent over the dead man's form and gazed into his face, she started back with a scream. Then, after a second, she gazed again. Could it be? Yes, there lay her persecutor, motionless, breathless, life entirely extinct.

She looked at him a moment in stony astonishment and horror. Her own wrongs were forgotten. She did not even remember Susan. But she thought of the sinning soul, summoned, without warning, to its account, and even then beginning, in eternity, its awful expiation. The words of the litany rose up before her:—"From lightning and tempest; from plague, pestilence and famine; from battle and murder, and from sudden death—good Lord deliver us!"

All at once she started to her feet, her face whiter than cere-cloth, her eyes almost starting from their sockets; for, with the words murder and sudden death, there flashed across her mind a glimpse of the terrible truth.

She looked wildly around, as if expecting to see Butler, cowering and horrified, hiding near. Then she clasped both hands over her eyes, as if to shut out the sight, unconsciously pushing back her bonnet by the gesture.

"He came this way," she cried, wildly and incoherently, "there was just time for a quarrel—

they must have met here—Butler's anger overcame him—oh! merciful heaven—murder and sudden death—murder and sudden death."

Her bonnet, in her agitation, fell back on her shoulders, where it remained held fast by the strings, her hair disordered.

All at once she flung herself again on her knees, and taking the hand of the corpse, began to chafe it.

"He cannot be dead," she exclaimed. "There must be life in him—oh! terrible, terrible—there is no pulse—what shall I do?"

She never reflected on the suspicion that might attach to herself, if she was found with the murdered man: she thought only how frightful the news would be for his family, and who would assume the task of conveying it to them. In her perplexity she looked around, first on one side, then on the other, seeking help.

But no person approached. She rose now from her knees, with the determination to go for assistance; but before she had taken two steps from the corpse, the hound sprang after her, with an angry bark, and seized her by the dress. Poor dumb beast, he knew that his master was helpless, and his instinct told him not to suffer Dora, who seemed to take such interest in the dead man, to depart!

But how little a thing will sometimes affect a destiny. As Dora, anxious to summon aid, stooped to loosen her dress from the dog's teeth, two laborers from a neighboring field suddenly approached the scene. Alarmed by the gun, they had been running to the spot, their feet falling noiselessly on the turf; but both now stopped simultaneously, for the sight that presented itself was sufficient to arrest attention.

Let us recall the scene again. A dead man lying on the ground; a young girl endeavoring to fly; and a hound, evidently belonging to the victim, angrily tugging at her dress. Add to this a lonely wood and the disarray of the girl's head-dress; and the picture, as it presented itself to the two rude, coarse spectators, is before you.

Simultaneously each now glanced at his companion. There was a world of accusation, inquiry, and answer in those looks. Then, as if by one impulse, they rushed forward.

One seized Dora rudely by the arm, the other took off the dog.

The first spoke.

"Not so fast, young woman, not so fast," he cried. "Murder will out, you know."

Dora gazed at him, with a bewildered look, not yet comprehending his words, though she winced with pain under his rough grasp.

She replied,

"I am so glad, so very glad you have come. Somebody must break it to his family. But

not grasp me so hard," and she attempted to remove his hand. "You hurt me."

The man who had taken off the dog, and who now, kneeling, was holding him back, looked up with a boisterous, mocking laugh.

"You're a cute one, gal," he said. "But it won't do. She's playing possum, you see, Bill."

At these rude tones, and this insolent look, Dora gazed from one to the other alarmed. The first speaker, meantime, instead of relaxing his grasp, tightened it.

"What do you mean?" she said, at last.

"Hear that, Bill!" cried the kneeling man; and then he added, ironically, "oh! she's as innocent as a lamb."

Dora made another effort to free herself. The vulgarity of the two men alarmed her, as yet, even more than their implied accusation.

"Let me go," she cried. "Are you not ashamed of yourselves?"

"In course we is," said the kneeling man, with another coarse laugh, "desp'ate ashamed. Its quite a blow for us to find ourselves in sich company." And he winked at his companion.

But the latter, rough as he was, had more feeling than his comrade.

"Don't make fun of the young woman, Sam," he said. "Its a serious affair for her. I spose the fellow's insulted her, and she has shot him; but it will be murder nevertheless. Come, young woman," he said, addressing Dora, who stood stupefied with horror, for she now began to be aware of the charge against her, and to see its plausibility, "don't look so scared like! May be the jury will disagree."

For some time Dora remained speechless; but at last she found words.

"You don't mean to accuse me of murder?" she gasped. "I came here, and found him dead, I was going for help when you came up——"

But the more humane of the two interrupted her.

"You'd better say nothing," were his words. "That's my advice, young woman. Because, you see, we will be examined first about this matter, and we shall have to tell all your words. You're in for it sure, if you go for to talk. As it is, you've not much chance, for Sam and I, you see, were working in a field close by, and saw you go into the wood, with this very chap——"

"It was not he," cried Dora, eagerly, "it was——"

"That won't do," interrupted the man, checking her. "We saw 'em both, Sam, didn't we?"

His companion nodded assent.

From one to the other Dora looked in affright, her lips parted, and every vestige of color fled from her cheeks. She saw how, link by link, suspicion was fastening upon her; and she knew

that others would think only too much like these men.

"And the dog too," returned the first speaker. "It's nat'ral for them to know their master's enemies—they have an instinct that way—and we found him, you see, holding on to you, to keep you from escaping. And look here—why you haven't had the thought, young woman, to wipe your hand, where the powder from the pan blackened it." And, as he spoke, he lifted up Dora's hand, and exhibited, to her consternation, the perceptible smut which had come from the lock, when she picked up the fowling-piece.

"Good men," she said, at last, unnerved for the moment, "pray, let me go! I am innocent—indeed I am—I did not kill Mr. Thomaston——"

"Whew! So you know his name, do you?" cried the still kneeling man. "Bill, she'd a better took your advice. She's fixing her flint for herself."

The other shook his head.

"You see," he said, turning to Dora, "the more you say, the worse it is for you."

Too late she felt that this was true. She saw her error. Her very astonishment at the charge had, as it were, bewildered her self-possession. Her protestations of innocence had but fastened suspicion more conclusively upon her. And, completely overcome, she bowed her face, bursting into a flood of tears.

Other spectators began now to arrive at the scene. We have said that the wood was near a populous district, and as gunning had long been prohibited in the neighborhood, the discharge of fire-arms had naturally attracted many persons within hearing to the spot. With the increase of arrivals, a Babel of confusion ensued. The kneeling man rose to his feet, fastening his handkerchief to the hound in order to hold it; and constituted himself spokesman, while his companion remained in charge of Dora. Every one was asking questions. Awe was on some faces, mere curiosity on others. The story of a murder, and by the prisoner, was universally believed. A few looked pityingly upon her, as she stood, with averted face, sobbing hysterically; but the great mass merely shrugged their shoulders, her plain dress being sufficient proof, if more was needed, that she was guilty. One or two remarked on her apparent youth; and others speculated as to the cause of the homicide; while, to each and all alike, the more brutal of the two laborers expatiated on the terror, in which they had surprised her, and the wonderful instinct of the hound in detaining her when she sought to flee.

No one, however, in all this time touched the dead body. The popular notion that a corpse must be left unmoved till the arrival of the coroner, combining with the awe that murder erect

creates, sufficed to preserve a charmed circle around it.

Messengers had been immediately despatched for the coroner, and in a comparatively short time he arrived. The inquest was held, and a verdict rendered, "that the deceased came to his death by a gun-shot wound, inflicted by Dora Atherton."

Meantime the innocent victim of these suspicions had been placed under charge of an officer, and carried, in a chaise, before a committing magistrate. In the office of this official, poor Dora was compelled to sit down, with a hundred curious eyes upon her, while the magistrate was being sought.

The apartment was fortunately obscure, for as yet candles had not been lighted. The suffering girl, shrinking from the public gaze, leaned her face forward on a table; and prayed earnestly for strength and comfort from on High. The passion of tears, which had convulsed her on the arrest, had long since subsided, and her clear intellect began to take a just and comprehensive view of her situation. She saw that circumstances told terribly against her. Nevertheless she did not entirely despair. It could be shown, she knew, that she was the last person who could have been suspected of a homicide. Besides, she would tell the truth, just as it occurred.

Yet to heaven only, she felt, could she look for aid. In all that populous city, with its tens of thousands on tens of thousands, she had not a friend, with the solitary exception of Mrs. Harper. Neither had she wealth to purchase legal aid. This she remembered.

"Oh! Father of the orphan," she murmured, "help me in this, my sore distress." She felt that all which she had suffered before, the death of her father, the desertion of Paul, the horrors of destitution, were nothing to this last trial. "Deliver me, oh! Almighty One," she continued, "from this dread snare. Save me—save me, for there is none but thee to aid."

After this passionate appeal she felt more composed. She began now to reflect on what was to be done with her that night. Would she be sent to prison? She had heard of people, accused of crime, being bailed out. Might not this privilege be granted to her? Yet who would be her surety? She thought of Mrs. Harper, and though she feared the amount of bail would be greater than the good landlady could raise, she resolved to send for her.

But, at that instant, a noise was heard at the door, which was entirely blocked up by the crowd; and Dora fancied she could distinguish, amid the confusion, the voice of Mrs. Harper.

She rose to her feet and looked eagerly toward the entrance, with a glad thrill at her heart.

Then, suddenly, came the fear that the landlady, like all the rest, might regard her as guilty: and, as this thought flashed upon her, she turned ashy pale, and the room began to swim around. She staggered, and would have fallen, if she had not clutched at the back of her chair.

Meantime the confusion increased. The officer looked angrily toward the door, and demanding what the uproar meant, was answered that an old woman was trying to force her way in, though there was no room.

"Keep her out," said he, surlily, "and if she continues that noise, say we'll arrest her." And he returned to his newspaper, which he had been reading by the solitary candle.

He spoke loud and sharp, so that his words reached Mrs. Harper, for it was really she.

Instantly the landlady answered, her voice shriller than ever, so great was her excitement.

"It's to see the prisoner, I want; and you can't keep me from doing that. Dora, Dora, poor, innocent lamb," she said, "are you there?"

What a gush of happy tears rushed into Dora's eyes! She had still one friend then left. One person believed her innocent.

She turned to the officer, with clasped hands, her voice choking with emotion.

"Oh! let her in," she cried, imploringly. "She's the only friend I have in the world."

The rough man of the law was touched. His tone instantly changed.

"What are you making this row for?" he said, rising and going to the door. "Don't you see the woman is a friend of the prisoner. For shame! You wouldn't like to have a mob of idle loafers, would you, keep a mother from you if you were arrested for murder?"

The crowd gave way at once, the nearest hanging down their heads. In a moment Mrs. Harper burst through the throng, and pausing, looked around for Dora.

The landlady's dress was all in disorder from her struggles with the mob, and her face was flushed, blood-red, with excitement. The room was so much darker than the street, that, for a short period, she could not see distinctly. She gazed from one side to the other without as yet discovering Dora.

"Where are you, dearest?" she said, at last, in a tone that melted every heart. Dora tried to reply, but she was too agitated, as yet, to speak. The landlady continued, with plaintive eloquence, "where are you? Your poor old friend has come to your aid—she don't believe a word of this false lie—you're as innocent and as good, she knows, as the angels in heaven."

Dora stood up, with outstretched arms. She would have advanced to meet Mrs. Harper, but that she feared they would not allow her.

"Here I am!" she cried, almost suffocating with glad emotion.

The landlady, catching sight of her on the instant, rushed weeping into her arms, and they embraced each other.

"Bless you, my child; my sweet, good, darling child! That would not hurt a fly," she continued, clasping Dora to her, and scowling at the crowd, which she turned to face, "that would not hurt a fly, yet have been accused of murder."

Dora was sobbing on the landlady's bosom, convulsively embracing her warm-hearted friend. And there she continued to weep, while Mrs. Harper by turns comforted her with words of endearment, and by turns gave vehement utterance to her conviction of Dora's innocence, always addressing the spectators.

At last the magistrate made his appearance, a puffy and asthmatic personage, with an important air, and a bald head that glistened like a shining ball. He pompously ordered the candles to be lighted; adjusted his gold spectacles; and then took a long look at the prisoner and her friend. After this he condescended to hear the outlines of the case.

When all was concluded, he turned to Dora.

"You will have to go to prison, to-night, young woman," he said, "as I can't hear the whole case and make out a regular commitment. To-morrow, or some day soon, when the commonwealth is ready with its evidence, you'll have a regular hearing."

Dora gasped for breath. To prison! To the dark cells and stone walls of a prison! She turned to Mrs. Harper with a wild, appealing look, clutching at the good landlady's arm, as if determined to die there sooner than be torn away.

Mrs. Harper spoke up.

"Can't I bail her, your honor?" she asked.

"Let her go home with me. I'll engage she shall be ready when you want her."

The magistrate, who had removed his spectacles, replaced them at this, and peered over his desk at the speaker. A smile, slightly contemptuous, wreathed his lips.

"I'm afraid we can't take your bail, good woman. Besides it's not a bailable case."

Mrs. Harper flushed up, for she understood, from his manner, that he doubted her means. But she did not give way to anger further. She knew too much hung on the decision of the pompous magistrate, and she resolved to employ her utmost power of conciliation.

"Your honor is a father," she said. "Oh! think of this poor child, as innocent a girl as ever lived, being sent to prison, when to-morrow, perhaps, it may be discovered, as I know it will, sooner or later, that she is guiltless."

She spoke earnestly, and the magistrate was moved. He leaned his forehead on his open palm, and thought awhile. At last he looked up.

"I can't do it. A murder isn't bailable, except where there is strong doubt of guilt, and this case seems, I am sorry to say, black enough. But if you take out a *habeas corpus*," he added, seeing the effect his words produced, and really wishing to say what he could to comfort the parties, "you can take it out, to-morrow, early; and when you get the case before a judge, he may, perhaps, think there are mitigating circumstances, or you may have evidence, by that time, which will totally alter the appearance of things. It will be only one night, you know."

"Only one night!"

Such were the despairing words of the landlady. As for Dora, she said nothing; she had fainted in Mrs. Harper's arms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## DORA A THERTON; OR, THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM."

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.

BUT we have too long forgotten the Lady Alicia. The artful coquette saw, with intense satisfaction, the enthrallment of the young American. By a succession of manœuvres, similar to those we have already described, she had, she believed, finally secured him, and was now in daily expectation of a proposal in form.

She was in high glee at this result, for Paul had been pronounced invulnerable by her sister, who, on more than one occasion, had declared her conviction that he loved another.

"You may rely on it," she said, one morning, as the sisters walked in the trim old garden, "you may rely on it, Alicia, that he has loved, and still loves. I have read his book, and discover this in every page. Do you remember certain verses, dated at Naples, addressed to an ideal? No man, I am confident, could have written that poem without being in love."

The Lady Alicia pouted her pretty lip.

"If he has been in love I have cured him," she said, at last. And then, gaily laughing, she added, "I tell you, sister mine, our republican millionaire is ready, at this moment, to lay his hand and fortune at the feet of your humble servant."

Her sister shook her head.

"You doubt it," said the Lady Alicia, and as she spoke, she plucked a pliant twig. "Do you see this little branch, and how I wind it around my finger? Well, in that way exactly I can manage Mr. Paul Sidney."

"But," said her sister, "admitting you have induced him to fall in love with you, do you intend to accept him?"

"I think I answered that question once before," replied the Lady Alicia. "To be sure I shall. One don't take so much trouble for nothing."

"But you don't love him?"

The Lady Alicia laughed loud and merrily.

"People of sense leave love to milkmaids and ploughmen now-a-days, most romantic sister of mine," she answered.

"I knew you were selfish," said her sister,  
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"but never thought you were quite so heartless."

"Now don't go into heroics, Jane. I am as heaven made me. Besides I rather like this young American. His grand cavalier style, his reputation, his wealth, and the desire to shine the leader of society across the Atlantic, for the republicans, I am told, worship a real nobleman's daughter, all these have made me so contented with the match, that I really long for the dear gentleman to speak up. I must marry somebody, you know; and he is the best specimen of the male animal I have yet seen."

"I could forgive anything in you, but your pretension to religious feeling. Mr. Sidney seems truly devout; but you, Alicia, you are a hypocrite, and you know it."

Again the coquette laughed gleefully, this time clapping her hands.

"Oh! it was too good," she said, "to hear me, the other day, doing the serious young lady. I met Mr. Sidney, you must know, in the Park. I had got myself up in the character of a Lady Bountiful, and was dressed to perfection, I can assure you. Wasn't I demure?" And, with inimitable mimicry, she drew down the corners of her mouth, suddenly assuming the gravity of a nun. Even her sister, who envied as much as she disliked her, and who felt little inclined to do anything but censure her, could not restrain a laugh.

"I verily believe," resumed the Lady Alicia, her eyes sparkling with mischief, "that he thinks me a little saint——"

But she never finished her sentence, for, at that instant, her sister gave a shriek, and looking around, where steps attracted her attention, she saw, full before her, Paul himself.

He was in the act of leaving an alcove, where he had been seated, and where he had evidently heard most, if not all of the preceding conversation. He was very pale, but whether with suppressed anger, or disappointed love, the Lady Alicia could not tell. On recognizing him, she shrieked also, and hastily placed her hands before

her eyes. In truth she was ashamed for once, and could not meet his eye. She made no movement, she scarcely even breathed, until the sound of his quick footsteps had receded in the distance, when, rushing into the alcove, she flung herself upon the bench, and said with a frightened look, "I've done it now, Jane—haven't I?"

"There is no doubt of it," drily replied her sister.

The Lady Alicia remained silent for a moment. She was pale and red by turns. All at once she asked,

"How did he look? Was he very angry?"

"He lifted his hat as he passed, but said nothing," was her sister's answer. "He looked stern rather than angry."

The Lady Alicia clasped her hands.

"I'm afraid he'll never forgive me," she said. "To think, after all my plans, he should find me out on the eve of success. And from my own confessions too. Why will we women babble?" And then rising, and stamping her foot, she added energetically, "its too bad, Jane, its positively too bad, I won't endure it." And with these passionate words she burst into tears.

Yes! the Lady Alicia wept and aloud. They were real tears, too, that she shed. Mortification, rage at herself, and, since truth must be told, disappointed love, for after all she loved Paul as much as it was in her selfish nature to love any one, all these conspired to produce that burst of weeping.

Her sister gazed at her with uplifted eyebrows.

"And so, my lady," she said, with a slight sneer, "you did love him, after all. Its not mere shame that could cause my pretty sister to weep in that fashion."

The Lady Alicia gave an angry twitch of the shoulders and turned away: but she still wept. After awhile she said,

"I wonder if he heard all."

"Certainly," was the reply. "We did not advance fifty yards, all the time we were talking, and for most of that period we were walking in a circle, for the path winds around this alcove, you know."

"It was dishonorable in him to listen," said the Lady Alicia, stamping her foot again, her eyes flashing fire.

"He could not help listening," answered her sister, who seemed to take a pleasure in annoying the discomfited coquette. "This alcove is the centre of the spiral walk, as you would have remembered, if you had been less angry. The paths are bordered by lofty and impervious box-wood, and approach this spot by gradually lessening circles. There was but one way for Mr. Sidney to escape, and that, was through the avenue by which we were approaching. He

evidently thought, by remaining silent, to escape our notice altogether; and would have succeeded, if we had turned back before reaching the alcove. So I don't see how you can call his conduct dishonorable."

The Lady Alicia was silenced. For a few moments she stood, pouting her pretty lips, and then, with a light laugh, intended to conceal her chagrin, said,

"Well, instead of marrying a republican, I shall be somebody's countess, I suppose: and that, after all, is better. I think, henceforth, I shall have firm faith in predestination. Man proposes, but fate ordains. Heigho! Let us go back to the house."

As the Lady Jane had intimated, Paul had heard every word of the conversation. When the voices of the sisters first became distinguishable, and he discovered that the discussion bore upon himself, he rose from his seat, intending to leave the spot. But remembering, in time, the peculiar character of the approach to the alcove, and satisfied, from the vicinity of the speakers, that they were in the spiral walk, he sat down again, uncertain what to do. The heartless coquetry of the Lady Alicia, which she acknowledged so unblushingly, soon rendered him incapable of any part except that of a passive listener, otherwise his sense of delicacy would have taught him to attract by a cough, or other noise, the attention of the sisters. But the cold, calculating selfishness of the Lady Alicia, her duplicity, her wickedness even, as revealed in her confession to her sister, paralyzed Paul for the time. He had never fancied that any woman could be so base. He thought of Dora's purity of character, and contrasting it with this meanness, he groaned aloud. It was his involuntary cry of agony which had drawn the eyes of the Lady Jane toward him and called forth her shriek.

On leaving the alcove, Paul strode, with rapid steps, to the stables, where, calling for a horse, he mounted and galloped fiercely away. He had no thought, at first, but for action. Like all highly developed physical organizations his instinct, in disappointment, grief or anger, was to seek excitement, and thus work off the pang. He turned into the most secluded road he knew, and dashed down it till buried in the recesses of the park. Here, at last, he slackened his rein, and began to think.

He had really been more than pleased with the Lady Alicia, he had been fascinated: but that was now over. He had admired her, because he fancied her like Dora. But now, when he knew that her simplicity of character had been all assumed, when he saw her in her true colors, he despised her with a scorn that no words can describe.

Nor did he himself escape something of this contempt. "How could I have been so weak," he soliloquized, "as not to have detected this artful creature's flattery."

But, in thus reflecting on himself, he was too severe. Paul was neither weak nor vain, but had fallen a victim where escape was impossible. No one, indeed, but a practiced male flirt, whose own duplicity would have rendered him suspicious, could have detected so accomplished a coquette as the Lady Alicia.

Another, and juster subject of reproach now came up to Paul. "Why do I censure my own foolish weakness," he said, "when my greater crime has been to forget Dora? Though lost to me forever, the memory of her is better than a reality like this. Oh! the base, hollow coquette."

The dinner hour was at hand before Paul turned his horse's head toward the house. In the interval he had thoroughly reflected on his position. The first idea had been to leave Henley Abbey immediately; but he now resolved to stay his visit out, as if nothing had occurred. "The Lady Alicia," he said, with natural pride, "shall see, that if she fascinated me easily, I can as easily throw off her chains. The woman I admire was not what the Lady Alicia is, but what she pretended to be. If she does not allude to the subject, neither will I; but she will understand, from the difference in my manner, that I am free again."

Meantime the Lady Alicia had gained her chamber, after parting with her sister in the corridor, and was now alone. In the presence of the Lady Jane she had put a restraint on her feelings, and strove, by her jesting tone, to obliterate the effect of the passion of tears into which she had at first been surprised. But now she gave free vent to her emotions.

We have described the Lady Alicia as selfish, vain and unprincipled, but she was not without something of a heart. Perhaps no woman ever was. What little she possessed Paul Sidney had profoundly touched. Her designs on him, which had been, at first, dictated by pure whim, and afterward persisted in from love of conquest, had, for some time, been seriously carried on with the passionate, though secret desire to win his entire heart. But so insincere was her nature, that she had not only endeavored to mislead her sister as to the state of her feelings toward Paul, but she had actually, in a measure, deceived herself. It was only within the last half hour that the full truth had burst upon her.

Yes! she loved Paul, passionately and intensely; but selfishly, as was her nature. Unaccustomed to disappointment in anything, the failure of her designs upon him seemed agonizingly painful. She was utterly heart-struck. It was torture to

her to jest, as she had been compelled to do, with her sister; and now, on being released from espionage, she locked and double locked her door, with savage eagerness.

That effected, she looked wildly around the room, as if still fearful that some one might be watching her: then, suddenly clasping her hands before her eyes, she burst into hysteric tears. In this paroxysm, partly of grief, partly of rage, she wept for some time, occasionally, with mad pride, biting her lips, or holding her handkerchief to her mouth, to stifle the noise of her sobs. She acted, indeed, like an insane person. Now she bewailed her folly in allowing Paul to overhear her; and now, with a sudden transition of feeling, she heaped expressions of hatred on the man she loved. Now she walked the room with passionate vehemence; now she rolled on the floor in a frenzy of despair.

"He is lost, lost forever," she cried, burying her face in her rich Axminster carpet. "And I loved him, oh! how I loved him—I whose heart no man had ever touched. Scores have sighed at my feet, but you, Paul," she cried, sitting up, and speaking as if adjuring him, "you were the only one I could reverence: the rest I despised. Yet to think," she added, changing her mood; and she gnashed her teeth as she spoke, "to think that I could have been such a fool as to talk to Jane as I did, in so public a place as the garden. Some fiend must have led me on to it." Again her mood altered. "If I could only live over this day," she cried, clasping her hands, and looking, with streaming eyes, above. "Oh! God, only the last hour even. But it cannot be, it is too late, he despises me." And a burst of sobs interrupting her, she writhed on the floor again in agony.

After awhile a torrent of different sensations swept over that ill-regulated soul. Her anger was now roused against Paul. She started to her feet, her brows corrugated, her small hand clenched; and began walking the apartment passionately.

"Why do I grieve for the loss of this fool?" she cried, savagely. Then, with a sneer, she added, "to think how I cozened him! They say that women are weak to flattery: I wonder if men are not more so. An American, *a sans culotte*—psaw!"

But this mood did not continue long. She loved Paul too well to continue in this strain. All that morning she remained in her room, the prey alternately to disappointed affection, to mortification, to rage, the first being the prevailing sentiment however.

At last the bell rang to dress for dinner, and the loud alarm recalled her to the duties of ordinary life. She washed away the traces of

tears, freely bathed her face to compose her nerves, and attiring herself with unusual elegance descended to join the company.

Her pride had regained its ascendancy. No one, to see that smiling face, would have imagined the tempest of passion which, but an hour before, had convulsed its every feature. Not for the world would the Lady Alicia have had her weakness suspected.

But new mortifications were in store for her. Chance placed Paul by her side at the meal. But his manner, though studiously polite, was utterly changed. It wanted everything like sympathy, and the Lady Alicia experienced now, in all its agony, the woes of unrequited love. The torture she had so often, in her selfish vanity, inflicted on others, was now visited on herself.

The next day had been set apart, by an arrangement made nearly a week preceding, for a picnic on the sea-shore. The Lady Alicia, sick at heart, would have pleaded illness and remained at home, only she feared that Paul would suspect the truth.

It was a brilliant party that mustered on the lawn the morning of the excursion. The Lady Alicia had always, on such occasions, ridden her pet Arab, and she appeared, on this day, attired in a riding-dress as usual. Paul had generally accompanied her. But, on the present morning, she dared not invite him to her side as usual; and she waited, with a beating heart, to see whether he would choose a vehicle, or ride with her. She was angry at herself for this anxiety, but she could not help it. She was, indeed, as nervous as any village girl loving for the first time.

Paul appeared at last, booted and spurred as usual, and leaping lightly into the saddle, turned his horse toward the group of fair equestrians. But, instead of attaching himself to the side of the Lady Alicia, he chatted with all in turn. Nor did he exchange more than a few necessary words with the Lady Alicia during the entire ride.

The same reserve characterized his behavior during the day. The place chosen for the picnic was a wooded bluff, overhanging the ocean. An old ruin crowned the summit of the cliff, and beneath, a narrow strip of beach sloped to the water. While some of the party, by precipitous and narrow paths, descended to the shingle below, others remained on the heights, where grouping themselves on the grass, as in a picture by Watteau, they watched the white sails out to sea, chatted pleasantly, or listened to music.

Paul was the charm of the loiterers. Never had he been more lively, agreeable or eloquent. The Lady Alicia, as if controlled by a spell, could not leave the group where he was, though she often resolved to do it, and was enraged at herself for her weakness. To remain, indeed, was torture: but she could not depart. She found

an exquisite agony in watching his attentions to other women. Every smile he bestowed, at such times, was a dagger to her. Every moment he devoted to a fancied rival only increased her anger and hate. If, by chance, he looked toward her, her heart began to beat, like that of a girl of sixteen; but when, if he spoke, his cold, unsympathizing, indifferent tones met her ear, she inwardly cursed both him and herself.

The rack would have been preferable to such protracted agony. For, strange to say, the Lady Alicia, all through the day, hoped, in spite of reason, that Paul would relent: in this respect she was no wiser than the simplest rustic. The most accomplished coquette, when in love, is indeed as weak as the silliest of her sex. It was this constant hope, and the incessantly recurring disappointment, that rendered the torture of the Lady Alicia so acute.

At last the party started to return. They had ridden some distance when the Lady Alicia, for a moment, threw her bridle on the horse's neck. Unfortunately, just at that instant, a dog sprang at the animal from a copse by the road-side. Arab snorted wildly and set off at full gallop. For once, too, the Lady Alicia lost her presence of mind, and screamed in earnest. This assisted still further to terrify the animal. Several gentlemen immediately started in pursuit, but their effort to assist her only increased the peril, for Arab, hearing the rapid clatter of hoofs behind him, became more excited than before and led on at a terrible pace. His rider had now lost all control over him. It was soon apparent that, in his flight, the horse did not know what direction he was taking; for he rushed forward regardless of impediments, as if blind.

A wild, broken bit of unenclosed land, with a dwarf tree here and there on its rocky surface, lay before the Lady Alicia. On one side of this plain was a deep ravine, through which ran a stream over innumerable stones. A more dangerous locality could not have presented itself.

Had Arab, however, kept straight on, there would have been little peril comparatively; but suddenly leaving the road, he darted madly in the direction of the ravine. His rider sat pale and apparently lifeless, clinging to the terrified beast, incapable of exertion. A cry rose simultaneously from all who were sufficiently in advance to behold this. The death of the Lady Alicia seemed inevitable.

"Oh! save my child," shrieked Lady Henley. "Will no one save my child?" And she looked frantically around.

Paul caught that beseeching look, in which all a mother's agony was concentrated. He had not joined in the chase after Arab, for he knew that it would only terrify the steed, without assisting

the Lady Alicia. But now, forgetting his wrongs, and remembering only the mother's imploring look, he put spurs to his horse in the heroic effort to save a life or lose his own.

Fortunately he was mounted on a powerful hunter of the Irish breed, accustomed to follow the hounds through the roughest sports, and completely under control. Leaving the road, therefore, he struck into the broken ground, taking a diagonal course toward the ravine. He calculated that Arab and he would meet on the edge of the precipice; and this, he knew, was the only chance to save the Lady Alicia.

Every one comprehended, at once, the plan, and wondered that no one but Paul had thought of it. As if instinctively they drew in their horses, and breathlessly gazed on the thrilling spectacle.

Faster and faster went Arab; but equally swift was the stride of the hunter. It was an appalling race.

A few minutes of intense suspense succeeded. At last Arab, reeking with foam, and wild with fright, reached the edge of the abyss, over which another leap would inevitably precipitate him. But close at hand, though separated by a tremendous stride, was the gallant hunter held firmly in hand by Paul, who, half rising in his stirrups, seemed preparing for some bold attempt.

A half suppressed sob rose from the crowd. Then, with a desperate leap, Arab, as had been foreboded, disappeared down the ravine.

The spectators shrieked aloud. For a moment all believed that the Lady Alicia had gone over the precipice with her steed. Her mother fainted dead away with a sharp cry of agony.

But the daughter, thanks to Paul, still lived. The hunter, urged to his utmost, by a keen application of the spur, had passed, in a single tremendous stride, the distance between himself and Arab; and Paul himself, having prepared, as we have seen, for the crisis, succeeded in snatching the Lady Alicia from her saddle, at the very instant Arab took his final leap. Having effected this, Paul rapidly swerved around, and the next moment was galloping back toward the group of spectators.

The rescue had been effected by little short of a miracle. Had Paul's hunter become infected with Arab's terror, or failed instantaneously to obey spur and bit; had the foot of the Lady Alicia caught in the stirrup; or had the stalwart arm of Paul missed its rapid clutch, both he and her he sought to rescue would have been carried together down the abyss, and shared the fate of Arab, who was found, on the ensuing day crushed on the rocks below.

But horse and rider had been true to each other. The sagacity of the one had been almost

equalled by the instinct of the other. Paul, foreseeing that he should intercept Arab only on the brink of the precipice, if it all, had, for some moments before the meeting, galloped directly along the edge of the ravine. He thus crossed the path of Arab at right angles, and had, after the latter past, but little difficulty in turning his hunter from the abyss. Had he approached the precipice in any other way, indeed, the impetus of his steed would have carried him over the cliff, before it would have been possible to alter his course.

When the Lady Alicia revived, she seemed to know instinctively who had been her preserver. It was with a thrill of happiness that, on half opening her eyes, she found herself on Paul's bosom. Oh! how she longed to tell him her gratitude and love; to cast herself on his mercy; to vow eternal constancy in return for his forgiveness. But as yet she dared not. Hope, however, reawakened in her heart: and she flattered herself that the time for such a revelation might eventually come. For surely this rescue would rekindle Paul's affection. Such things, at least, had been. She would tell him she had been jesting in the conversation he overheard. And as she thus thought every nerve quivered with delight.

After that hasty glance, undetected by Paul, she had remained with her closed eyes, nestling to his broad bosom. At last he reached the group of anxious spectators. Her mother, having recovered from the swoon, was anxiously expecting them.

"I bring your daughter safely back," said he, placing the seemingly inanimate form on the cushions of the carriage. "She is not harmed, but has only fainted."

As he spoke, the Lady Alicia unclosed her eyes, and his, as she wished, was the first face that met her gaze. What a world of confusion, gratitude and reverence beamed from those speaking eyes. "Oh! if I can but win his pity," she thought, "I may hope."

But Paul was apparently unmoved. Or, if not, the profuse thanks of Lady Henley now demanded his attention: and he turned to the mother to deprecate her gratitude.

"I cannot express the half of what I feel," she said, in conclusion. "But the dear child has revived now, and may be more successful. Alicia, thank Mr. Sidney: for he has saved your life. You are better now, darling—look up—and give him your hand."

Coily, yet gratefully she held it out. "My preserver," she murmured, in a low voice; and with one glance of unutterable love, she averted her blushing face, and buried it on her mother's bosom.

For once she was sincere. But alas! it was too late. Paul, despising her the more for what he thought a new proof of duplicity, bowed low, but with an almost perceptible sneer, and turned away. It was well for the Lady Alicia that neither she nor others saw that look. To her it would have given a new pang. To others it might have revealed her degradation.

We wish we could fully describe the Lady Alicia's state of mind after this rescue. She loved Paul now with a passion that was frightful; but she still proudly kept her affection a secret from all. His every look and action she watched with intense eagerness, hoping to find some evidence of his relenting toward her.

The day after the pic-nic, anxious to essay another effort to regain him, the Lady Alicia watched an occasion for a moment's *tele-a-tele* with Paul; and when they were alone together, addressed him,

"Mr. Sidney," she said, with a faltering voice, trusting herself with only a single look at his impassable face, and then letting her eyes fall embarrassed to the ground, "I have waited, all day, for this opportunity to thank you for your heroism yesterday. I owe you everything, not only my life," she added, hesitatingly, "but the knowledge of myself." Again her eyes glanced up at his face; and she saw, from his heightened color that he understood her. "Can you forgive me? Oh! I can never thank you enough."

It was skilfully done, thus to combine expressions of gratitude with petitions for pardon; and the fair penitent, for a moment, almost hoped that Paul would relent, for his color went and came rapidly. But she mistook what were only signs of embarrassment, for proofs of reawakened affection. His words soon dispelled her dream.

"I have nothing to forgive the Lady Alicia," he said, in a cold, constrained voice, not even affecting to misunderstand her, "but much to forgive myself. Her life I saved, under God, as I would that of any other fellow creature. In thanking me she gives to the instrument the meed due to the Creator."

He bowed and turned away.

Oh! bitter, bitter was your task, Lady Alicia, to reconcile yourself to this last disappointment of your hopes. Never before had you known what love was, or perhaps, eager as you were for admiration, you would not have trifled so ruthlessly with the hearts of others.

But she had sowed the wind, and she was reaping the whirlwind. To be rejected, after she had demeaned herself thus, this was indeed cruel. In the darkness and silence of her own apartment she gave vent to her emotions.

"He saw that I loved him—my look and tone told him as much—and yet he coolly turned away from me." She gnashed her teeth as she continued, "what would I not give for revenge! But no," she added, her mood changing, "I deserve it all. I have trifled with others, and now the cup of my folly is given me to quaff. Yet I cannot—I will not drink it. He must and shall love me." And, as she uttered these words, she clenched her small hands and wildly walked the floor. "But why do I talk thus? He love me, why he despises me," and she laughed in bitter scorn. Then, with a burst of tears, she added, as she flung herself despairingly on the bed, "oh! I wish that I was dead."

Such is ever remorse, without true repentance. It is thus the lost torment themselves with un-availing regrets and self-reproaches made too late.

A week afterward, the term of his promised visit having expired, Paul left Henley Abbey for London. His host urged him to stay, but he civilly, though resolutely declined. The Lady Alicia was up, at early dawn, to watch his departure, shrinking behind the curtain of her chamber like a guilty thing; and when his carriage disappeared at last, around a distant bend of the road, she broke into furious reproaches against fate. Her last hope, nourished secretly against all hope, as woman will sometimes nourish hope, had vanished; and she cursed him, herself and heaven, gnashing her teeth in fury and despair.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## DORA AHERTON; OR, THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM."

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76.

WHEN Dora found herself alone in her cell, she looked around on the bare walls and rude furniture, and listening to the retreating footsteps of the turnkey as they died away down the corridor, felt as if she had never before known what it was to be friendless and desolate.

All that she had yet suffered appeared slight, indeed, to what she now endured. Her desertion by Paul; the death of her father; that terrible morning when she thought herself on the point of starvation: each and every one of these had been attended by mitigating circumstances. When her lover broke his troth she had still her parent to love. When her father died she had friends to comfort her. When she believed herself about to perish for want, she was cheered by the prospect of rejoining her parent in heaven, leaving on earth an unsullied name. But now obloquy, with all its relentlessness, had made her its prey. The most degraded being that walked the streets, was less shunned than the detested murderess. Remembering the looks of idle curiosity or horror, the words of insult or condemnation which had followed her ever since her arrest, she cowered shuddering on the iron bedstead, burying her head in her hands, as if to shut out the hateful sights and sounds.

What to her was it that she was innocent? Of all that dense crowd, who had followed her to the magistrate's office, not one but believed her guilty. In the whole mighty city, with its half million of inhabitants, but a single person had sufficient confidence in her rectitude to maintain that, in spite of appearances, she was free from blood. The rest would be as ready to hoot around her gallows and mock at her name when dead, as if she had been, in reality, the criminal they thought her.

She groaned as she thus reflected. What consolation, she thought, it would have been to her, in that hour, if Mrs. Harper had been there, to lay her head on her bosom, to kiss her brow, and to soothe her by words of compassion and hope. Few know how dear sympathy is until deprived of it. If we lose a parent, a husband, a child, a

sister, or other connexions, we have dear friends to share our tears and lessen our sorrow by partaking of it. If slander assails our name, connexions gather about us, like a phalanx, to shield us from the bitter words. But Dora, in this hour of her trial, separated from her only friend, and locked up in that cold and comfortless cell, felt that she was utterly and hopelessly alone, with no one to defend her from obloquy, or sympathize with her almost breaking heart.

She could not even pray. For a time she seemed to forget that there was a God of mercy. It was as if she had been delivered over to the power of the Evil One, without prospect of succor.

For hours she lay writhing in this mental agony. If she sat up, endeavoring to be calm, the cheerless walls would recall all her desolation, and again her frame would be convulsed by sobs. Meantime, the night without had become cloudy and tempestuous. The wind howled around the massive prison, the rain drove in gusts against the walls; and Dora, at these lonely sounds, shivered and sobbed afresh.

We have said that she felt deserted by heaven itself. Not that she reproached God; the tempter had not dared yet to suggest that: but she experienced a sensation as if forgotten by the Almighty, an utter abandonment, heart-breaking and appalling.

At last, however, a voice within her seemed to whisper: "What justice is there in a Creator who can let you suffer thus? Curse him and die!"

She started to her feet, horrified, looking around as if almost expecting to behold the Evil One in person. Shocked at the awful gulf of blasphemy, to the brink of which she had been insensibly led, she now became conscious how she had overlooked, the whole night, the only One who could assist her in this extremity. She felt that in her dumb despair she had forgotten God, and that God in return had forgotten her.

She sank unconsciously to her knees. As unconsciously too, she prayed, using the words of the Litany, that most wonderful of all human compositions, which, in its comprehensive and perfect

applicability to every woe of mankind, seems as if the work of inspiration.

"That it may please thee," she exclaimed, in an agony of petition, raising her clasped hands to heaven, "to show Thy pity upon all prisoners and captives: to defend and provide for the fatherless children, and all that are desolate and oppressed."

Oh! what sudden joy flooded her soul at these words. How the cell, but lately so cold and dark, seemed to glow with light and warmth from that instant. Her entire nature was transformed, as it were. In proportion to the depth of her past despair was the bliss of her present rapture. The effulgence of heaven, the smiles of angels, words of comfort from the Saviour himself, seemed to stream in on her spirit till, in an ecstasy indescribable, she clasped her hands and cried, "blessed be God!"

The cheerless walls; the hard, cold floor; the tempest without; the ignominy surrounding her name; and her almost utter friendlessness:—these passed from her perception; and she was sensible only of being sustained by the sympathy of Him who had suffered more than even she could suffer, and who now stopped from a throne of glory to console her.

Such condescension, such pity, such love, and for one so ungrateful, oh! how it melted her soul. Hymns, which she had sung often in the village church, and which had even then filled her with transport, rose up to her memory now with a meaning deeper than she had ever before experienced. Involuntarily she began to sing. She understood now how martyrs, in the midst of flames, could smile and cry hosanna. She sang

"Jesus can make a dying bed  
As soft as downy pillows are.  
When on his breast I lay my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

What was death to her now? What was public shame? What was even the scaffold and the hooting crowd? Beyond these temporary sufferings there was an Eternity of bliss, and He who died for her waited there in person to welcome her home. It was only passing the dark river, and then happiness and heaven forevermore.

Oh! reader, if ever, like her, you are "desolate and oppressed," "a prisoner and a captive," God grant you may have a similar support. Smile not at her ecstasy as extravagant. Those only who have suffered as she suffered can understand the rapture of being assured that they have still one friend left, and that he is not only the crucified Redeemer, but the All-Powerful God.

Extravagant! Why, the saints in heaven rejoiced with her. Millions of beatified souls who had endured mighty woes, of body or of soul on earth; martyrs who had sealed the testimony

with their blood, from Stephen down; broken-hearted wives and mothers, who, through the perfidy or neglect of husbands or sons, had suffered life-long agonies more terrible than faggot or cord;—these did not look on her rapture as extravagant, but smiling in approval, took up the self-same song and circled it through Paradise.

She sang on, first one rapturous strain, and then another, till prisoner after prisoner, in neighboring cells, woke by the strange sounds, lay wondering and fascinated. The matron of the female ward, herself a mother in the church, started from her sleep, and listening exclaimed:—"Have Paul and Silas come back to earth, and do I, unawares, entertain saints?"

Never again, perhaps, will those frowning walls witness a scene like that. Never more will they echo, alas! strains so akin to heaven.

Soothed finally to comparative calm, by the holy words she sang, Dora insensibly sank into slumber, leaving prisoners and matron listening still for the celestial harmony, and sighing when it came not.

She awoke refreshed and cheered. The consciousness of innocence—let what might happen—was, she now felt, an all-sufficient support. The world might say of her as it pleased: God was at least her friend.

At the earliest hour consistent with the prison regulations, Mrs. Harper made her appearance; and if there had lingered in Dora any remnant of her last night's despair, the words of the landlady would have removed them.

"Be of good heart, darling," said the kind old creature. "You know God tries his chosen people as by fire; and the fiercer the flame the purer the fine gold comes out. Many and sore have been your sorrows, and terrible indeed is this last extremity; but they all show the loving kindness of your heavenly Father, who thus perfects you for his work here and for immortal bliss hereafter. Do not doubt, for an instant, that you will come off conqueror! He who saved Peter, when the waters sank under the apostle, will extend his arm for you. Weep not," she continued, "but rather rejoice at your trials, for they prove that you are, in very truth, one of God's own elect."

And Dora, excited by seeing her friend, wept glad tears on Mrs. Harper's bosom, and narrated the mental conflict of the night before.

"Appollyon," said the landlady, as if thinking aloud, "Appollyon in the Valley of the Shadow of Death! You have had a sore conflict, dearest—fought, like Christian's, in the darkness and alone—but, praised be God, like his it has ended victoriously. So will it be with all your other perils. Having surmounted the greatest—the temptation of that old dragon, Satan—think you

that the Lord will permit you to be borne down by lesser ones! Never, never. All this sorrow is for your good.

Behind a frowning Providence  
He hides a smiling face."

In this strain the good landlady continued, for some time, to converse: and then, finding Dora more composed, began to discuss the approaching examination.

"I have been to see a lawyer," she said, "I went last night. He tells me that you will be committed for the murder of course; but that, if we can find Mr. Butler before the trial comes on, you will not even be arraigned. He asked me whether I thought James would come forward and acknowledge the deed, supposing he committed it, which, from what we both know, is almost certain. I told him I believed that Mr. Butler, if he knew of your arrest, would travel night and day to rescue you."

Dora had inclined to believe this herself, and it had been her chief consolation; but many doubts had arisen nevertheless. To find Mrs. Harper, who knew Butler so much better than herself, express entire confidence on the subject, cheered her indescribably. She answered,

"Bless you for those words. I had doubts occasionally, I must acknowledge, as to his return. This being arraigned for murder is such a terrible thing." And she shuddered: adding almost immediately, "but we are not certain Mr. Butler killed Mr. Thomaston, and if he did not, he can do nothing for us." She spoke tremulously and looked at Mrs. Harper.

The good landlady quickly replied,

"I am as certain James killed the young man as that I live. If I wanted any other proof, his manner, when he parted from me, would convince me. I am satisfied, however, that the death of Mr. Thomaston was not intended, but has been, in some way, the result of accident. James, aware how facts might be tortured against him, has gone off at once; but he little imagined you, or any one would fall under suspicion, otherwise he would never have taken to flight. Oh! I know him well. An honest or braver spirit never was, even while he remained an infidel. The horror of the accident must have deprived him, moreover, of a portion of his presence of mind, or he would have staid and confronted danger, telling the simple truth and leaving the rest to God."

Dora, wishing to know the worst, said, in reply,

"What does the lawyer think of my case in the event of Mr. Butler not being found?"

"I will be frank," answered Mrs. Harper, "for I see you are brave-hearted: he says that you will be tried, and, he fears, convicted."

"I dreaded as much," said Dora; then, after a pause, she added, "God's will be done!"

The landlady hastened to speak.

"But I do not share his fears," she said. "I will swear positively to my belief that James killed the young man, by accident."

Dora shook her head.

"I am not much of a lawyer," she said, smiling faintly, "but I know enough of courts of justice, to be satisfied that such evidence will have no weight with a jury, even if the judge should allow it to be given, which I doubt. I must tell my own story, and if that does not convince them, heaven must interpose."

Mrs. Harper, in spite of her opinion to the contrary, had feared, more than once, that the attorney might be right; and these words of Dora convinced her unwillingly that she had hoped without foundation. Her face elongated itself and she sighed profoundly.

"I cannot comfort you now," said Dora. "Let us trust that Mr. Butler will return. Like yourself I feel an assurance that all will yet go well, though as yet we cannot see how."

Mrs. Harper eagerly seized her hand.

"You are a saint, darling," she said, enthusiastically. "To think of you cheering me up, when it is I that should be the comforter. Yes! we will find James," and she added with emphasis, "we must, we *will* find him."

"What did the lawyer advise in regard to the search?" said Dora, after a pause.

"He said, as we did not know where James was, we must advertise in all the principal cities, and even in the country papers. That was our only hope, were his words."

"But this will cost a great deal of money," said Dora, in a tone of alarm.

"And what if it does?" answered the landlady, smiling proudly. "We will find a way to pay for all."

Dora flung her arms around the neck of Mrs. Harper.

"Oh! my best friend—my more than mother," she cried, kissing her. "How, how can I ever repay you?"

"By not saying a word about it," replied the warm-hearted creature, returning the embrace fondly.

Suddenly Dora withdrew from the neck of Mrs. Harper, and shaking her head sorrowfully, said,

"But I forget myself. This must not be. Not even to save myself from an ignominious death will I impoverish you."

The landlady colored.

"Now you make me angry, Dora," she said. "This is foolish pride on your part. Besides you will not impoverish me," she went on hastily to say, as Dora continued to shake her head in

the negative. "I own the house I live in—you never knew that, perhaps, before—and I have a little besides carefully laid up."

"I know something of the expenses of the law," said Dora, firmly, "for I have heard my father, who suffered by them, describe what they were: and I know, dear Mrs. Harper, that this paying a lawyer, and you have selected the most expensive——"

"The best, the best of course," hastily interrupted her friend.

"The best, and, therefore, the most expensive," continued Dora. "I know, I say, that paying him, and discharging the bills for this extensive advertising, with other necessary costs, will eat up your little fortune, the sole support of your old age. Confess this now! You are as well aware of it as I am," she continued, seeing that Mrs. Harper could not meet her eye. "Now, my dearest, dearest friend," and Dora clasped the landlady's hand, "don't deceive me—don't keep back the truth even to save my life—I adjure you in God's name."

The only answer of Mrs. Harper, for some time, was a burst of tears. At last she spoke.

"Since you charge me so solemnly," she said, "I will confess that you are right. *It will* take, perhaps, all I am worth. But what of that?" And she spoke eagerly. "I have neither kith nor kin—neither chick nor child—to leave my little savings to; and I am sure I should never forgive myself if I did not spend them to the last penny, were it necessary, to save an innocent life, and that life yours."

"And if I accept this, what will become of you, in your old age?"

"As long as I am able, we will live and work together; and when I grow too old to labor, you will support me. We shall get on bravely, believe me," she said, hopefully.

"But what—what if I am convicted?" asked Dora. She spoke the words with difficulty, and her face was ashy pale.

Mrs. Harper looked at her with a wild, sudden look of terror.

"You don't suppose it can come to that," she cried; for, in her reverence for Dora's superior intellect, she was morbidly sensitive to her darling's opinion of the dangers of the accusation. "You can't really think, if we advertise, that James will fail to hear of the trial."

"He may hear too late."

"The Lord forbid! The Lord don't suffer such injustice," hastily said Mrs. Harper. "Don't believe it, dearest—James will come—he *must* come."

"It is right to be prepared for the worst, however," firmly said Dora. "You see me comparatively cheerful; but this cheerfulness is less the

result of any belief in an acquittal, than of an entire confidence in God's goodness, happen what will. Nay, do not weep," she said, for Mrs. Harper began to sob wildly. "Perhaps this confidence is, without my being aware of it, given me by God, because He, who foresees all things, knows that I will escape this terrible pit-fall. But, in the event of my conviction—I speak now only for yourself—in the event of my conviction," and it was noble to see how heroically she dwelt on this, "what will become of you, stripped of every penny, old, deserted, without strength for severe labor——"

But Mrs. Harper could endure no more. Sobbing more wildly than ever she flung herself into Dora's arms, interrupting the speaker, and exclaiming in broken sentences,

"I will go to the poor-house—if they kill you I shan't stay long behind—and it won't matter then, whether my coffin is of pine or mahogany," here was a fresh burst of emotion, "whether I am buried decently with a hearse or carted to a pauper's grave."

Dora wept too, straining the landlady to her bosom.

"Dear Mrs. Harper," she sobbed, "dear, kind, generous friend, I cannot let you do this. Keep your little hoard and forget me. He, who fed the ravens, will take care of the poor prisoner."

But now the landlady looked up austere.

"And if you would have God protect you as he protected Elijah, you must listen to me; for I am the succor that he sends now, as he sent the ravens of old. Our Father works by means. If you reject my aid, you reject Him."

Dora was silenced. What, indeed, could she reply? In these few, earnest words the landlady had embodied, as it were, the whole plan of the Almighty's dealings with his creatures.

"I submit," she said, at last. "You have rebuked my pride and want of faith; and I yield to your wishes."

"That is right now," answered the landlady, kissing her cheerfully. "I knew you would see that I was doing only what was right. Let what will come, dearest, the Lord will not suffer us to endure more than we can bear; for he will either lighten the load, or remove us to a better world. What if we become penniless? What even if I am left alone? The blessed Saviour had not a place, as he himself said, where to lay his head. Oh! it has been bad enough with me before, but never so bad as that; and, blessed be God, I don't believe He would let it be."

So it was arranged that Mrs. Harper's house, if necessary, should be sold to cover the expenses of Dora's trial. Noble, generous woman! Who shall dare assert that the lowly of the earth are not more compassionate and self-sacrificing than

the great? What rich man would have given all he was worth to save another's life?

This arrangement had scarcely been concluded, when Dora was summoned to attend her final examination, Mrs. Harper accompanying her to the magistrate's office.

The room was even more densely crowded than on the evening before, for the newspapers had given long accounts of the homicide, and stated where the examination was to take place, thus collecting a vast concourse of the curious. Even the pavement outside was filled, so that, in conducting Dora from the carriage, it became necessary for the officers to make a way through the mass.

All this was inexpressibly painful to Dora. She drew down her veil and clung closer to Mrs. Harper's side, trembling all over with terror and outraged modesty. When she reached the chair, placed for her in the office, she sank into it gratefully. Her tottering limbs would not have supported her for another moment.

The first countenance that met her eye, when she ventured to glance around, was that of the elder Thomaston scowling upon her. By his side stood three of the most eminent lawyers of the city. It needed no second glance at his face to convince Dora that she had nothing to hope from him, but the most vindictive cruelty. He had evidently prejudged her case. Regarding her as guilty of his son's death, he was determined, to use his own coarse words, "to hunt her to the gallows;" and so he had told the lawyers, whom he had sent, early that morning, to secure. "She has taken his life, and I will have hers in return. I shall leave my dead son in my home, to attend her examination; for duty first, and then tears. There shall be no expense spared on my part, gentlemen, and I look to you to make the thing sure. We will see whether the sentimental cry, that the offender is a woman, will serve in this case. For once the courts shall give justice, if money can procure it."

Dora did not know of this cruel conversation, but she was aware, from the character of the man, that a powerful combination would be arrayed against her. She saw, in every line of his excited face, the relentless determination of an avenging parent.

The examination was soon resumed. The principal evidence of the preceding evening was recapitulated. Several additional witnesses testified, however, to having seen Dora enter the wood with a gentleman. It was during the cross-examination of one of these, that an incident occurred, which, for a moment, flung a gleam of hope across the darkness of her case.

"You say," asked her counsel, "that you saw the prisoner enter the wood with a gentleman,

who you think to have been the deceased. Pray, what were you doing there?"

"It is quite a public place, that wood, open on all sides around it; and hundreds of people, on pleasant afternoons, may be seen walking in the meadows about. I suppose there were twenty or thirty people in sight, when I noticed the prisoner."

"How came you, among so many, to have your attention called to her?"

The man gave a vulgar laugh, as he replied, "The young woman—begging her pardon—is rather good-looking; and that, you see, was what drew my attention to her. Then, after that, I noticed how loving-like she and the gentleman were—they were talking all the time—and when I heard of the murder, I said, says I, 'that's the pretty girl I saw.' And it turned out so. To be sure, indeed, nobody but a woman would kill a man in that wood, for the place is too public for men, who have their wits generally about them, to do such a deed."

"Stop," said Dora's lawyer, sternly. "We asked you for facts, not opinions."

"Oh! your honor," answered one of Mr. Thomaston's attorneys, addressing the magistrate, obedient to a vehement remark of his employer, "this is being too particular. The witness is only giving his impressions, such as every man has a right to give."

"No, your honor," replied Dora's counsel, springing to his feet, "he has no right to give impressions—to prejudge the case. It is for a jury, if the matter ever gets that far, to decide whether a man would, or would not be likely to commit a murder, in that wood; at present it is irregular, nay! scandalous for the witness to speak on that point."

The magistrate, who had been impatient through this little verbal war, now interposed.

"The witness," he said, "will confine himself to facts. Go on."

Dora's lawyer now turned to the witness.

"How do you know it was Mr. Thomaston, who was in company with the prisoner?"

"I said I thought it was him, but I won't be positively certain. I was looking, in fact, at the young woman more than at the gentleman. But I have often seen Mr. Thomaston: and her companion, as I saw him from behind, looked about his size and general appearance, I think."

At this point, Mrs. Harper touched the attorney's arm. "Stay," she said, "I think I saw that man once call at my house and inquire after Mr. Butler: they belonged to the same society. If I am right, and his attention is called to the fact, he will recollect, perhaps, that it was Mr. Butler, and not Mr. Thomaston, he saw with Dora. Ask him."

The attorney eagerly caught at the idea.

"Now, sir, attend," said he. "The prisoner asserts that she entered that wood in company with a fellow boarder, a young house-painter, James Butler. Did you ever see such a man?"

"I did, sir. He belonged to our society. He lived, I recollect now, with that lady," and he pointed to Mrs. Harper.

The landlady was now all attention. She believed that, at last, there was hope for Dora. Eagerly she leaned forward, her breath suspended, her eyes fixed on the face of the witness.

Mr. Thomaston was equally excited; but in a different way. The frown deepened on his face, which turned almost to purple; and he whispered hurriedly with his lawyers.

"Now," said the attorney aloud, "can you swear that the man you saw with the prisoner was *not* Mr. Butler?"

The witness hesitated a moment, and was evidently recalling the scene. At last he said,

"I can."

He evidently spoke sincerely. The lawyer glanced hurriedly at Mrs. Harper, who became as white as marble, and gave a stifled scream. It was answered by a short, quick, mocking laugh from Mr. Thomaston.

The baffled attorney waved for the witness to go down, but suddenly recollecting, he said,

"Another word before you go. Did you see any gun in the hands of the prisoner's companion?"

Again Mrs. Harper leaned forward in breathless interest; and again Mr. Thomaston glared anxiously at the witness.

"I can't say I did," said the man. "But, as I said before, I was looking so much at the prisoner, that he might have had a dozen for all I could tell."

There was a laugh went round the court-room. Mr. Thomaston looked exultingly at the discomfited attorney. As for poor Mrs. Harper she drew back, and while the tears came into her eyes, she silently pressed Dora's hand under the folds of her shawl.

More than one scene of this kind happened during that morning.

Dora sat silent, during all this, her pure nature outraged by the coarseness of the witnesses and the apathy of the crowd. She felt that if she had been a wild beast, she could not have been gazed at with more rude curiosity, or had less regard shown for her feelings. The cup of her shame and degradation was filled by two abandoned spectators of her own sex, who elbowing their way impudently through the crowd till they stood nearly beside her, stared at her for nearly five minutes, uttering, in loud whispers intended to be overheard, remarks equally brutal

and indelicate. Lost themselves, they seemed to take delight in fancying others were lost also; and their cruel, and wanton remarks brought hot tears to Dora's eyes and hotter blushes to her cheeks.

As the evidence progressed, the countenance of Dora's counsel became more anxious; while Mr. Thomaston, and his three attorneys grew smiling and triumphant.

At last, after some bustle, and Mr. Thomaston frequently going backward and forward to a side door, a thick-set person was introduced, in a shaggy overcoat, who, on being sworn, proceeded to testify that he had seen, several months ago, the prisoner and the deceased in company in the street.

At this everybody leaned forward.

It was about dusk, the witness continued, for being a watchman, he had just begun his beat. The prisoner appeared much excited, and at last, as he distinctly recollected, raised her hand and struck the deceased.

"I thought then," said the man, "that something ill would come of it yet. The deceased was well known to me, for he was what you call a gay young man, and I knew at once that the young lady, that's the prisoner that is now, considered herself wronged by him, as young ladies, in such cases, will——"

At these words Dora felt as if she could have sunk through the floor. And yet indignation was shared with shame.

But her counsel, by an angry wave of the hand, checked the witness, and rising to his feet, exclaimed,

"Can your honor allow this? Must my client, be insulted by these unwarrantable surmises? I claim for her the protection of the court."

Mr. Thomaston started forward, with flushed and angry face, and would have spoken perhaps, if one of his attorneys had not held him back. Another of the three lawyers, however, spoke.

"This testimony is all regular," he said, addressing the magistrate. "We are searching for a motive to this crime, and here it is. The witness saw the prisoner, on a former occasion, strike the deceased, a proof that malice existed in her against him."

"Proceed," said the magistrate, addressing the witness, and signing to Dora's counsel to remain quiet. "But don't give inferences, for we can make them ourselves." Here a titter ran round the room. "You saw the prisoner strike the deceased. Anything more?"

"Not then, for they parted. But I had often seen the deceased, before that, following her. Sometimes she was alone, sometimes with another young woman: and the latter I've seen subsequently walking arm in arm with the gentleman."

This was the last witness that was examined. When he sat down, the magistrate turned to Dora's counsel, and said, "have you any evidence to offer? Because if you have not, I shall commit without further inquiry."

"I have none," was the reply. "The prisoner avers, as I have already told you, that she entered the wood with Mr. Butler—that they passed entirely through it—that afterward he left her and returned—that, some moments after, hearing the report of a gun, she retraced her steps also—that there she found the dead body of Mr. Thomaston—and that, almost immediately, two of the witnesses arrested her for the murder."

The magistrate shook his head impatiently.

"All that, of course, you can prove on the trial," he said. "But you don't offer to prove it now, do you?"

The counsel for Dora replied in the negative.

"Then I shall commit the prisoner," said the magistrate.

The commitment was forthwith made out, and Dora conveyed to prison, bail being peremptorily refused. This terrible decision, however, she had prepared herself for; and it was with comparative calmness, therefore, that she heard it pronounced. At that moment, too, she felt as if any place, even the darkest and lowest cell of the worst prison, would be a refuge; for there she should at least escape the curious eyes, the ribald jests, and the foul suspicions on her good name, with which she had been baited in the magistrate's office.

We pass hastily over the month that followed. The occasional visits of Mrs. Harper, who came as often as she could obtain permission, was all that Dora had to console her, except that living faith in God, which now burned brighter than ever, and was her sole solace in her lonely hours.

Meantime, however, no effort was spared to discover Butler. The counsel employed by Mrs. Harper, after an interview with Dora, became so convinced of her innocence and so interested in

her fate, that he labored indefatigably to obtain some clue to the missing man. But all trace of Butler was lost the morning after the murder. He had reached the city of —, and breakfasted there, but from that point his movements were uncertain. It was surmised he had departed on foot, but even this was uncertain. He might have embarked, in a coasting vessel, for some other port, or taken one of the numerous stage-coaches running to interior villages.

Advertisements had been inserted in both city and country papers; but in vain. The telegraph was not then invented, so that if Butler had gone straight on, he must be expected, as the lawyer said, for a time, at least, to be in advance of these advertisements. When, however, week passed after week, with no intelligence from Butler, the attorney began to be nervous and discouraged.

Dora thus saw hope after hope fade away; yet she alone, of the three most interested, maintained her composure the best. Her counsel could not conceal his anxiety. Mrs. Harper went about her house in tears, and was only calm, and then by a great effort, when she visited Dora.

During this period of suspense, however, Dora made a fast friend in the person of the matron of the prison, who declared she had never seen such sweetness, purity and lofty principle in any human being, and who loudly maintained the utter impossibility of her protegee being guilty. But others only smiled at the good matron, remarking that she had always been enthusiastic, and reminding her that prisoners frequently affected piety to deceive jailers and juries.

"But, for all that," she answered, when one of the turnkeys thus reasoned with her, "Miss Atherton is not more guilty than I am."

"She will be condemned nevertheless," answered the turnkey, with an incredulous shrug, rattling his keys and turning away.

And thus two months elapsed, and the day of trial came. Yet still there was no intelligence from Butler.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## SELF-LOVE AND TRUE LOVE.

BY MRS. JAMES WHITTLE.

IN the deep bay window of the library of Oldcourt sat two girls absorbed in earnest discourse; the varying expression of their faces, as the conversation proceeded, showed that the subject which occupied them was one of strong and peculiar interest to both. They were beautiful, but their beauty differed as the hues of spring and autumn. The youngest was graceful as Hebe herself; her bright hazel eyes sparkled with gaiety or melted into tenderness; now quick as lightning they flashed from beneath their long silken lashes, and then overflowed with tears as some softer emotion touched her heart; her rich auburn hair fell in wild beauty over her snowy neck, and her form, slender as a sylph's, was replete with grace; formed to love and to be loved, she seemed too bright and joyous a creature to face the cares and troubles of this world. The countenance of the other, on the contrary, was remarkable for its calm serenity; her fair high forehead bespoke a powerful intellect, and the pensive expression of her clear grey eyes, while it spoke of past suffering, told of present peace, and far from marring the perfect beauty of her face, gave it a character so pure, so heavenly, that unconsciously a reverence mingled with the love which she inspired.

"Margaret," said the younger girl, "I wish you were as happy as I am; surely you cannot love my brother as I love Alfred, or you would not to-night look so serious."

"If it is a proof of love to be always merry," said Margaret, with a smile, "then, indeed, must I plead guilty to your charge."

"No, Margaret, I do not mean exactly that; but love seems to me so absorbing a feeling, that it should drive all care, all clouds away. I should think it high treason to my love for Alfred," she added, with a blush, "to be sad to-night."

"I am not sad, Emily; thoughtful I cannot but be on the eve of such a day."

A shade of disappointment crossed Emily's face, as she exclaimed, "oh, Margaret! I thought that you loved Edward with your whole heart."

"Do you doubt it? Do you not know that I have loved your brother for years, and that to-morrow I am to become his wife? Could I marry him unless I loved him?"

"No, dearest! I could never doubt you, who are the soul of truth and goodness; but your present feelings are so strangely different from

my own. To-morrow I, too, shall become a wife; but the thought, which brings only rapture to me, makes you grave and full of care."

"I am older than you, my dear Emily, and, therefore, less sanguine. I have, however, no fears for the future that interfere with my present peace of mind; in Edward's noble character, sweet temper, and firm religious principles, I shall find a secure anchorage for my happiness. I love him, and trust him implicitly; and yet I cannot take this important step without some anxiety. When I think how high Edward's standard is, and that he has chosen me to be the friend and companion of his life, I tremble lest I may fail him."

"Fail him! Oh, Margaret! can you believe it possible that your love should ever change!"

"No! not while life and reason last; but there must be a higher, sterner principle than even love itself, to guide us safely through the dangers of this life. Impulse is at best an uncertain pilot; and love, without reason, often leads to misery."

"Love—such love as I feel for Alfred—can never mislead. I love him better than myself, better than the whole world beside; to live for him, to die for him, is all I ask. With him every joy will be doubled; nay, pain and care themselves will lose their bitterness when endured for him. Such love as this fills the heart, to the exclusion of every doubt, of every fear."

Tears rolled down Margaret's cheeks as she gazed on the enthusiastic girl; for she knew that time must dispel her dream, as care and trouble are the portion of all, and sorrow too often visits us through the beings we love best. Drawing the fair girl close to her, she imprinted a long and fervent kiss upon her brow, and whispered a prayer that it might be long ere the brightness of that spirit should be dimmed by sorrow.

The following morning dawned in perfect beauty; the sunshine streaming through the deep-set windows awakened all to the business of the day. Oldcourt had never before witnessed such a scene—the whole neighborhood was astir at early dawn; trains of villagers flocked from all parts, eager to be present at the important ceremony, and to join their voices to the prayers and blessings that were showered on the young people whose weddings were that day to be celebrated.

Three months have passed away. Let us

peep into a pleasant drawing-room looking into Union Park; beside the open window Alfred is ensconced in a lounging chair; at his feet, on a pile of cushions, her arms resting on his knee, and with eyes gazing up to him with unutterable love, Emily is kneeling; lovelier than ever, radiant with happiness, she looks more like an angel than a mortal: at least so Alfred seems to think, for, parting the luxuriant ringlets on her fair brow, he suddenly exclaims—

"Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul  
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,  
Chaos is come again."

"Love me not, Alfred? The thought has madness in it;" and tears filled her eyes.

"Foolish child," said he, kissing her fervently, "I did but speak that which is impossible; the world were, in truth, a chaos without thee, my heart's joy!"

"Yet, Alfred, she to whom those words were addressed, found cause to rue the day that she had listened to the voice that uttered them: 'men are deceivers ever'—so runs the old song."

"Men may deceive, but never where they love."

"And thou dost love me," said she, with an arch smile, "to have and to hold, for better, for worse, love, and honor, and cherish—those were the words, Alfred—till death do us part?"

"Ay, Emily, till death do us part!"

And what were Edward and Margaret doing? The evening was closing in, and Margaret was sitting beside her father's chair, having read him to sleep as usual; she remained absorbed in thought; her sweet face had lost much of its pensive expression, and a feeling of deep calm happiness seemed to pervade her whole being. There were eyes resting upon her, as she thus sat, that told volumes in the intensity of their gaze; she raised her head and met them; a bright gleam stole over her countenance as she said, "ah, Edward! are you there?"

"Yes, Margaret, I have been sunning myself in your quiet happiness; dearest, may I not believe my prophecy already fulfilled? Joy and peace have again taken up their abode in your breast, and I—I am the happy cause."

"Yes, Edward, day by day brings me fresh sources of contentment; could I dare to be sad, while you are beside me? Can I witness your goodness to all around you, your active beneficence, and not desire to be like you? I believed that my heart was with the dead, but you have taught me that for every being there is a sphere of usefulness and duty. You have roused me to a sense of new responsibilities, and in accepting them, I find new life, new joy springing in my heart; all this I owe to you, dear Edward!"

"And what do I not owe to you? You are my  
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counsellor, my better self, my resource in all difficulties."

"May it ever be thus; thus mutually dependant, may we never fail each other. Will you walk to Oldcourt? I have sadly neglected my school of late, and want to speak to Mrs. Bond about some work; will you come?"

Ours can be but glimpses into the lives of those whose history we attempt to sketch. Again we visit Emily's home. Is all there as bright as when last we saw her kneeling beside her husband? Alas, it is not so! A demon has insensibly crept into the charmed circle, and is despoiling its beauty.

"Emily, why will you not go with me to Mrs. Bilton's this evening?" said Alfred, laying down his book; "you know how I like to have you with me, how I delight to see you admired, as you are wherever you go."

"I am tired, I cannot go," was the only reply.

"Nay, darling, if I ask you to oblige me you will go; time was," he added, incautiously, "that you thought only of pleasing me, nothing that I could wish seemed irksome to you, but now——" and he sighed.

"Alfred," she said, fixing her keen eye on him; "time was when I was all *you* needed, all you desired; when my love sufficed you, and in my society you found all that made existence sweet, but now——" and she paused with an abruptness that betrayed a jealous, wounded spirit.

"Now, you would say, I need other excitement."

"No, Alfred, now I would say you love me no longer!" and she buried her face in the cushion of the couch on which she was reclining.

"Emily," he exclaimed; "I love you, passionately love you; I would sacrifice life, and all I value most, to secure your happiness; but I fail in everything; you deny me the pleasure of feeling that I succeed, in this, the first desire of my heart. I see you restless, and often, forgive the word, wilful. Love accepts no enforced sacrifices, and I shall not ask you to oblige me, if my requests are always met in this spirit;" so saying, he quitted the room, and quickly returned, dressed for the evening.

"Oh! Alfred, you are not going without me," she said, peevishly, raising herself on the sofa; "how cruel you are?"

"No, Emily, I am not cruel; but if you choose your part, I must take mine; I can no longer exclude myself from the society of my friends, as I have hitherto done, in accordance with your wishes; neither will I force you unwillingly into society." He bent down, kissed her, and went away.

Poor Emily! it was the first time Alfred had

shown a determination to follow his own judgment rather than her caprices; hitherto she had led him whither she would, but the time was come when the force of habit had begun to make itself felt; he had lived too much in excitement, and Emily's power to fascinate him was already failing. Had she known that neither wit nor talent, beauty nor grace, can avail a wife in the attempt to rivet the chains which she has thrown round her lover, she might still have preserved his love and their mutual happiness; but alas, for her! a creature of impulse, she knew not that her love, to be the pure ennobling principle of life, must be founded on self-conquest; that self must be subdued, and the tyrant temper overcome, ere it can rule with its best and holiest sway; that love, to its perfect work, must be first gentle and patient, then firm and courageous, holding as its highest aim, the well-being of its object; indifferent to all that interferes with this, and ready, at every call, to sacrifice itself to ensure the happiness of the one beloved. Such was not Emily's love; she would have died to save Alfred one pang; she lived but in his presence, drooping in his absence like a flower deprived of sunshine and air; she idolized him, worshipped the ground he walked upon, but she could not yield to him one single caprice, or for his sake control one petulant word. Poor Emily! she now hid her burning face in the sofa cushions, and with the feeling of desertion, sobbed herself to sleep. Such scenes were now, alas! too frequent; Alfred had truly loved Emily, and would have been easily won by her to become a domestic character, had she possessed the true key to his heart and mind; but she continually wounded his self-love by reproaches, which he felt to be unjust, and resented in anger. Reconciliations took place, amidst tears and protestations of unchanged and unchanging affections; but the wounds thus inflicted are never healed; they bleed inwardly, and burst out afresh on the slightest suspicion of offence.

At the Grahame's, on the contrary, all was peace. Margaret's disposition to sadness had gradually given place to a cheerful, healthy tone of mind; and as she bent over the cradle of her darling child, if tears stole into her eyes, they were tears of grateful joy. One thing alone startled her at times from her tranquillity; she saw that in spite of Edward's great virtues, and strong religious feelings, he needed strength of purpose, and steadiness in the pursuit of what he knew to be right. Many would have recognized in this, only one of those faults that, leaning to virtue's side, are too easily overlooked and pardoned; but not so did Margaret view this weakness in her husband's character; she saw the dangers to which it exposed him, and, with a

wisdom that love alone could have inspired, she gently warned him against them.

"I shall not go to Embleton to-day, Margaret," he said, one morning.

"Why not? I thought that you had appointed to meet Mr. Gascoigne there; your father seemed to think delay might bring further trouble on the poor Ashtons; surely you will go, dearest."

"One day can make but little difference, I think; I shall be sure to meet Gascoigne at the cricket match to-morrow; I had every intention of going this morning, but Frank Ardley is just come from Yale, and he wants me to go to Hensley to give him my opinion of a horse he wishes to purchase."

"I am sorry it has happened so unfortunately; you know best whether in this case delay is permissible, but surely appointments on business should be kept, Edward, even at the cost of disappointing Mr. Ardley."

"Why, Margaret, Ardley is such a good-natured fellow, that I do not like to refuse him."

"I thought he was no favorite of yours, Edward; I have often heard you blame his extravagance and dissipation."

"True, my love, I have not much dependence on his principles, but he has a kind heart, and that covers a multitude of sins. Have you any commands at Hensley? We shall be home to dinner, dearest."

Edward knew that he was wrong; and hastened to make a speedy retreat, lest Margaret's arguments might divert him from his purpose; but as he drove along, his conscience smote him; it was, however, too late to retract. The horse was bought, and the two acquaintances were preparing to return, when they met a friend of Ardley's, who persuaded them to adjourn to the hotel, where a party of New Yorkers assembled; dinner was served, and "*it was impossible*" to refuse their urgent entreaties to remain: Edward was uneasy; he knew that Margaret would wait for them, and perhaps grow anxious; but as he had never yet learned the important art of saying "no," he yielded. It was late ere they reached at night.

Margaret had indeed watched anxiously for her husband's return; during his absence Mr. Morton had called, and he expressed the greatest surprise and indignation on learning that his son was not gone to Embleton. He entreated Margaret to urge him on his return to lose not a moment in executing the commission he had entrusted to him, adding, "by this delay Edward has not only placed in jeopardy the welfare of an honest and respectable family, but he has caused his father, whose word has hitherto been honored by all men, to forfeit a solemn promise; let Edward look well to this matter, for Marmaduke

Morton cannot brook dishonor." Hour after hour passed; dinner had been announced, but Margaret could not eat; surely he would soon return; the old turret clock struck ten, eleven, still he came not; midnight was long passed when Margaret's ears, rendered keen by intense listening, detected the sound of approaching wheels. "There he is at length!" said she, and she rose to meet him; but before she reached the outer door a gentleman presented himself, who in extreme agitation apologized for the unseasonable intrusion, and asked if Mr. Morton were at home. On Margaret's replying that he was not, but that she expected him every moment, the stranger exclaimed, "it will be too late! My poor wife!" Margaret, affected by his genuine grief, invited him into the library; he tottered to a chair, and covering his face with his hands, said, "forgive me, madam! it is a cruel blow; my wealth I could have parted with; I have with unshaken trust laid my children in the grave, for death is God's own messenger; but disgrace, dishonor, ruin—oh, it is too much!" and the unhappy man burst into an agony of tears.

"Calm yourself," said Margaret; "I believe I see my husband's friend, Mr. Ashton; Mr. Morton will be here ere long, and all will be right; he will do all he can to aid you."

Her kind words and kinder tones in some degree reassured Mr. Ashton, and he went on to say, "if before nine o'clock to-morrow certain sums are not forthcoming, I shall be dragged to prison; my credit, my good name will be gone, and I shall be a ruined man; of this money your excellent father-in-law offered to advance a part, if Mr. Gascoigne would guarantee the remainder; his verbal promise I held as secure as any legal deed, and failed to procure a written paper from him; this evening I found to my dismay that without such a document Mr. Gascoigne refused to fulfil his part of the contract; to-morrow morning is the latest moment that I can hope to keep my creditors amused by promises, and a prison will be my only portion!"

Margaret now saw at a glance all the distress that Edward's delay had occasioned; to his care this paper had been entrusted, with the injunction that he should see Mr. Gascoigne and negotiate the business for Robert Ashton, who had been suddenly thrown into pecuniary embarrassments by the failure of an extensive mercantile speculation, in which he had been incautiously engaged. Edward's dismay was great, when, on his return home, an hour afterward, he found Mr. Ashton sitting with his wife, and learned from them, that his weakness of purpose had nearly betrayed him into being the cause of his friend's ruin. He lost no time in repairing the evil; he was with Mr. Gascoigne by early dawn;

secured his written engagement to advance the needed money, and waited on Ashton's principal creditors. On his return home, Margaret met him with tearful eyes, but she uttered no word of reproach; Edward, touched by her forbearance, pressed her to his heart. "Oh, Margaret," he exclaimed, "how unworthy I am of such a friend, such an adviser! would that I could become more like you, more firm, more true to my own heart; but weak and irresolute, I do the very things my soul abhors; guide me, strengthen me, that I may be more worthy of you."

"Nay, dearest Edward, do not speak thus," said Margaret, leaning on his shoulder and looking on him with admiring love; "the fault, though fatal in its consequences, is in itself but trivial; and surely," she added, smiling, "by our united efforts we shall succeed in routing a feeble enemy."

And so they did; faithful to each other in all things, faithful even in blame, did these two noble beings walk on through life, aiding and strengthening each other's virtue.

About six months after the above incident, Alfred and Emily came to Oldcourt to spend the summer months. The lovely girl had changed into the pale and listless woman, and every one who looked at her mourned over the alteration. Margaret mourned too, but it was for the moral change she detected not only in Emily, but in her brother. Emily's countenance bore the traces, even in its sweetest moments, of a settled discontent, while a fretful, restless expression marred all its former beauty. She had now two lovely little girls, but even for their sake she scarcely roused herself to exertion; even to their winning ways and exquisite grace she seemed indifferent, while to Alfred they were the source of unbounded joy and pride; he lived in them, and seemed careless of all beside. To Margaret this appeared as unnatural as it was distressing; she saw that Emily shrank from the delight which Alfred felt in these children, and became impatient and fretful whenever he noticed them in her presence, as if she were jealous of the love he felt for them.

One fine summer morning, Margaret having tempted her sister to stroll in the park, they found themselves in the path which led to the church, and by which, four years since, they had returned to Oldcourt two happy brides. Margaret recalled that day to Emily's remembrance, adding, how different were her feelings as a wife to those she then experienced.

"Different, indeed!" Emily replied, with bitterness: "you were right, Margaret, to fear marriage as you did; oh! how cruelly have my dreams been dispelled—how mad and foolish it is to think that love can last; it is truly our unhappy lot

———“to make idols,  
And then find them clay.”

Alfred, whom I believed so true, so kind, so devoted to me, see him now—he scarcely knows if I am present or absent. Oh, Margaret, my heart is broken: would that I could lay my head down and rest in that church-yard.”

“Dearest Emily, do not say so; you have far too many blessings to venture on such a wish; at all times wrong, in you it is doubly so.”

“Ah! you do not know all. I look at you sometimes with wonder, and, I am afraid, with envy; you are so happy, you have found Edward all you believed him.”

“And has Alfred been false to you, that you should envy me?”

“Not false, perhaps; but he has ceased to love me, and I am wretched.”

“Alfred does not appear to be more happy than yourself, and yet you still love him.”

“Love him!—yes, it is my misery still to idolize him; I cannot leave him out of my sight—I care for no earthly thing but him.”

“But your children?”

“Oh! yes—of course I love them; but——” She stopped, and tears choked her voice.

“But what, dearest?”

“I cannot tell you—you would not understand me, and would only blame me.”

“When did I ever blame you? Surely you can trust me; I desire to see you happy, and if I think that you have erred from want of experience, I will strive to set you right, as one frail, sinful creature should alone correct another, in the spirit of true love; speak freely to me, my dear sister, let me be your friend and comforter.”

Emily, unused to such kind and reasonable treatment, covered her face and burst into tears; then recovering herself, she went on to say, “if you had been always by my side, I should have been wiser and happier, but I have no hope, no comfort now; Alfred will never love me again, and the world is all dark to me.”

“Are you sure he has ever left off loving you? Alfred is not one to change lightly; what has happened to make you think him less loving than formerly?”

“Cannot you see,” rejoined Emily, pettishly, “how indifferent and careless he is about me? he never wants me, any one’s society is preferable to mine; he leaves me alone for hours, sits in his room studying, he says, while I am solitary and deserted.”

“This is so unlike Alfred; are you sure you have made his home a happy one? Have you always been cheerful and considerate of his wishes, have you met him with smiles, and been willing at times to sacrifice your own inclinations to gratify his?”

“I would have given up everything to him, Margaret, but he told me he wanted no sacrifices.”

“If you made him feel them as such, no wonder he would not accept them. Love does but half its work, if it cannot succeed in making all sacrifices appear as nothing. As wives, we must not expect to receive the same outward marks of devotion that were yielded to us before marriage; the manner of evincing affection may, nay, it must change, and yet the feeling can remain unaltered. Have you not looked for too much from Alfred, and exacted too much subservience to your wishes, while you yielded too little deference to his.”

Emily colored and hesitated, then replied—“you may be right to a certain extent; but Alfred has thrown me off, he goes his own way, seeks his own amusements, cares only for the children, and forgets my existence; he is always in society, while I do not care for it.”

“Perhaps you let him see too clearly your dislike to society, forgetting, Emily, that the habits of years’ standing may have become a second nature to him.”

“Alfred knew that I hated those stupid dinner parties, and yet he teased me to go with him; I only wanted *him*, while he found my company wearisome.”

“Then you refused to accompany him?”

“Yes, certainly; why should I go, when I have no pleasure in such things?—and he could not want me, you know,” she added, rather doubtfully.

“Alfred may have submitted to your caprices, Emily; but a man who loves his wife, as he loves you, likes to have her always with him; even in a crowd he is conscious of her presence, and rejoices in the admiration she excites.”

“I care for no admiration but that of my husband,” said Emily, coldly.

“But you may care whether you give him pleasure, or selfishly refuse to do so. Believe me, Emily, a woman not only contributes to her husband’s happiness by studying his wishes, but acquires influence of the best kind—an influence, for the use of which she is responsible to God.”

“Do you think, Margaret, that I could ever gain such an influence over Alfred? He looks upon me as a spoiled child, and treats me as such.”

“You can gain it, dearest Emily, if you earnestly desire to do so; learn to be patient, endeavor to find out what your husband really desires; he will not lead you astray, for he is kind and generous, and high principled. Do not think of yourself so much; think more of him; and you will find the happiness that you have hitherto sought in vain.”

Saying this, Margaret kissed her sister, and left her to reflect on what had been said; conscious that, in spite of her waywardness, Emily had too much good sense not to perceive and act upon the truths she had heard. Faithful to her brother as to Emily, Margaret pointed out to him the rocks on which he had wrecked his own and his wife's happiness; and long before they quitted Oldcourt, she saw a better understanding established between them. Nor were her warnings forgotten on their return to town. Emily was amazed to find that Alfred sought less than before

the excitement of society, while she was more than ever ready to be his companion in all he desired. By a slight mutual concession, these two hearts were preserved to each other, and peace and joy took the place of fretfulness and misery. Thus may it ever be! Warned in time, may the selfish learn that safety can alone be found in loving others better than ourselves; and may love become in all hearts an active principle of good, seeking not its own, but the happiness of others.

## THE DISCOMFORTS OF LOOKING LIKE EVERY ONE ELSE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

A most accommodating face was Harry Glynton's. There was, to be sure, nothing very peculiar about it; but it was this very circumstance that made it look so much like every other face. Had there been anything at all striking about it, anything to relieve its totally unsingular appearance, it might have claimed an identity of its own; even a hooked nose, or an alligator mouth would have been a blessing.

But nature seemed, in his case, to have made a firm resolve not to commit herself; every feature was so exactly on the line, neither within nor without, that it was onpable of being considered just what people chose to call it. His eyes were really surprising eyes, for it was impossible to decide upon their color; they were as changeable as a chameleon. He would make his appearance at the breakfast-table with a pair of expressive grey orbs, which he carried about till dinner-time, and then came out in hazel ones; in the course of the afternoon they assumed a deep violet color, and before evening turned quite black. If this change had taken place in a regular, orderly manner it would not have been so surprising, for people might then have known what to expect; but they were kept in a most pleasing state of uncertainty, for he frequently made his appearance in the morning with black eyes, and did not put on his blue ones until evening.

His nose was neither Roman, Grecian, aquiline, nor *retroussé*, and yet in different moods it appeared each one in succession; while his mouth, a very good feature in itself, underwent changes no less surprising. He could not lay a just claim to dimples; but when a little boy at school, a companion, in a fit of anger, aimed a sharp-pointed stick at him, which went quite through his left cheek, and left a hollow that was constantly

trying to pass itself off for a dimple. And it often succeeded too; giving rise to as many conjectures as the famous shield in olden story, which deceived two brave knights by being gold on one side and silver on the other; and ending like the Irish controversy about Pat Doolan: "for when Pat turned around, it proved not to be him at all." His figure was cast in the same mould; being neither tall nor short, neither fleshy nor thin; a great accommodation to resemblance-seekers, for they could lengthen it out or take it in at pleasure. And yet his face was a very nice face indeed; with a great deal of talent in the forehead and eyes, and a most winning expression about the handsome mouth.

His father, the old major, was extremely proud of his family, (one of the best in the state) and his lady mother, being the double-distilled essence of pride, looked complacently around upon her other children, who bore unmistakable marks of the noble family from which they were descended; but when Harry's features first began to emerge from the chaos in which nature had placed them, the discovery was made that neither mouth, eyes, nor forehead resembled his brothers' and sisters'—he had not even the Glynton nose! Not even the old maid aunts of the family, or the poor relations, whose organs of vision are generally so much sharper than other people's, could bestow upon him the universal panegyric, "the very image of his father!" for there stood the major, dignified and imposing, with all the much praised family features grouped most pleasingly together in his very handsome face—and there lay poor Harry with no identity of his own, and the sole peculiarity of being the very image of every baby they had ever seen before. Now and then a gleam of hope would lighten up their despairing faces,

as a passing expression claimed some relationship with the Glyntons; but before they could catch it, it was gone, like the fading sunset; and he would turn into so many different people in the course of an hour, that they almost feared him as belonging to the wizard tribe.

In his childhood, Harry was often subjected to rather unpleasant adventures, on account of this marvelous resemblance; and once, when abandoned by a careless nursery-maid, an energetic, would-be sister, formed upon the Susan Nipper plan, pounced suddenly upon him, and bore him off, struggling and screaming, to a retreat scarcely more inviting than the domicile of "good Mrs. Brown." On reaching home, however, the real little truant was found comfortably established upon a bed of shavings; and to him were transferred the shakings and slappings which had assailed his bewildered prototype. The girl fortunately had the good sense to convey Harry back to the spot from whence she took him; and the frightened nurse, now making her appearance, soon conveyed him home.

But his adventures were not all disagreeable ones; this likeness to other people procured him many pleasant hours. In particular, he recollected a vision of his childhood, in which mingled a sweet-looking lady, in a mourning hat and long black veil, who would take him on her lap, and cover his cheeks, lips, and brow with her kisses. Poor mother! a tiny coffin had been lowered into the grave—it was that of her child—*her only one*—and she glided about with her sweet, sad face, and long mourning robes, seeking rest and finding none, until it seemed as though a second image of her child stood forth in the little Harry Glynton. The same close curls of golden hair—the same dreamy eyes that had closed so lingeringly upon her; and she loved to sit and hold him for hours, persuading herself that it was her own little one whom she clasped.

Harry was quite unused to this sort of treatment; for although father and mother were both kind to him, they seemed to feel differently toward their other children; he had never been made a *first object* at home, and the evident affection of the beautiful Mrs. Ives soon won an answering response in his own heart. He loved to sit with her for hours; to drink tea with her out of those tiny cups of the most transparent china, and listen to long stories of the little boy whom he so much resembled. Mrs. Ives wished to adopt him, but his parents' pride would not consent to that; they did not choose to give up all interest in him to a stranger; and although Harry would gladly have gone with her, he was obliged to yield.

She did not live a great many years; and at her death left Harry a property, which, in the eyes of his relations, almost compensated for his

not possessing the Glynton nose. He was the most generous fellow in the world, and spent a large part of his income in presents to others. He did not care for the money; it could not make up to him the loss he had sustained.

His mother was almost plagued to death; Harry seemed destined to be the bane of her life. The most curious accounts were constantly brought her of his conduct; people seemed to be always on the watch for some new escapade, and he was seen in all sorts of queer places, conducting himself as though he had always belonged in each one. Mrs. Glynton would sit trembling for the honor of the family, until at length her fears were assuaged by the conviction that he could not be in a dozen places at once. Any description of a young man found drowned was sure to correspond exactly with the appearance of Harry Glynton; the portrait of any villain who had murdered his wife found a fac-simile in Harry; every forger and bank defaulter might have passed for his twin-brother.

This was a pleasant state of things—very; but Harry had become so accustomed to it that it only amused him; and a smile was just ready to break forth when on the introduction of any new acquaintance he would exclaim, after riveting his eyes upon him for an indefinite period: "pray, Mr. Glynton, have you any relatives in Charleston?" or "were you not originally from Baltimore? You resemble so exactly a family I knew there?" or some one else would observe, "excuse me for staring at you so—you must think me very rude—but you remind me so forcibly of a dear friend! His hair was, I think, rather darker than yours, and one eye was a little defective, and he was unfortunately marked with the small pox; but the resemblance is really striking."

Harry was obliged to swallow it all; black eyes or blue, beauties or frights, skeletons or Daniel Lamberts, it was all the same. But the idea of a Glynton looking so like all sorts of people mortified his mother extremely; and her brow would cloud ominously when any one in her presence discovered points of resemblance to some not very desirable individual. But even she could not help noticing the marvelous changes in his appearance, which were often a complete puzzle to all the family.

Harry one day took it into his head to make an excursion west; he had always been fond of adventure from a boy, and it amused him to observe the curious characters to be met with in travelling, and the many surprised looks, bows, and smiles, directed toward him, from people who suddenly recognized a dear friend whom they had supposed to be many miles distant. Sometimes, in the spirit of fun, he would return their "nods and becks, and wreathed smiles," and approaching some de-

lighted group, he would inquire, with an appearance of interest, after every member of the family; that is, when he had discovered the existence of such members; the conversation proceeding in a similar manner to that of the dialogue between Mrs. Credulous and the fortune-teller, who, after being told by the lady what he is expected to say, surprised her with the extent of his knowledge. But this was just as the fancy seized him; at other times he would feel quite exclusive, and return a complete out to the salutations which met him on every side; so irritating, by his conduct, an old gentleman, who mistook him for his nephew, that, in a fit of anger, he struck out the supposed delinquent's name from his will—and not sufficiently noticing a young lady, to whom he appeared as the fac-simile of her lover, the surprised suitor received a summary dismissal.

But quite unconscious of all the mischief he was causing, our hero proceeded complacently on his journey; and having passed Buffalo, entered a stage-coach to convey him to his destination. Here he found himself not exactly in the seventh heaven; a young urchin, of the male gender, who had been snugly ensconced in his mother's arms, took him for his other parent; and set up such a prodigious cry that Harry, in self-defence, was obliged to devote himself to the task of quieting him. Even the mother seemed puzzled at first, and quite disposed to be very sociable; but then, with a bright smile at her mistake, she found that it was not her own good man after all, and quite relieved to be freed from the weight of Master Bobby, she allowed Harry to amuse him with the most unwearying assiduity. Had any one else been placed in the same predicament, he would have considered it an excellent joke; but now the amusement of his fellow travellers irritated him to the highest degree, and his usually pleasant face wore a most scowling expression as he darted wrathful glances around the vehicle. The mother had entered into an animated conversation with the woman next to her; and satisfied that Bobby was in good hands, seemed disposed to pay him very little unnecessary attention.

The old, dusty-looking tavern, at which he stopped, burst upon him like a gleam of sunshine, for the affection of Master Bobby could pursue him no further; although it testified itself in a succession of edifying screams as he effected his escape. The piazza was, as usual, crowded with loungers and new arrivals; but Harry, too weary to notice them, passed on to the public parlor, and threw himself, in a state of complete exhaustion, upon the nearest sofa. He listlessly perused the various advertisements with which the walls were adorned; and then cast his eyes over the other inmates, who appeared to be chewing tobacco for a wager.

Happening to glance toward the door, he met

the full gaze of a pair of most searching eyes, which looked out from beneath their grey eyebrows with startling ferocity. A middle-aged man stood in the doorway; and although his appearance was not exactly that of one accustomed to fashionable life, yet, judging from the good condition of his garments, and the heavy gold watch just visible at his side, he was evidently a man well-to-do in the world. His countenance was not that of an habitually ill-tempered person—only a good-natured man trying to look as cross as he could from motives of duty. Harry soon averted his eyes with an indifferent air, not supposing himself to be the looked-at party; but when he glanced toward him again, there still stood the old man scowling most unmistakably upon him. Harry returned his gaze with one of defiance; and fixing his eyes steadily upon him, continued to stare until the old man, apparently satisfied, withdrew.

Quite wearied out with his baby-tending, Harry fell asleep on the sofa, and the vision of the old man passed off like a disordered dream; but the next morning, as he sat reading a newspaper, the same face presented itself in the open door, and then making room for a stout lady beside him, the old gentleman passed on. The lady who now looked was evidently his wife; and she too frowned threateningly upon Harry, and doubling up a most substantial fist, shook it at him and disappeared. At this feat, which seemed so perfectly ludicrous, our hero laughed out; and wondering what was coming next, he kept his eyes fixed upon the door.

A slighter figure now bent forward; and Harry had just caught a glimpse of a very pretty face, and a pair of dark, bright eyes, when, as her gaze fell upon him, a most attractive mouth was suddenly passed into an expression of consummate scorn, and the *nez retroussé* assumed a more celestial tendency, as the young lady tossed her head and walked on with a carefully affected indifference. He was just thinking what a pity it was that so pretty a face should be spoiled, and wondering what misdemeanor of his had occasioned all these wrathful looks, when a fourth figure appeared that completely riveted his attention.

A face like an embodied sunbeam, yet bearing with its dark eyes and beautiful lips a close resemblance to the one which had just passed, now looked in; not as the others had looked, but with a bashful, mischievous glance, and eyes that *would* smile in spite of her. In an instant she was gone; and poor Harry, bewildered and fascinated, attempted in vain to solve the meaning of this strange panorama.

At the dinner-table he sat just opposite the whole party; where he was considerably annoyed by the stern, unflinching gaze of the old lady,

who scarcely took her eyes from his face; the old man glanced at him frequently, and then, with a sigh, resumed his knife and fork; the elder of the young ladies kept her eyes steadfastly averted from him; but the younger one now and then stole a glance at him from under her dark lashes, for which she soon received an ominous frown from her mother. Waiters seemed scarce and hard of hearing, and Harry, in common courtesy, placed before the old lady a dish of peas in his neighborhood, for which she had been calling in vain; but no sooner was it within her reach, than darting at him a glance of the most withering reproof, she ordered a servant to remove it to the other end of the table. The younger girl blushed deeply at this rudeness; and Harry was so provoked that he refrained from all further notice.

They withdrew from the table; and seating himself in a shady corner of the long piazza, our hero pondered over the curious conduct of the new-comers, while that bright face kept dancing before him like a tormenting vision. Suddenly he beheld the old man at his side; who, evidently confused by the start with which Harry greeted his appearance, murmured some trivial observation about the weather, and still remained with his eyes fixed upon him. Harry's looks seemed to demand an explanation of this; and seating himself beside him, he said,

"Your conduct is very strange, young man—quite incomprehensible to all of us."

"My conduct strange!" exclaimed Harry, now thoroughly roused, "to me your conduct, and that of your whole family, is a mystery. Perhaps you will deign to inform me why it is that I am thus pestered with such inexplicable looks; to my certain knowledge I have never seen you before."

"Were you not here at this very place, two years ago?" asked the old man.

"No," replied Harry, "I never was here before in my life."

"The name of Crepton is probably quite unknown to you?"

"Entirely so," said Harry, confidently.

"And I suppose," continued his questioner, in a tone of incredulity, "you never saw my daughter before?"

"Never," was the reply.

"Perhaps," continued his tormentor, "you will be kind enough to favor me with your name?"

"Henry Glynton, at your service."

"Henry Glynton, eh? As you appear to be so ignorant of yourself, young man, allow me to give you a piece of information. You are not Henry Glynton, but Charles Bryant, a scoundrel who came on here two years since, and after winning the affections of my eldest daughter, you have now deserted her in this shameful manner. But you are not going to escape me, that you may

rest assured of; Adela has quite succeeded in overcoming any silly fondness she may have felt for you, and is now quite as anxious as the rest of us that such bare-faced villainy should be made an example of."

An angry flush rose to Harry's very brow on hearing himself branded with such epithets; and nothing but the age of his tormentor prevented him from taking summary vengeance. He could not imagine what possessed the family—they seemed determined to have him in spite of himself; but he was resolved not to have a wife forced upon him in this manner; besides, he would much have preferred the sister with the laughing eyes. Suddenly the idea flashed upon him that they had, in consequence of his unfortunate physiognomy, mistaken him for some other person.

"I see that there is no use in trying to convince you," said he, "but as you are not willing to take my word for it, perhaps you will have no objections to accompany me to Judge Ewartson's, near by, and make inquiries of him."

Mr. Crepton claimed a personal acquaintance with the judge, and professed his entire willingness to accompany him—adding significantly, "that the less time they lost the better."

Judge Ewartson, a very agreeable personage, rather addicted to joking and merriment, was seated at the window of his library, which commanded a view of the road, when a vehicle stopped at the gate, and two travellers alighted.

"Why, Mr. Crepton, my old friend!" exclaimed the judge, "what has gone wrong with you to-day? You seem to be marshaling in a prisoner for trial—and that prisoner is Harry Glynton, by all that's wonderful!" And he shook hands with both.

"Well," said the judge, at length, "just promising that I am very glad to see you, what, under the sun, has brought you here?"

"This gentleman," said Harry, smiling, as he pointed to Mr. Crepton, "refuses to be convinced that I am really myself; and I wish you to substantiate what I have already told him."

Mr. Crepton now related his story, to which Judge Ewartson listened with the greatest attention. At the conclusion, he burst into a laugh.

"Oh, Harry!" he exclaimed, "I would not have that unfortunate phiz of yours for any amount of houses and lands. What would have become of you without my assistance is more than I can tell. But I will perform the part of a good friend, and assure Mr. Crepton that you are really Henry Glynton, son of Major Glynton, of New York state; while Mr. Bryant is a Kentuckian. The likeness between you, however, is really surprising—that is, when apart; though if you were placed together you might look very different."

Mr. Crepton became reluctantly convinced, and resumed his seat in the carriage with a sigh.

Harry accompanied him; having resisted his friend's pressing invitation to remain, because he wished to clear himself in the eyes of Mrs. Crepton and her daughters.

When they drove up to the hotel, a group were seated at one end of the piazza, who appeared to be enjoying themselves exceedingly. This group consisted of the ladies of the Crepton family, and a gentleman, upon whom Harry's eyes were immediately riveted; for he was struck with his wonderful resemblance to himself. Mr. Crepton glanced first at Harry, and then at the stranger, quite at a loss how to proceed; but the gentleman came up to him and said, as he took his hand,

"Will you too extend forgiveness to the truant? I have made my peace with Adela."

Mr. Charles Bryant then told a very plausible story of illness, and the miscarriage of letters; accounting in so satisfactory a manner for his two years' neglect, that Mr. Crepton was obliged to thaw at last. Harry had retreated to one side during this explanation; but Mr. Bryant now fixed his eyes upon him, and appeared to be under the influence of some not very favorable impression.

"The very man I am after," he said, as if to himself, "about twenty-five years of age, good-looking, genteel address."

After a short conversation with Mr. Crepton, it was announced to the company that Mr. Bryant had been for sometime in pursuit of a forger, and that Harry exactly answered the description. The old gentleman, although convinced that he was not his daughter's lover, was by no means sure that he was not a forger; young gentlemen of quite as good families, and with as influential friends as Judge Evertson, had committed the same crime. Mrs. Crepton having considered it her duty to dislike him at first, had been in no hurry to change her mind—Miss Adela was quite indifferent—and Fanny was the only one who troubled herself at all about him.

"I am very sure," said she, indignantly, "that Mr. Glynton (she had got his name already) is no forger! I should think, papa, that one such mistake would make you more careful."

In spite of Fanny's defence, they all looked upon him with suspicious eyes; so that poor Harry sent a note to Judge Evertson.

"Do come to me, my dear friend," he wrote, "and try to get me from this horrid place. I am about to be committed for forgery."

"Poor Harry!" laughed his friend, "you do seem to be fairly in for it this time."

Judge Evertson, on alighting from his carriage, received a hearty salutation from Major Glynton himself, who had come in search of Harry just in time to release him from his troubles. With two such advocates as his father and Judge Evertson, his innocence was clearly established; and the major would at once have hurried him from a scene where the dignity of the family had been so little regarded.

But Harry discovered some new beauty in the place every day; there was such capital shooting, and his father was an excellent sportsman; there was a beautiful trout stream in the vicinity, and having once established the major with his rod and line, the young gentleman manufactured some excuse, and left him to himself—his absence being entirely unnoticed by the wrapt angler. Harry grew very lazy, being more partial to a shady seat on the piazza than any active exercise; and Miss Fanny pretended that she could not breathe well in the house, and was very apt to carry her sewing in the same direction.

When Major Glynton and Harry at length started for home, Miss Fanny accompanied them with a white ribbon on her bonnet; which certainly looked very suspicious. The major scarcely knew how the affair had come about—it seemed so natural to have Fanny with them; and as they approached nearer home, and his lady wife, he felt almost as guilty as though he had married her himself.

But when Mrs. Glynton would have received her with chilling dignity, the youthful bride looked up with such a surprised, frightened kind of a glance, that she involuntarily laid it aside, and assumed a more cordial manner. It was so with all the rest; they said "there was no use in attempting dignity with Fanny—she could not understand it."

They were all very much shocked at Harry's account of himself; yet, strange to say, he never classed this adventure among the discomforts of looking like every one else.

## THE GOVERNESS.

## A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY ELLA HOWARD.

READER! I shall begin with a preface, to destroy at once any ideas you may have conceived, that I am going to arouse your sympathies with a tale of real or imaginary distress. All I ask of you is patience until you hear the event in the life of my heroine which I purpose narrating; then if I have the satisfaction of hearing one of you say that it is different to what you expected, or if there is one fair being now scanning these pages whose destiny forces her into a similar situation, who admits that a healthy moral adorned my narrative, I will feel the time profitably spent that I have devoted to her and to you.

These pages are not for the experienced. They have learned their own useful lessons in the tempests of life's either gay or sad pilgrimage; I write to the young, the beautiful, the fair, who are looking forward to life through the medium of hope's brightest rays, who do not live in the present as much as in the shadowy future; who have realized their wildest dreams, never thinking of the time when they will see them "through a glass darkly." To such—haply these are many!—I would ever sing—

"Peace be around thee where'er thou rovest;  
May life be for thee one Summer's day,  
And all that thou wishest, and all thou lovest,  
Come smiling around thy sunny way!"

Nor would I tune my harp to a sadder theme, or destroy the golden sunshine of the present with clouds of the future. Bright visions are oftentimes so gently dispelled, that one by one we part with them, nor know we on what pinnacle we stand, until maturity begets oblivion of the past. Then cast thy bread upon the waters ere the storm passes over thee, though it may be many days, still will it return to thee. Learn to think all that's bright must fade. Retire to the solitude of thy chamber after the wild excitement of music and the dance; commune with thine own thoughts; kneel in spirit at the feet of Him whose eye alone is watching over thee; utter the wish aloud that angels may hear; nor lay the fevered brain upon the pillow before the boon is asked to guard thee on life's chequered way. Do this, proud beauty, and a blessing will attend thy steps, for is it not written, "remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, and thou shalt live long in the land the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Now, youthful lady! give thy attention to this leaf from the life's history of one, who was as fair and bright as thou, young wife! sitting at thy husband's feet pouring into his ear the liquid melody of thy sweet voice, read while he is spared to thee to listen, how one as good and truly loved as thou bore grief, may it be thy happy lot never to know; then come with me, I will have to take thee back to a period of at least four years.

It was on a fine October morning, that the attention of the loungers around our western depot, was attracted by the arrival of a hack containing two persons. In this busy thoroughfare an occurrence of this kind was not of such moment that it called for specific attention, only on account of one of the persons being a lady, young, beautiful, and in tears.

On descending from the carriage, she held her handkerchief to her face, and passed her arm through that of her companion—an elderly gentleman, whose commanding form and venerable appearance betokened him to be a relative or very dear friend. The surmise that he was Daniel Webster emanated from a thick-lipped, ebony-hued porter. "No!" was the reply, "some professor or other, I suppose," but he was no other than a plain, worthy gentleman, conducting his daughter to the aforesaid railway station. He had not more than comfortably seated her in the car, when the cry of "all aboard," roused her from her grief. Looking up the eyes of both father and child met. In an instant their arms enfolded each other in a lingering embrace: a moment more and he conversed with her from the platform outside, now joined by a third person who had evidently been seeking them.

The new-comer was a gentleman, apparently thirty years of age. He might have been younger, but his dark beard gave him a mature look, together with the peculiar intelligence that lurks in the eye of a man of thirty. His respectful air to the father, and nervous grasp of the ladies hand, betrayed an interest in the latter she blushed to observe he did not attempt to conceal. "May I write?" was all he had time to ask; she scarce "you may," to reply, when off started the screeching engine, and away with a speed swifter than wind jolted the car and its occupant.

The two gentleman thus unceremoniously left

standing on the platform, gazed after the long train until a turn in the road hid it from their sight. With slow steps and thoughtful countenances, they mixed among the busy throng until they threaded their way to the wharves, where the elder took passage for his return to the Empire city, the younger, after bidding him an earnest adieu, to the busy precincts of his counting-house.

Borne in spirit upon the wings of the wind we will overtake the cars, while the hissing dragon stops to slake his thirst, and accompany the lady, who in a little while ceased to be abstracted with her thoughts. While she is engaged with a book, I will explain who she was, how she looked, and whither she was travelling.

In person she was *petite*, below the middle size, though symmetrically formed from the evidence her falling shoulders gave, hidden beneath the folds of a flowing mantle. Her small, neatly gloved hand, finely turned arm, beautifully rounded wrist, shrouded with the whitest of linen cuff, indicated the perfection of nature with artistic taste in dress. There was an unmistakable air of refinement in her whole appearance, that quite accorded with her face, which particularly expressed kindness of heart.

As her features relapsed into graceful repose, she was a study for the reflective. Her youth and stylish appearance, her black dress, the lines that care and sorrow trace upon the forehead, showed the physiological observer that though young, she had experienced affliction. And so she had. A necessity, chastening though severe, had separated her from the graceful vine, from the proud oak, she had gently and but briefly leaned upon, that now, widowed and with but an invisible eye watching over her, she was pursuing her way to the northern wilds of this state to fill the situation of a governess.

Strange to say, choice more than necessity was taking the youthful Mrs. Macdonnel away from her father's home. Brought up in the indulgence of her rational desires by discreet parents, she had been early taught the important truth, that wealth is only accessory to happiness. The maternal teachings had enabled her to discriminate and disregard position or affluence, unconnected with real worth; so, that at an age when girls are only beginning to think, Eva Lisle had completed a mental training such as only a judicious mother can give. Admired, courted and flattered, she exercised a gentle, though commanding sway over the minds of her companions, her own untainted by the insidious poison of flattery that the world knows so well how to instil. Independence and indifference were synonymous in her character, where the opposite sex was concerned, elevation and dependance with those she truly loved.

Rejected lovers accused her of having no heart. She laughed at them. Their opinion was of no consequence, she knew she had a loving one. Her parents did too. Beyond them few were in her confidence, for whom she was reserving its rich treasures.

Time passed, and Eva fulfilled the destiny of woman. She married the companion of her youth, and the object of her early love. Then her accusers found she had a heart, so like the world, believing only what it sees! A month elapsed, but such an age of love! the young bride looked back to remember when the time was that he was not part of her existence. Alas! a change too soon came. As had been their wont, they started for an evening ride in the suburbs of the city, where the shadowy lanes, winding roads and peculiar beauty of the surrounding scenery often tempted them to alight, fasten the horses to a tree, descend to the river's brink, and watch the sails as in fleets, or one by one they would float idly down the stream, thus enjoying quiet communion with nature. On this evening a prophetic sadness stole over the mind of Eva. The husband observed her unusual depression, and eager to divert her thoughts, proposed to collect some wild flowers he spied on the steep below them, and before she was conscious of what he intended, he was straining over the height in their pursuit. In a moment he regained his footing, a proud smile lighting up his face as he presented them to her, almost chiding her for her exclamation of needless alarm. The shadows of night soon urged their return. Before midnight a physician had to be sent for in great haste, the young Macdonnel had broken a blood vessel, from which he only recovered to relapse into the slow disease—consumption. The physician led them to believe as he did himself, that the discharge was caused by the strain he described as having felt when reaching for the flowers. They prescribed change of climate. The novelty of travel affording but temporary relief, he returned wearied and deprived of this hope. A succession of colds confined him to the house, then to his room. Month by month, then day by day she saw the ravages the disease was making, but until the crisis approached she did not admit the thought of separation. Hope deserted of all earthly aid, she wept and prayed to her heavenly Father to spare her this bitter cup. It was too late. The white-robed messenger of death called, and the spirit fled to Him who gave it.

"Dead!" she shrieked, as they stretched him out a lifeless corpse. A sound broke upon her ear. She flew to the cradle, and frantically straining her child to her breast, exclaimed, "not desolate, not desolate! Oh, God *Thy* will not mine be done."

After the last sad ceremonies were over, friends, the kind and true, pressed around the couch of the once gay and gifted Eva. Bodily fatigue, anxiety of mind, and the many demands upon her strength that she was feebly calculated to endure, brought on a nervous fever. For a time the fountains of the parents tears were again unsealed, in the dread that the angel of death awaited another victim, but the reaction of a good constitution prevailed. Convalescence ensued. The glad return of spring brought back strength to the invalid, and Eva arose calmly resolved to bear her trials without a murmur.

Her child now became the object of her exclusive devotion, life less of a weary burden as he grew in boyish beauty by her side.

Without being religious, in the sense of the term, that excludes from salvation those who partake of the enjoyments of society, Eva possessed a spiritual nature. She was a worshipper in heart of the good, the true, the beautiful. No night called her to rest, no morning saw her rise without her first and last act, consecrating her actions to the throne of grace. Hers was a faith strengthened by the performance of good works. Many a blessing had been invoked upon her path by the poor and the aged, and she believed they yet would come.

A great favorite among her friends, Eva's sorrow only the more endeared her to them. They loved too well the ebullitions of her naturally joyous nature, to permit her to pass her time in mourning over her lost hopes. By degrees they revived her passionate love of music. To oblige a friend she would occasionally sing a song. A sense of duty urged her to resume her pencil, while it proved a pleasing pastime to her, the thought often recurring to her that education was given to each and every one of us for higher and far nobler purposes than mere amusement. Indeed she took too serious a view of the purposes for which she was given health, to neglect a rational pleasure, or deprive herself of any profitable enjoyment that would preserve it.

Two years passed, and Eva again entered into society, but only that of her chosen and intimate friends. Music alone could induce her to appear in public. She resumed the study of the languages, of them she was devotedly fond. This employment of her leisure hours to the many seemed only *pour passer le temps*, but the keen observer, who watched the development of her

come in person after her. She sat down immediately and wrote a letter in reply, thanking them for their kindness, but excused herself from complying with their wishes. This completed, she sought her father's presence, and submitted both the letter and its answer to his perusal. He disapproved of her hasty rejection. The best and purest motives of friendship had, he well knew, actuated them to make the proposition. He urged her to leave off moping over her books, and leave his noble grandson to him and her mother to nurse. He was sure the child would never miss her. If she only stayed a fortnight, he would like her to go. Ever obedient to her father's wishes, Eva dictated another short, but grateful epistle to her friends, and busied herself with the necessary preparations for leaving home.

With Eva there was a real and seeming in this forced compliance to her father's and friend's request. Leaving her child and parents for a week was the one, how she could separate from them for a longer period, was the other. It was a self-enjoined ordeal. She gaily exacted a promise before she left that her friend would return with her in a week. She did not dream that the events of that week would create a change in her whole life, or that her secret intentions would become so unexpectedly matured. It was sad to think of leaving her little darling, now four years old, and painful to anticipate meeting her friend whom she had last seen at her own bridal. Haply the novelty of travel dispelled the feelings she deemed it wrong to indulge in, and by the time she reached her destination she had dried her tears, and with smiles responded to the welcome of her friend.

The third evening after Eva's arrival was set apart by Mrs. Dunbar for the reception of a few friends, though be it said much against Eva's will. Her natural indifference to strangers, added to a listlessness that pervaded her whole being, made her shrink from society. But her friend's will was imperative. "There was no use," she observed, "in allowing such feelings unreasonable indulgence. She had talked about her coming, until everybody was anxious to see her, though to oblige her she would limit the number of guests to thirty; but see them she should, and make herself agreeable she must." Thus silenced she submitted. The dreaded evening came, and Eva passively placed her head in the hands of a skilful artist, in the expectation of being made a perfect fright; but no such thing occurred. Art for once added to nature, that even Eva gazed wonderingly at the change it made. How often the plainest face may appear beautiful by a well arranged *coiffeur*.

She was half asleep before the guests began to

arrive. She had not looked to such advantage for years, nor her figure to such perfection, as the folds of a pearl colored tissue gracefully swayed around her, and with *vaine* grace of manner she saluted the guests as they were severally presented to her. The dance began, and wearied with a gaiety so little in accordance with her feelings, she looked around for some one to invite her to a seat. Chance soon favored her, and in a moment she was seated between two old friends of her father's. She became a different being as they talked of her home, and they induced her to descant upon the merits of her child.

No trace of listlessness appeared now. Home was a subject she grew animated upon. A new life animated her, and as she spoke beamed from her truly expressive eyes.

While thus engaged, a stir, occasioned by the ending of the dance, caused her to look up. She did so, and observed a gentleman standing at the opposite side of the room, directly in front of her, with his eyes so fastened upon her face, that for a prolonged second he could not withdraw them. With a confused bow for his seeming rudeness, he moved away in the direction of Mrs. Dunbar, who was conversing with some gentlemen at no great distance. A woman's instinct told Eva, as though she had heard every word, that she was the subject of his inquiry. Dreading an introduction, she could not tell why, she succeeded by only skilful manœuvring to evade his evident design. As they passed in the dance, Mrs. Dunbar remarked in a subdued voice, "I have a friend yet to introduce to you." Who the friend was Eva well knew. Do what she would—go where she would to avoid them, those eyes followed her. A strange, though not displeasing fascination seemed to lurk in them. At times they would bring the memory of her dead husband to her mind, as though he stood before her. Then to assure herself it was an illusion, she would steal a look, in spite of herself, to turn away from a glance that revealed unspoken sympathy. An undefinable longing to converse with him seized her, yet a desire to fly from the spot gave her no rest.

She inwardly wished the time for all to leave would come, that she might seek in solitude relief from the spell that was on her, causing the heart within her to throb wildly, that she had thought cold to external impressions. When a strange voice addressed her she would start. What was she afraid of, she herself?

A rapid self-examination, even amid laughter's merriest mood, had shown Eva her heart as in a mirror. She found too late the mistake she had made, as all will "who would school the heart's affections." The mind can be trained to stern resolve, as the ivy to the oak, but the

heart is purged from feeling only in the waters of forgetfulness. A cold shudder passed like lightning through her veins. Was she, she asked herself, to feel for another what would end in bitter disappointment, perhaps death? Home, parents, child! Why, oh! why had she left them? She would not return again to feeling; she resolved to avoid an introduction in every possible way. An easy thing for her to escape, had not fate ordained it otherwise.

In the beginning of the evening, one of her old friends brought her a simple gift of half-blown rose-buds. She had suffered them to pass from hand to hand, until as the evening wore away she felt desirous of regaining them. Proposing to a young girl near to assist her in looking for them, she drew her arm within hers and gaily chatting, traversed the suite of rooms in their search. Each one they asked had seen them in the hands of another! The inquiries increased until the missing rose-buds became the prevailing topic. Trifling as the circumstance was, it was sufficient to cause some merriment, and lay aside much restraint with the gentlemen. The search now became general; finally they were traced to Mr. Beverly. "Where is he? Which is he?" gaily demanded Eva.

"He is here," said a deep-toned voice behind her. "What has Mrs. Macdonnel to ask that she may not command?" Eva turned and met the stranger. Other voices, eager to explain the charge against him, came to Eva's relief, for speak she could not, though her emotion escaped detection but by he who caused it. Gaily pleading not guilty, he offered to assist in their search, inwardly rejoicing that pockets were so constructed that smuggling was not detectable. These rose-buds were never found. He now at her side, it can hardly be conjectured how long Eva would have preserved an unbroken silence, had not a servant came to her relief laden with a tray of ices, that happily turned the fruitless search into a less fruitless discussion.

Poor self-sufficient Eva! Once under the power she had striven to resist, she turned a deaf ear to language such as she had seldom listened to. Morton Beverly had lived long enough in a world where he had observed the workings of the female heart, to be offended or chilled by the coldness Eva's manner assumed. He was too polished an observer of the *convenances* of society to omit apologizing for the apparent rudeness of his gazing upon her so intently. With the graceful address of one accustomed to society, he dissolved icicle after icicle, until he ventured to tell her that he felt as though they had met or known each other before. Then came the frank, child-like avowal from Eva's lips of his resemblance to a very dear departed friend. Beverly sur-

mised who the friend was, though with innate tact changed the subject of resemblances, to dwell with all the capacities of his fine mind upon the prevalence of the strange doctrines, authorizing belief in metempsychosis, illustrating it until Eva marvelled by the dread though mysterious tale of Lady Eveline.

Morton Beverly was an only son of one of the descendants of the Beverlys', who were renowned for their valor at the time of the Conquest. He lost his father at an age when his death produced a moral impression upon the youth's character. By this event he was obliged to leave college, and apply himself to the building of his own fortune. Better for many a youth did they have to do the same! Some years of close application brought care and thought; habits of industry emolument; a discerning mind reflection.

The thoughts of marriage often presented itself to his mind as the only true source of happiness. He longed eagerly for such companionship, yet in the graceful forms and beautiful faces that were ever ready to welcome him with their brightest smiles, he sought in vain for his ideal. With a mind capable of seeing through the artificiality of society, he shunned the many for the few, among whom Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar were his chosen friends. He had heard them often speak and extol the virtues of Mrs. Macdonnel. If his fancy pictured her, it was as a tall, sombre-looking lady, black dress, and a closely fitting cap, such as his mother had worn since her bereavement. Accustomed to shun society, he nevertheless obeyed the summons of these friends, between whom and whose children a stronger bond than mere friendship had arisen. Upon entering the room on this particular evening, with the privilege of an intimate friend, unannounced, he remained a silent observer of the excitement around him, soon singling out Eva.

He thought as he gazed that they had met before—when or where he blamed himself for forgetting. Imagine his surprise, when upon inquiry, he found that Eva was the identical Mrs. Macdonnel, to whose praises he had well nigh wearied in listening. From this moment he began to scrutinize her every action. Every movement betrayed unstudied grace. She had a sweet voice, "a lovely thing in woman." He felt to see her was to love her. His friends had named her but to praise. The affected airs of prouder beauties passed through his mind disgustingly. Every tone struck a vibrating chord in his bosom; each sentiment betrayed mind.

"A look he gave his heart was won,  
One look more, his heart was gone."

At last the guests began to disperse. Lingered until no reasonable excuse warranted his longer

stay, Beverly had spoken to her of the beautiful scenery not many miles from the city, that she must not leave without seeing; besides there were many spots rendered sacred by historical associations, that he well knew she would take interest in; then referring a proposition to her friends to ride on the next day, he left under the influence of a wilder tumult in his own breast than he had created in Eva's. Hastily bidding her friends good night, Eva sought her room, and threw herself on her knees, obeying the voice that says, "come to me all ye that are heavily laden, and I will refresh you."

The next day, and the next, as well as two succeeding ones, passed in alternate rides or walks, Beverly the instigator and companion of their jaunts. Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar silently watched the progress of an intimacy they had long desired. Knowing Eva's fine sensibilities, they feared to wound her by a single allusion to Beverly's evident admiration or injudicious praise of him, whom to know was to respect, esteem and love. They left to time to perfect what had been accomplished without an effort; time had flown in Eva's companionship to Beverly. Every hour he spent with her only the more convinced him that she was the object for whom alone he would live for. Her slave by day, his nights were spent in tossing about in his bed or dreaming of her. For three nights and days, her image had haunted him both waking and sleeping; he, therefore, determined that on that very evening he would seek an opportunity and explain all to her, so with a mind struggling between hope and fear, he took his way to her abode. It was the evening before Eva left. The night was peculiarly fine. Waiting for Beverly's arrival without admitting the thought to herself, she retired to a distant window, and then reviewed her thoughts of the past three days. Her heart told her that she had been a traitor to her own resolves. But the thought—it is not too late—I can yet retrieve myself. Then came regrets that she possessed feelings that would unfit her for the course she had lately marked out for herself. A tear of sadness glistened in her eyes, as hastily wiped away as coming footsteps now, a familiar sound, told the coming of Beverly. At once she arose, without giving him time for more than a few words, though he had confusedly requested her to remain. She joined the family circle, now rapidly increased by friends wishing to pay their parting respects. The hours flew by as all parting hours do, with promises to return soon and make a longer visit, when all should be remembered equally. It was evident to Beverly that Eva avoided him; and, unwilling to expose feelings that were mastering him, he arose, bade a courteous adieu, and left, for himself to pass

another sleepless night, and Eva to retire as soon as she could, and weep bitter tears over the success of her design. She felt that it was better no explanation should take place. She tried to reason herself into the belief that love was withheld from her for a special purpose of duty. She had divined his feelings for her even under the assumed carelessness of parting. She thought, or tried to think she had mistaken his looks and words, and flattered herself—for surely the object that could win his love must be beautiful, and have known of no blighted hopes. Thus she reasoned the night long; morning dawned when she could have slept; did not her early departure preclude the possibility? At an unusually early hour Eva dressed, and descended to the parlor, and to her great surprise found Beverly pacing the room.

How had he obtained entrance so early? she asked. "The servant," he replied; then leading her to a sofa, he seated himself by her, and explaining the cause of his abrupt departure the night before as consequent upon the feelings of despondency her avoidance of him had occasioned. He then recalled to her memory the first evening they had met, of their subsequent meetings, and in eloquent and sincere words made known to her the dearest wishes of his heart. He paused for some reply; but Eva became as one paralyzed. The past was all forgotten;—the present presented two aspects. His words of love had awakened strong emotions, a longing desire to be the woman and give up duty presented itself—but reason, cold reason brought to mind the course she had marked out for herself—whispering that she must overcome nature by so doing. Her choice was made, and, summoning all her fortitude, she was just able to say, "I cannot, must not return your love."

Beverly reflected an instant. "Was she free?" he asked.

"I am not," was the reply, as she buried her face in her hands.

Beverly arose and paced the floor in deep agitation. In a few moments he returned and said, "dear Mrs. Macdonnel, I ask not to know on whom you have chosen to bestow a gift I vainly thought none could prize as myself. I have lived in a dream of happiness since I saw you, that I might have foreseen could never be realized. You have other ties," he continued, "that I fondly deemed I could share with you as few could. Your child!" Eva almost shrieked. "Pardon me," he resumed, "I would not occasion you an instant's pain. The thought of my own fatherless childhood, induced the wish in me to bestow upon you the affection I have often felt my greatest want. That you have chosen one who will be all this, and more, is the greatest

happiness I can wish you. I will not distress you with a further avowal of my attachment."

It was now Eva's turn to make a candid avowal of why she declined his offer. Thus in a subdued voice she told him that duty alone occupied her thoughts. Her child was yet the dearest object to her, for his sake she had during this visit made an engagement to leave home as a governess. She declined accepting his love for this and another reason, that she had won it under the appearance of ease and affluence. Wealth, even competency she had not, but she thanked him for a preference that had so highly honored her. Brought back again to hope, with the thought that no other occupied her thoughts, he entreated her to abandon her project—but to no effect. She assured him of her esteem, but her resolution remained unalterable. He begged for permission to write to her. That was denied, pleading for excuse that as duty compelled her to the course she intended to pursue, she must not permit any thing to interfere with it. She would not permit him to enlarge upon the trials she was unnecessarily imposing upon herself in the life she proposed. She replied, "that every one had always been kind to her; she knew that there existed in all so situated a power, if they chose to exert it, to overcome difficulties by perseverance, cheerfulness, and reliance upon a higher power to sustain them. She had prepared her mind and schooled her heart to its most bitter task, that of leaving home."

The longer Beverly listened the more hopeful he became, though pained to see that what he considered a forced principle of duty, had seized upon her mind rendered morbid by the isolated life she had led for the past few years. He forbore to oppose her views by further argument. Forced to be contented himself, to await the progress of events, and the result of experience that time would bring to Eva.

"*Mais revenons à nos moutons,*" and we find that Eva has effected with a persevering will what many would have struggled hard to accomplish—the victory over self! We will not exhaust the patience of the reader already tired with digression, to dilate upon the arguments she made use of to obtain her parents consent to her undertaking. Suffice to say that she was again *en route* to where she first met Beverly, and had with her father passed the evening at her friends where they again met; Eva had described to her father the interview she had with Beverly on the morning of her departure, and gave as a reason for declining his offer, her intention of leaving home. He at once refused consent, contending there was no necessity for it, but when he found that it was a step she had staked her happiness upon, he listened more calmly to her views. Tho

result, as we seen, in a few months brought her to the spot where we first introduced her to the reader.

Upon again seeing Eva, Beverly had sought to extract a promise from her, or elicit even one mark of her favor: but to no purpose until the moment of parting, when his influence asserted his claim upon her woman's heart, and consent to let him write passed her lips, that the next moment she would have given worlds to recall.

We will not say that Eva took upon herself her new situation without misgivings. Opposed to the trials of her elected state, arose the consciousness that she was independent of the world for a home. She would not abide insult or rudeness, but her gentle nature never feared them. Though young, she knew that mind was strength, the only true aristocracy! Nurtured in a land wherein to be born is to be blessed, the evil had not penetrated so to be deplored in European society, of placing the poor in a position little above that of the serf. In this, her native land, all were united in brotherhood by the power of intellect, and no one was judged by any standard than that of good mind and honest principles.

These reflections sustained her courage, until the shadows of night stole the sunshine from her heart. A long drive of thirty-six miles wearied her so, that when the carriage stopped at a lordly-looking mansion, she trembled to observe Mrs. Brainerd and family awaiting her at the entrance. Answering inquiries about her journey, they led her through the hall into the parlor, where Mr. Brainerd, though an invalid, rose to greet her. There was heart in the pressure of his hand that caused her to look up with a smile that met as kindly a response. Passing through the school-room that was to be the scene of her future labors to her room, where she had fancied she would retire after the labors of the day to weep her hours away, need we be surprised that she indulged in a burst of grief. The close room, cot, wooden chair, bare floor, of the vision she had conjured up, vanished before the view that now met her eye. A large bed-chamber, cheerful fire, comforts of every description taken in at a glance, spoke of kindness most unexpected though deeply felt.

One look at Mrs. Brainerd's face assured her that in her she had met a sympathizing friend. In an instant the children were sent to order tea upon the table; then unfastening her cloak, untying her bonnet, Mrs. Brainerd assured her that she should never want for every comfort that laid in her power to procure for her. Could she do anything to assuage her present grief? This kind solicitude was deeply felt by Eva, who had ever been surrounded with an atmosphere of love. With assurances of thanks, she bathed her face

and arranged her hair to join the family at tea. That over, they returned to the parlor, where in conversation the hours flew by, until midnight obliged them to break up the circle, not before *the governess* had played, sung, and talked herself into the hearts of all.

The children were so delighted to find that the dreaded governess was neither a scold or a fright, that they all assembled the next morning, and were waiting for her at her door when she appeared, to escort her to breakfast. The remainder of the day was passed in forming rules and regulations for the school-room and writing home.

Mr. and Mrs. Brainerd had, for years, lived a secluded life in the country, at a distance from suitable schools, that she was compelled to attend to the education of their children; and now that her eldest daughter, a lovely girl of fourteen, was verging to womanhood, she wished to procure the required advantages without separating her from home influence. Then the care of a niece that had devolved upon her, as also the advancement of a younger daughter, Alice, led her to seek those qualifications of mind that a friend assured her were combined in the person of Mrs. Macdonnel. Eva had not been practising her new duties long, when the parents saw that the command she exercised in the school-room was that of a strong mind, enforced in a mild and motherly manner. The eldest boy, Willie, rather disliked the rule of "total silence except during recitation," but he soon learned to observe that as well as many other things tending to his own improvement.

Little Harry, now five years old, who had hitherto shunned the school-room as the nursery, always found a seat on Eva's knee. Emma, a bright-eyed little fairy, would peep in at the door from amid her clustering curls and ask for another story, then as quickly run away frightened at the silence she had ventured to break. Thus Eva's days passed loving and beloved. In the school-room the gentle mistress, out of it the entertaining friend. The fame of Mrs. Brainerd's governess soon reached the ears of the neighbors, and but a short time elapsed before Eva received calls from them, even parties of pleasure made for her amusement.

She had not had leisure to deplore her fate, the truth was she had no trials to endure. Often tears would come when she heard from home, or wrote to them; but even the indulgence of these was scarce allowed her by the children, who deemed nothing perfect pleasure unless she enjoyed it with them. If Eva thought of the future, as the attentions she received made her feel, that she was an object of preference; her thoughts reverted to Beverly, whose letters breathed the warmest sentiments of friendship

and esteem. They were a great source of happiness to her, though she could not reciprocate his views. She knew that the object she had in view would take years to execute, by that time youth would depart, and love follow in its train. She seriously thought of retracting her promise to receive his letters, assuring herself that time would divest him of the fancy with which she had inspired him. She seemed determined to consign herself to an oblivion that fate as strongly forced her to resist.

A few months had almost imperceptibly glided by, when Eva was surprised one morning by the arrival of a letter from home, sealed with black. Her mother's heart! how wildly it beat; her strength forsook her, open it she could not. She sent for Mrs. Brainerd, and could only hand her the letter, motioning her to break the seal. The agonizing expression of her face changed as Mrs. Brainerd read aloud an account of the death of her paternal uncle, who had died childless, and left her a portion that secured affluence to herself and child. The letter was written by her father, who, though he mourned the loss of his only brother, thanked a kind Providence that had removed the cause that led his darling child a wanderer from her home.

"So I must lose you," said Mrs. Brainerd, throwing her arm around her.

"What can I do, dearest, best of friends?" asked the weeping Eva.

"Return grateful thanks to Him who doeth all things well; and to show how much cause we both have to wonder at His ways, I will not withhold a communication that the letters by this post authorize me to make, that events of an important character require Mr. Brainerd's removal to a distant state, where the prevalence of good schools will compensate my children for the loss they would otherwise have sustained in losing you."

No romance could have produced a happier combination of circumstances. A world as rich in golden dreams as startled Columbus in his glimpse of the new world, opened its treasures before her. Home, child, aye, love! There was now no reason to refuse the fairy boy a throne in her heart. Richly had all her sacrifices been rewarded, her child, competency, herself love! Wealth, she had never known its power or want, would not have cared had she not have been a mother.

Why multiply words or delay the recital of events that followed Eva's return home, or attempt to portray the joy of her parents as they held her again to their heart. Her little boy

would scarce have known her through her tears, childhood so soon forgets! only that her memory had been kept alive in his mind by the frequent mention of her name by his grandparents. Soon he wound his arms around her neck, and whispered his wants. Balls, dog, toys, horses, all were promised for one more embrace.

Now for the sequel. Won't you be tired, dear readers, in travelling into so many places with me? I feel as though I were a second Asmodeus, guiding the student over the tops of the houses, peeping into people's business that no way concerned them. I shall only ask you to look at home, or only a few hundred miles away to a city that is laid out, not cut up into squares. On they progress from river to river, peculiar for their cleanliness—red-brick houses, green blinds and marble steps, now you know where you are. Then observe the only house in a particular row, that exhibits the external signs of being occupied by a stranger to the manners and customs of the place—a now observer of the necessity of small door-plates, hempen door-mats, tasseled and bowed window-shutters. The windows are curtained, but now a lady parts them and gazes into the street. A well known, and apparently expected form passes, bows to her at the window as he hastens up the steps. In a moment the door is opened and his arms enfold her. Others soon join them; they chat awhile, she seated on his knee. Then a servant enters with the announcement "tea is ready." Off they go pretty soon to return, she leaning on his arm, a sprightly boy holding his other hand.

Then a tall lady with spectacles seats herself on a velvet cushioned chair. There are others of various patterns disposed around the room, but this is her particular one. The room is filled with other elegant arrangements, all indicating taste, but none too handsome for use. The fastidious will be shocked that dressing-gowns, slippers, and cigars are permitted to enter here, yet it is so. The gentleman now seats himself in his arm-chair, controlling as he best can the smoke from blinding the eyes of the loving boy, whose arm is encircling his neck. Then the lady seats herself on an ottoman at her husband's feet, with book in hand, telling the boy to be perfectly silent while mamma reads.

The story begins. She reads on and on until first surprised and then convinced; he leans over the page, she raises her eyes to meet his, while the mother looks on knowingly. Morton Beverly, for it is he exclaims, "why, Eva dear! it is our own hearts history."

## THE OUTLAW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY H. J. BEYERLE, M. D.

It was a cloudy evening in the autumn of 1668, when Count Martinitz, accompanied by his niece, approached the castle of his ancestry. Many years ago, he had been compelled, in consequence of the Thirty Years' War, to leave this his endeared residence; but was now returning to it to celebrate the marriage of his only son.

Count Frederic was an amiable young man. To an agreeable personal appearance and pleasing manners, he united many peculiarities which made him beloved in society, and peculiarly dear to his friends. He was skilful in drawing and painting, and had an ample port-folio filled with portraits of his acquaintances, which he took during his travels. His father looked forward to his arrival with pride and joy.

Family agreement and filial affection had, many years ago, brought about a determination to unite the fates of Count Frederic and Luitzarde, his cousin. The old count not only admired in his niece the image of a beloved sister, but also loved her innocent nature and serene mind. She had been taught to look forward with joyful anticipation to a union with the companion of her early years.

The journey through Austria was delightful. But on the frontiers of Bohemia the scenery changed. The thirty years' suffering of a religious and civil war had left an indelible impression upon the country. Villages, where now a few miserable huts began to arise from the ruins of stately mansions; pale forms, in whose features want and sorrow spoke in unmistakable terms; large tracts of uncultivated soil; want of provisions and the absence of trade, in the cities; complaints about the relaxed morals of the populace, and insecurity upon the public roads, announced everywhere the melancholy effects of a protracted and tempestuous war. Luitzarde's gay spirits began to sink: in deep silence she sat at the side of her uncle, in whose soul the existing pictures of misery seemed to awaken even more painful recollections. The clear atmosphere of autumn had yielded to dreary days of fog and clouds: the gloomy veil which hung upon the minds of Luitzarde and the old count, appeared to have spread itself over all nature. A drizzling rain fell uncensingly upon the forests, colored, as they were, by the frosts of autumn; and a chilly wind

blew the yellow foliage into the turbid floods of the Moldau, which rolled in solemn monotony along the road-side.

With the next turn of the road appeared the grey walls of a large castle. The count was the first to discover it, and silently, as a deep sigh escaped his breast, he pointed toward it. Luitzarde well understood what caused the trouble in the soul of her uncle, as the well known walls came into view. She, too, was silent, deeply struck with the sorrow of her protector; and thus, with gloomy thoughts and sad feelings, she first entered the castle which was to be her future abode.

But her pure mind soon dispelled these dark pictures. When it chanced that a sad disposition came upon her, she would look with bright assurances into a promising future, and think of the dear companion of her youth, whom she had not seen for many years. The Count Frederic, however, still delayed. Business detained him at Vienna, which he had reached alas! only after his father's departure. Luitzarde, in her letters, gently rebuked him for his delay. Meantime she undertook the management of the whole household. In hours of relaxation she rambled through the surrounding country, and when the weather was unfavorable for this recreation, enjoyed herself among her working-women.

On one of the first days of her residence at the castle, when, as yet, everything excited her curiosity, and not an article of furniture or a painting could escape her observation, she discovered, in one of the halls through which she had to pass in going from her apartments into those of her uncle, a remarkable painting, which attracted her attention more than any other. It seemed to represent the vault of a prison, or probably a subterranean dungeon of the olden times. High archways lost themselves in the background, in a distant and awful gloom; and in front, to the right and quite on an elevation, there was a small, round opening, through which the light of the moon fell into the dark and gloomy vault upon the form of a captive knight, who, loaded with heavy chains, reclined upon a miserable couch of straw. His face was not visible. The head, shaded by rich and glossy curls, was turned from the observer: but that

bent position, that head which was so sensitively supported by one hand, while from the other unconsciously escaped a few sticks, upon which a number of strokes had been made with a rusty nail that lay on the ground, the strokes undoubtedly signifying the number of the days of his suffering—all this in the dim light of the moon's rays, constituted a speaking whole which was painful to look upon, and affected Luitzarde with a strange feeling of awe. She returned to it again and again; and whenever she passed through the hall, she stopped to contemplate its mysteries, and to permit her imagination to wander into the history and the mental sufferings of the prisoner. One evening she took courage to question her uncle about the painting and the captive knight. But Count Martinitz could give her but little information.

"In all probability," he said, "the whole is only an imaginary representation of the painter's; but if there is a true history connected with it, as was often asserted by his old aunt, who was a living chronicle of her house, then the painting represents one of her ancestors, who lived during the time of the Hussite war, and was imprisoned by King Sigismund, on account of his religious opinions."

"Oh! those were dreadful times, dreadful as our own!" said the parson, as he drew a sigh and looked heavenward.

"Yes, truly," replied the count, and then the conversation, on the sufferings of their country, and the unlimited ill-consequences of war on succeeding generations, was continued. Above all, the parson lamented the destruction of the morals of the people, when pressing necessity will lead them to all excesses, and the fear of God cannot preponderate over wicked desires. He spoke of bands of robbers, which had gathered in the forests, consisting partly of deserters from the army, or soldiers who were discharged when peace was restored, and partly of poor and helpless people. He knew a variety of horrible histories of highwaymen, and when he related them, raised similar recollections in the wounded breast of the count, and he narrated several tragical scenes which took place during the civil wars.

"In this manner," said the count, "one of my friends lost an only son, the only heir to a great estate, and the noble house will now become extinct. You knew the Count Lansky?"

"Lansky?" exclaimed Luitzarde, becoming more attentive.

"Yes," continued the uncle, turning toward his niece: "the Count Lansky, the friend of my youth, who was to receive your mother in marriage! Certain circumstances prevented this union. Lansky went to Silesia, and I have seen him but seldom since. He was afterward

married in accordance with the wishes of his father, and found the only comfort of a discontented marriage in the birth of a fine and promising boy. But that region, too, was overflowed by the billows of the ravaging war. The notorious Mansfeld, pursued by Wallenstein, went with the remainder of his band of robbers through Silesia into Transylvania. All the terrors and devastations that accompany a retreating and famishing army, befel the possessions of my friend. Mansfeld's men attacked his castle with fire and the sword, and soon it stood in flames, and the plunderers entered. All that was not consumed by the fire fell into their hands, or under their swords. Among the lost was the son of my friend. In his room was found the corpse of one of his nurses, half consumed by the flames. None knew what became of the child. For a long time the unhappy father entertained the hope that his son, then four years of age, might yet be discovered, because his corpse was not found in the ruins; but a fruitless search of twenty years, has at length convinced him that he became a prey to the flames, and Lansky now lives childless upon his dominions, which have not yet recovered from their sad devastations."

Luitzarde had remained silent, a deep sigh escaping her breast. Now she raised her black eyes, with a sorrowful expression, to her uncle, and said, "was the lost boy called Victor, dear uncle?"

"I believe he was," was the reply.

"My good mother repeatedly related to me," she continued, blushing, "about a promised——"

"Quite true," interrupted Count Martinitz, "you were the promised bride of this Victor. Since his father was not permitted to receive your mother in marriage, it was desired that wedlock should unite their children. But you were scarce born, when heaven, as if averse to every possibility of a union of our house, took away your bridegroom."

"It has richly restored the loss," replied Luitzarde, as she drew her uncle's hand to her lips.

"Yea," said the old count, "my Frederic is a noble youth; I hope, through God's assistance, he will make you as happy, good child, as you deserve to be."

"Amen!" replied the parson, devoutly folding his hands.

Luitzarde sighed as she pressed the uncle's hand to her breast, and exclaimed, "oh, that he were here!"

Amid similar conversation, the long autumnal nights passed. Luitzarde walked out every clear day. She confided most of her little adventures to her uncle, but yet there were some things which she would not communicate. On one of the first clear days after arriving at the castle,

she took her customary walk from the garden into the neighboring forest. A hill, crowned by a group of splendid beech-trees, was the general limit of her wanderings; from this spot she had a favorable view of the surrounding country, and of the river as it escaped from between the mountains. On this particular day her curiosity enticed her farther. She descended, and thought it would be easy to get down to the river, which swept around the hill; but after she had proceeded a few hundred yards, she found herself suddenly on the brink of a high and perpendicular rock, beneath which the Moldau rolled laboriously between craggy banks. The awfully grand scenery pleased her, and she stopped and looked wistfully into the whirling floods. At a little distance a small boy was playing on the banks, throwing pebbles along the surface of the water. Suddenly a rustling noise was heard in the thicket on the shore, and a tall gentleman in a dark dress emerged from it, but in such a manner that Luitzarde could not see his face, it being turned toward the river. He, too, looked into the stream, and then slowly proceeded to unhook his sword-belt, drew a broad-sword from the steel scabbard, and bent down to the water to wash away some spots of blood, which Luitzarde could plainly discern. The dress of the stranger, which seemed to belong to no particular station in society, his active movements, his gloomy appearance, the blood on the sword—all this made her feel very uncomfortable; and in a moment she thought of the stories of highwaymen and murderers which the parson had related. Yet the tall and proud stature of the stranger, which appeared to great advantage in his remarkable attire, and the nobleness in his actions and movements, spoke much in his favor. She still stood in doubtful emotion between aversion and admiration, when a piercing shriek by the child awoke her from her reverie. The boy had fallen into the water. Luitzarde uttered a cry of distress. The stranger looked up, threw his hat, sword, and cloak upon the ground, sprang into the stream, and rescued the struggling child. When the boy was safe on the dry land, the stranger took up his equipments, looked about himself once more, and then disappeared in the thicket. Luitzarde was confounded by what she saw. The child gazed around for its deliverer, but he was gone; and the maiden's first suspicions were again forced upon her. But the unknown had behaved so humanely toward the boy—how, then, could he be ignoble, how could he be a member of a band of criminals? But whoever it may have been, he did not wish to be seen; he had a secret, and this she resolved to keep for the magnanimous deliverer.

She never mentioned this adventure in the

castle, but she loved, in solitary hours, to recall the scene, and, as much as possible, to remember only the hastily observed features of the stranger.

In the meantime, the reports about bands of robbers, who dwelt in the forests and in the ruined castles, increased, and carried terror and misfortune into all the surrounding country. The most terrible, and at the same time the most singular stories were told of one of these associations, whose captain was called "Black Fred," and who was generally known as the boldest and most resolute of the robbers. Some took him to be a Mansfeldian freebooter, others for an Italian from the Infant's troops, and others, again, were certain that he was the son of a collier of Saxony, who, through his valor and education, had advanced to a lieutenantancy in the Swedish army, but was, when the war came to an end, compelled by want and ill-humor to go to the forests and assume the lead of a band of bold adventurers, who, since fate had sinned against them, in their view, were now determined to avenge themselves on the more favored. A number of anecdotes were told of this Black Fred and his band. The adventures related were horrible, awful, and astonishing, but never of an ordinary character, and mostly, especially when the captain himself took an active part, were stamped with a savage greatness, not without remnants of humanity, and often marked by magnanimity and bold contempt of all danger.

Luitzarde could never listen to these conversations without thinking of the stranger on the banks of the Moldau. The bloody sword, the singular attire, the dusky color of his face, and even the timidity with which he ran away, seemed to her to point to a member of that terrible band, if not to the notorious Black Fred himself; and she became more and more distressed that she was not enabled to observe his features more closely. But she listened with a lively interest to everything said about him; and even when her honest mind would turn with horror from the related crimes, she could not suppress a warm sympathy for so much courage, and such decision and boldness. She pitied the abuse of such gifts, when she thought what this being, so abundantly blessed by nature, might have been under different circumstances, and what his fate would yet be in this world, and in the world to come!

Still nearer, and still more abundantly, signs began to show themselves around the residence of Luitzarde of the presence of this band. Count Martinitz thought of active preparations for defence. In the midst of these movements and discussions, a letter was received from Count Frederic, announcing his arrival at an early day. The reports relating to the insecurity of that country had reached him at Vienna. To him,

too, Black Fred was represented as an object of abhorrence, and, therefore, he made careful arrangements that he should be accompanied by several servants, to travel only short days' journeys, and never by night, and to procure aid at the different military posts to take him through the most suspicious places. The old count was much pleased with the prudence of his son, whose journey had long since filled him with anxiety. Luitzarde rejoiced at the promised arrival of her childhood's companion, the participator of her solitude, and concluded immediately to pay a visit, which she had long contemplated, to one of her friends in the neighborhood, so that when her lover arrived, she might enjoy his society undisturbed. Her friend lived at the distance of a two hours' journey, and the uncle gave his consent to the visit. Luitzarde was to be accompanied by armed servants and by her chamber-maid, and, to avoid danger, she was to take the open road over the mountain.

Nothing happened to the visitors on their journey to the castle, nor on their return, until they came to a part of the road which, through long neglect and the heavy fall rains, had become very soft. Suddenly on the top of an elevation, where the road went along the perpendicular banks of a mountain rivulet, and the horses were unable to drag the coach out of the deep tracks, one of the wheels gave way, and the whole broke down. The lamentations of the chamber-maid, and the oaths of the domestics, attracted a gentleman, clothed in the attire of a civilian, who came down the road from the mountain. He saw the accident, hurried to the scene, and drew the frightened females from the coach, whilst the servants ran about in the greatest confusion. The chamber-maid fell first into his arms; he conveyed her to dry ground, and hastened back to the chaise. Luitzarde arose and reached her hand to the benevolent stranger; her eyes met his own, and—a deep blush spread over her cheeks. It was one of the finest, or at least one of the most significant faces she had ever seen. Large, dark and burning orbs gleamed from beneath a pair of beautifully arched eyebrows; a Grecian nose descended to his manly lips; and ivory teeth appeared under a glossy moustache, as smiling kindly he offered his aid. He, too, seemed to be struck with the appearance of his rescued charge, and Luitzarde observed that he treated her with more than ordinary politeness. He offered his arm, and conducted her carefully to a safe position. She thanked the stranger very affectionately, and he accepted her thanks not without embarrassment, and then hastened back to the coach, where his counsel and aid were necessary. His eyes had observed and comprehended all. He commanded and encouraged the people, and

there was none to resist, or to think of resisting the authoritative tone of the stranger. The coach was soon put together as well as circumstances would permit, and slowly conducted down to a house which the stranger pointed out, saying that there they would find tools and helping hands. After this he turned back to the ladies, and requested Luitzarde to accompany him to the house, where her spirits could revive, and she could tarry with more convenience until the coach was repaired. She consented; the stranger walked by her side, and the coach with the domestics followed slowly. In this manner the procession descended the declivity. The stranger's conversation was refined and intelligent, and betrayed a mind and cultivation which seemed far above what his simple costume would indicate. Among other things he asked them why they did not travel the more convenient road through the valley, since that on the mountain was always disagreeable in this season of the year?

Luitzarde smiled and said, "the road through the forest beneath is said to be insecure, and my uncle entertained fears for my safety."

"And you, noble lady, have you no fears?"

"No," replied Luitzarde. "It is said that Black Fred, as they call him, has always good intelligence about all things, and he undoubtedly knew that a lady who, with a few domestics, went to visit her friend, carried no treasures that could profit him."

"True, my lady, but it is said that Black Fred is not only rapacious, but that he is also impertinent and cruel."

"I do not believe that," replied Luitzarde, decidedly; "without a purpose, without an expectation of spoils, and merely for the sake of doing evil, that man will commit no crime."

"Have you, then, a better opinion of him than the world?" asked the stranger, doubtingly.

"That I have," answered Luitzarde.

"Really?" continued the gentleman. "And why? Wherefor?"

"It may appear singular to you," answered Luitzarde, calmly, concluding, from the vehemency of the language, that her opinions were disapproved by him; "it may appear singular to you, but I cannot believe all the wickedness they relate of this Black Fred."

The stranger stood still for a moment, curiously looking upon Luitzarde, and then said, "really, noble lady, do you not?"

"I do not," said Luitzarde, "although you seem to differ with me, and share the opinion of the multitude." And now she familiarly related to him a variety of anecdotes that she had heard of Black Fred, in all of which she thought she had discovered a certain greatness of the soul, and a more than ordinary mind, though the acts

themselves had been wild and objectionable. The stranger often contradicted her; he looked upon the captain of the robbers in a much more unfavorable light, and appeared to be well informed of the outlaw's life. Indeed he told her many strange things about him, and among the rest that he had been a Swedish officer, had served with high distinction, and, when peace was declared, began his present mode of living, through grief and despair.

"But I do not agree with you, in your opinion," he said.

"I cannot contradict you, as you are so well informed," she replied; "but I assure it is with a heavy heart that I yield my opinion of this man."

The stranger sighed, and looked gloomily to the ground. "If other people could entertain such generous confidence, my lady, it is probable that the unfortunate man would never have fallen as low."

"Do you think so? Now listen: you are really of my opinion, and I have more than once prayed to God that he should give him light, and lead him from his bloody path to the road of righteousness."

The stranger seemed deeply moved, and Luitzarde, when she reflected over what she had said, was astonished at herself. But there was something in the demeanor of the stranger that forcibly opened her soul.

They soon arrived in the valley, and the house stood before them. The stranger walked on ahead of the ladies, and speedily a number of people appeared who urged, on the coach, and brought everything that was needed for its repair. It seemed as if the stranger commanded here, and, as he did not make his reappearance, Luitzarde approached the men who had come forth. She viewed them closely. They were all curious and frightful-looking forms, and it was not without aversion that she spoke to one of them, and inquired after their master. The reply was, that he was a merchant from Budweis, and proprietor of the farm and forge. Luitzarde was more at ease after gaining this information. These black and savage men were engaged in the iron-works. She was pleased to see how skilfully they took hold of everything, and hoped soon to recommence her journey. At length the stranger appeared again. With a gloomy expression of countenance he begged to be excused for keeping her waiting so long, and then invited her respectfully to come into the house. He opened the door to a well furnished room, where a small collation were ready on the table, and an old woman received them with many bows. The manner in which the stranger waited on her at the table and conducted the conversation, proved

a refined mode of living; and a sorrowful expression in his manly features, united to the soft tone of his voice, filled her heart with deep emotion.

In due time her servants came in with the information that all was ready to continue the journey. The stranger sprang from his chair, and cast a terrible look toward the domestic who brought the unwelcome news to his mistress. Luitzarde turned pale. The stranger observed it, and, becoming calm, begged her pardon for his rash emotion, and offered his arm to lead her to the coach. She bowed assent. Suddenly he stopped, looked upon her for a few moments, and said, after overcoming an inward struggle, "permit me, noble lady, to speak a few words to you in private."

Luitzarde motioned her chamber-maid to proceed, and both she and the old woman left the room.

"You spoke to me about Black Fred. You do not fear him, but his followers. He has reason to be afraid of me. Where I am, he will certainly not come. Then permit me to give you this ring, and if ever, through some unfortunate chance, you should fall into his hands, or into the hands of his people, show this and you will be safe."

Luitzarde was perplexed. A thought, which pierced her soul like lightning, made her speechless. The dusky stranger on the Moldau appeared before her spirit; and she fancied she discovered a resemblance between him and the iron-master; she shuddered, and, without being able to speak, looked at him inquiringly and with dread. But the nobleness of his features, and the mild expression of his eyes, rebuked her childish fears; and she regained her wonted fortitude, and accepted the proffered ring. It was of gold, richly ornamented, and on both sides set with three diamonds in the form of a clover leaf.

"I thank you very much, and acknowledge my obligations toward you," said Luitzarde. "This ring I shall preserve as a dear treasure, and when the time arrives that I shall need it no more, I shall return it, with the most affectionate thanks, to the owner. Now be so kind as to give me your name and place of residence, that I may——"

"Does the miserable gift of the stranger worry you so much?" exclaimed the gentleman, angrily. "The ring is dear to me. I gave it to you that it may serve you, perhaps save your life; therefore it should remain with you, and you——"

Luitzarde blushed deeply; her eyes sought the ground, and, without thinking what she was doing, she thrust the ring into her bosom, as some person was entering the room. The iron-master offered his arm another time—they went out, and he assisted her into the coach. A slight

pressure of her hand which he ventured, was as hastily returned; their eyes met another time, and then the horses sprang forward and the carriage moved away.

In deep meditation and with contending emotions, Luitzarde rode on. She could not deny that the iron-master from Budweis had made a wonderful impression upon her heart. She had

never seen a man like him; and what was most incomprehensible, he appeared to possess a magnetic power over her soul, compelling her to frankness and favor toward him, though she had never before seen him, and this, too, while his words as wild as his surrounding circumstances spoke of much that was singular and unpleasant.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE OUTLAW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY H. J. BEYERLE, M. D.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48.

ARRIVED at the castle of her uncle, the latter met her with joy, and with the news that her bridegroom would arrive that evening. Luitzarde had expected this, and yet the information affected her like a thunder-stroke. She was unable to answer. The fatigue and unfortunate journey—the chambermaid had already related the accident—served her as an excuse to retire to her apartment. Here she threw herself upon a chair. A tempest arose within her breast. Pain and shame, longing and fear, awe and love, aversion and dejection, waged a terrible combat in her soul.

But soon voices began to be heard in the castle, doors were opened and closed, footsteps re-echoed through the halls—Frederic had arrived. She had to collect herself, and meet him in a becoming manner.

She arose. Her whole body trembled, and her knees smote together. "Oh, God! what is this?" she exclaimed. "What is the matter with me?" During this agitation, as she sorrowfully uplifted her hands, the stranger's ring fell from the folds of her handkerchief. She was struck with terror, as if a spirit stood before her; but footsteps approached her room, and she took up the ring, gave it a hasty kiss, and hid it in its former place.

The door of the drawing-room was opened. She heard her uncle, accompanied by another. Summoning all her resolution, she proceeded to meet them. Her uncle stood before her, and with him was a young man, in whose accomplished features she discovered the traits of the friend of her childhood: and she bowed gracefully and low.

"This is my son, my Frederic, *your* Frederic," said the count, joyfully; and turning to his son, he added, "and this is your bride."

"My beautiful bride," exclaimed Frederic, and spread out his arms to receive her. But the agitation of Luitzarde had now reached its crisis; an indescribable pain shot through her breast, a shriek escaped from her lips, and she sank fainting upon Frederic's shoulder.

When Luitzarde recovered from her swoon, she found herself on a bed, her uncle holding her in his arms. Frederic was kneeling before her couch; and a chambermaid administered cordials.

She half arose, and looked wildly about. All appeared to her like a dream; and a torrent of tears which broke from her eyes, relieved her loaded heart.

"How do you feel, dear cousin?" asked Frederic.

"Oh, God! you weep! If I had thought that this could effect you so much," said the old count, "I would have prepared you for it; but who could believe——"

Luitzarde tried to collect herself, and said: "do not be uneasy, dear uncle! and you, Frederic, forgive my foolish agitation! I could not help it; but now it is over—I feel better again." She arose, and exerted herself to look cheerfully upon her cousin, and to speak to him about his journey, and his residence at Vienna. It gave her indescribable pain to maintain an appearance of good spirits, but she succeeded.

Frederic began to talk, the father listened with inward gratification, and Luitzarde's excited feelings were calmed.

From this time it was understood in the castle that Luitzarde loved her bridegroom with all her heart, and Frederic made use of all means in his power to become worthy of this inclination. Luitzarde felt this by a thousand attentions paid her, and by the exertions to conjecture her desires and to serve her. The numerous packages and trunks which Frederic had brought with him, contained not only paintings, but also tools and instruments of all kinds. If she expressed a wish for anything, it was immediately procured for her.

Frederic superintended the improvement of the whole castle, and he not only spoke to and encouraged the laborers, but could lend a hand himself. Some of the apartments he ornamented with his own drawings, others he painted. He was punctual, able, gentle, obliging, intelligent, and talented. Luitzarde acknowledged all this; she appreciated his worth, she honored his good heart, and she was determined to give him her hand; but in solitary hours, she could not silence a rebellious feeling which painted to her another form, and drew her to make comparisons which a second thought forbade her to engage in.

While Frederic thus busied himself in a hundred

different ways, and Luitzarde endeavored, with a settled mind, to move in the accustomed bonds, and cheerfully to meet the newer and holier ones—as the old count had determined on the marriage of his children the coming spring—all other things, which happen in the course of time, had their regular current. Every guest, every inhabitant of the castle or the village, whose business or inclination had taken him to a neighboring city, brought new accounts of robberies and murders perpetrated by Black Fred. Mixed up with these tales of horror, were others of revileries, tricks, or incomprehensible risks, such as only insolence or contempt of all danger could suggest—scenes where the bold freebooter, merely to make good a foolish promise he had given, or to punish an act of injustice, exposed his liberty and his life.

Since her adventure with the merchant of Budweis, Luitzarde listened to these reports with much anxiety. Although the ring, upon which was engraved a beautiful escutcheon, gave rather for a favorable representation of its owner, yet it was in itself no real source of information; and in spite of an inward aversion, a mysterious power always led her back to the thought, which she contemplated with fear and yet with inexpressible delight, that she had probably been near the terrible one—near him before whom all trembled—and that she had received the most tender attention and sympathy from the savage freebooter.

But there were causes besides these occasional reports and conversations, which brought the picture in the castle, of which we have already spoken, incessantly before her mind. For some time past she had been quite sensible of being surrounded by an unknown power, and exposed to mysterious influences. The origin of these she could not discover. Yet every little desire, which she had unintentionally made known, was gratified by some secret hand; and many cares, which fell to her lot as superintendent of the household, disappeared as if by accident. Furniture and other articles, which she required for the family and for herself, arrived safely at the castle, although they were brought through the most suspicious parts of the country, and where robberies were committed all around. At the distance of three or four miles from her residence all was quiet; and persons with hands full of money could travel through the most impenetrable forests surrounding her. A protecting divinity seemed to soar over her neighborhood; and many a petty theft which had been committed, in former times, upon any of her uncle's dependents, was restored in the most secret manner. Every such act entered the breast of Luitzarde like a dagger, and still more impressed her mind with an object already too dear.

Once, while at table, she expressed a wish to

possess a parrot, as she had seen one with a friend in Vienna. She spoke cheerfully and laughingly of the pleasure which such a bird would give her, of its company in solitary hours, when business or indisposition prevented her uncle, or painting forbade her cousin being at her side. The conversation, the parrot, and the pleasure it would afford, had long been forgotten, when one morning on rising, a singular cry struck upon her ear. Hurrying to the window whence the voice proceeded, she discovered, with terror and astonishment, a cage containing a beautiful parrot. How did the cage get to her window, she reflected, for the casement which was on the second story of a castle built on a perpendicular rock, and accessible only to the boldest adventurer? She thought at first it was some one in the castle—her cousin, perhaps, who might have suspended it there with little trouble, from a window of the adjoining room. She took the bird in, ran to her uncle, and returned thanks to her cousin. All were astonished and confounded; and Frederic made it clear to her, through a number of little circumstances, that he could not have been on her wing of the castle that night. All the people in the castle were searched, but nothing was discovered.

Luitzarde kept the parrot, meantime, and amused herself with its chattering; and certain thoughts, which would never return, made the bird dear to her, and yet filled her heart with terror when she considered how it may have come to her window. One day, while sitting in her room, lost in deep meditation, the parrot suddenly cried, "Victor! oh, Victor!" This name, and the sigh which accompanied it, startled her. She jumped up, ran to the cage, and asked the bird who had taught him those words, as if he could understand her. But the bird only repeated, "oh, Victor!" and Luitzarde, who immediately thought of the son of her mother's lover, her own betrothed, felt an inexpressible horror: she shrunk as if the spirits of the dead surrounded her. But soon her clear mind was recomposed, and ashamed of her fright, she induced the bird to repeat the name again and again.

The parrot, and the manner in which he came to the castle, engaged the attention of all its inhabitants. The majority had much sport with the chattering and artful animal; but the old count shook his head, as he compared this with other secret efforts with which an invisible power seemed to surround Luitzarde, and which could not escape the observation of the members of his family. Count Frederic was more uneasy than the rest: he made inquiries everywhere, searched the whole castle and its environs, and was on the constant look-out, but all to no purpose.

In this manner a few days passed, when a

distant relative of the house, the Countess Bellheim, came on a visit. Her dominions were at a distance of a few days' journey, and nothing short of pressing business, which she had to transact with the old count, could have induced her to undertake so long a journey in winter, and in the midst of the frightful reports of the insecurity of the roads, which then existed. All received her with joy. Luitzarde had long been deprived of the society of her sex; and early next morning she took the countess to her sleeping-room, where female work, dresses, and a thousand similar things, gave occasion for lively conversation. Suddenly the parrot raised his voice, and crying, "Victor! oh, Victor!" attracted the notice of the countess.

"What is this?" she exclaimed, very much alarmed; "this parrot—here—in your room?" "Do you know him?" cried Luitzarde, anxiously.

"It is *my* parrot!" cried the other. "I had him many years, and he was taken from me in a quite unaccountable manner."

Luitzarde was embarrassed. "Heaven knows," she exclaimed, "I have no knowledge——"

"I believe it, I believe it, but how did he come into your hands?"

Luitzarde related all. The countess was astonished, and shook her head. "Understand this who can," she cried; "but to satisfy us that I am right, have the kindness to open the cage a little."

Luitzarde did so. "Coco! Coco!" called the countess, caressingly, and the parrot turned his head toward the voice, shook his wings, and flew out of the cage in the direction of the countess, who held forth her hand. The bird immediately placed himself on it, began to fondle her, and gave every sign of the recognition of his former mistress."

"The bird belongs to you," said Luitzarde, gloomily; "I see it. Take him," and she turned away with bitter emotion.

But the countess replied that she would not deprive Luitzarde of so much pleasure, and entreated her now to accept the parrot.

"Stolen property?" returned Luitzarde, as her pride began to rise. But she immediately recovered herself, and continued, "yes, yes, you are right, countess, and I thank you for your kind offer, but I cannot accept it. I hate the bird, since I know how I came to have it."

The countess expostulated in a friendly manner; she told her that he who conveyed it to her at the risk of his life, might be quite innocent.

"No, no!" exclaimed Luitzarde, vehemently, "this cannot be!"

"Then you know it?"

"I know nothing, nothing whatever," replied

Luitzarde, "but that I can look upon the bird no longer; I beg, I entreat you, to take him away immediately, or——I will let him escape through the window. What do I care about him? Oh, God! he was stolen!"

The vehemency, the gushing tears with which Luitzarde spoke these last words, startled the countess. She insisted no longer, and quietly remarked that she would take the bird away.

The countess now introduced different subjects of conversation to divert her deeply moved friend, in which she at length succeeded; and Luitzarde became calm enough to ask her who in her house was called Victor, and why the parrot always pronounced that name with a sigh?

"Victor?" asked the countess, in astonishment. "Nobody in my house is called by that name, and he never knew the word as long as I had him, which was nearly three years."

Luitzarde was silent.

"Undoubtedly your unknown knight is called by that name, and he taught the bird to speak it, to remind you of him. This may lead to a——"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing," exclaimed Luitzarde, violently. "I know no man of that name. Heaven knows I do not."

The countess said no more, as she found that anything relating to the bird affected Luitzarde very violently; but she had her own opinion on the subject, and could not help imparting it to Count Frederic on the same evening.

He, who knew but little of what was going on, and who had suspected nothing from the various emotions in the heart of his bride, was not a little excited by what he heard from the countess. He arrived at different and quite conflicting opinions, but was unable to find any certain traces to confirm his suspicions; at length he received comfort from the fact that Luitzarde gave away the parrot, thinking he had not much to fear from a rival who made such ambiguous presents, and which were again given away so ambiguously.

The time had now arrived when the countess was to take leave; and since the reports of murders, which she had heard while at the castle, alarmed her very much, the old count saw no possibility of satisfying his kinswoman but by giving her another companion. "I would delight to perform this little act of gallantry myself for my pretty aunt," he said, "but my gout will not permit me to go out in this kind of weather. Frederic, you must accompany her."

"With much pleasure," replied Frederic, as he arose and made his compliments to the countess. But Luitzarde saw the reluctance with which he submitted to the request.

The journey was began the next morning, and on the third day Count Frederic again arrived at the paternal castle. Luitzarde met him at

the entry. She could not suppress some little anxiety for the fate of the friend of her childhood, although the uncle tried to comfort her, and produced all reasonable arguments against her solicitude. But the cause which really excited this trouble of mind, and which rested even with her upon mere suspicions, she was careful to conceal. Frederic was moved by this visible sympathy; he tenderly embraced his bride, who soon discovered by his appearance that something remarkable had happened, of which he longed to tell her.

"Imagine for a moment, Luitzarde," he cried: "but wait! my father must hear it too! Just come in!" He drew her along with him into the apartment of the old count, and as soon as the first salutations and inquiries were through, he began to relate the great news. "Father! Luitzarde!" he cried, "think what has happened to me, what I have lived to see; I have seen Black Fred!"

"Black Fred!" they both exclaimed.

"Yes, yes, bodily, as I now see you, and I have even spoken to him!"

"Spoken with the freebooter?" exclaimed the father. "Then he is taken?"

"Not that," answered Frederic.

"Were you attacked?" asked Luitzarde, terrified.

"Lord preserve us!" cried Frederic; "I have spoken to him as I now speak with you—calmly and deliberately."

"Then let us hear, in the name of heaven," said the old count, impatiently.

And Frederic began: "This morning I had to wait for horses at the first station from the countess's castle. To be more secure, I thought it best to conceal my name and rank, therefore I took no separate apartment, but seated myself in the bar-room. There were all kinds of people present: farmers, office-holders, and also a few of the dragoons who have orders to reconnoitre the country. These latter cursed and swore, and made a great noise, and related various wild stories about robbers, and twice, they said, they had been quite close to the tracks of Black Fred, who was known to hover around this vicinity, so that I began to feel uneasy, since it was possible that I might be detained here so long, that I would be compelled to travel at night. While thus thinking, the door opened, and a clergyman, dressed like a country-parson, followed by his schoolmaster, entered. He was a young man, elegantly formed, whose appearance and rank commanded the rude soldiers to silence. He ordered some wine for himself and his companion, drank moderately, and kept quiet. By-and-bye the dragoons again became vociferous, and asserted that they knew Black Fred quite well. They painted him in terrible colors, and

assured one another that when they meet him again, he should not escape them. The clergyman arose, and walking up to them, said, 'if you are so certain of your subject, why did you not long since stop this man's terrible perpetrations?' But the dragoons continued to talk and boast on, as rude soldiers generally do. I could clearly see that the clergyman only mocked them, and it appeared to amuse him to hear how high and courageous these fellows estimated themselves, and how they would treat Black Fred if he should fall into their power. 'And if he were now in the midst of you?' said the divine, in a voice which, I confess it, chilled my blood for a moment, and confused the dragoons. We all looked at each other strangely, each one expecting to discover in his neighbor the abhorred freebooter. While this scene was passing, the schoolmaster, who had been away for a short time, re-entered, and gave the divine a sign.

"*I am Black Fred!*" now exclaimed the latter, in a voice of thunder. He threw off his false hair, and stood in our midst in raven curls, terrible, yet beautiful. At the same time he drew a pistol. 'He who ventures near will have his brains blown out!' he cried. The supposed schoolmaster unsheathed an immense sabre and covered his master's retreat. We were all spell-bound, and the robbers were gone."

"Oh! the deuce," cried the old count, "this is too bad! Are you not ashamed? Could not one of you venture to attack the freebooters?"

"But, dear father, the smallest number were armed."

"And did you not follow them?"

"Yes. The dragoons jumped up instantly, but the girths of their horses were cut in two, and when they attempted to mount, they rolled with cover and saddle from their steeds. The two robbers galloped away with a contemptuous laugh."

"Well, this is too provoking!" said the father; "a room full of people, and soldiers among them, yet they could not take two robbers who made themselves scornfully known!"

Count Frederic tried to explain, but the father insisted that it was a shame; and Luitzarde burned with the desire to ask her cousin for a description of Black Fred.

"Permit me," he said, "to keep this for a time a secret. In a few days you shall be completely and quite unexpectedly satisfied."

Luitzarde had to yield. But now, much less than before, could she banish a certain form from her memory, or cease to think that her cousin played but a very indifferent part at the side of the bold robber.

On the expiration of two days, during which time Frederic had managed to prevent Luitzarde from entering the picture-hall, he called her, in a

triumphant tone, from her apartment, promising to show her something very mysterious. He took her directly to the painting of the unfortunate knight, which she had often contemplated with sorrow, and said, "behold, Luitzarde!"

She retreated with horror. The prisoner's face was now turned directly toward her, and the features of the *unknown one* stared upon her in the gloomiest despair, with large and deep eyes.

With a dismal shriek she struck her hands upon her face and took to flight. Frederic followed her. He found her trembling in every limb in an adjoining room, leaning against a pillar. Her bosom heaved tempestuously, and she was in the greatest excitement.

"My God," he cried, "what is the matter? Can a miserable painting frighten you so much? You know we have often contended about it. You found the painting so attractive because the features of the prisoner could not be seen, and one could imagine them as he pleased. I always asserted that it was only the artifice of the painter, who did not venture to portray the pain and the despair of the prisoner. Now I have attempted to solve the problem, and gave the prisoner the face of the captain of the robbers."

"Oh! oh!" cried Luitzarde, and shuddered.

"It resembles him as much as possible, I assure you, and your astonishment speaks well for the intended effect. Only come and look at it another time."

"For no price in the world!" she cried, resolutely. "I shall enter that hall no more."

"Be not so childish! It was a bold thought of mine, I confess; but I would very much regret if I had succeeded so completely as to make the painting disagreeable to you. I find——"

"Find what you please," she cried; "but be assured you have inflicted a lasting pain."

"Pardon, child, that was not intended; I can well understand how the first view could frighten you, but I cannot conceive——"

"Oh, my God, my God!" cried Luitzarde, and her tears again broke forth.

Frederic stood in amazement. He attempted to compose her; and though it was painful to him to see his fair bride so violently agitated, yet in reality it flattered his vanity, attributing the whole to the effect of his great skill.

At length Luitzarde became calm. She retired to her apartment, but not again through the hall.

The old count heard of the incident; he very much disapproved of his son's vain fancy, and ordered the painting to be removed to another place, that his niece should not be compelled, day after day, to take a circuitous course through damp halls. But even when the painting was at a distance, and her usual way again free, she could not pass through the hall but that the

picture of the unhappy knight, the despair in which a creature noble by nature was lost, painfully arose before her; and the prospects of a terrible future, when *he*, similarly loaded with chains, robbed of liberty and of the light of day, should count with deep grooves, in the gloomiest despair, the duration of a miserable existence—this prospect almost rent her heart. And behind this dark scene of the dungeon—what was there shown her?—death by the hangman's hands, and the eternal loss of a soul which God had created for happiness, for which a Saviour's blood was shed, and which would probably now yet be susceptible of better feelings! One thought she entertained, which busied her continually—it was a bright spot upon which her soul, amid the desolate confusion, looked with eagerness and a growing love—to save his soul, if possible, and bring this youth, to whom she could not deny the most sincere sympathy, and who had treated her nobly and kindly, from his terrible course of crime. The more she thought of this project, the brighter it gleamed toward her; she believed that it would be the worthy object of a whole life-time; and she designed a thousand plans and possibilities to bring it about.

In the meantime winter slowly began to approach his end. Warm winds passed over the earth, and melted the snow on the mountains; the ice on the streams gave way; the silent torpidity of winter yielded to the sounds of the falling rain and the unfettered waves; the presence of spring and of vigor became visible in the animated and in the inanimated world.

Frederic thought with great pleasure of the approaching marriage day; Luitzarde felt her breast expand with painfully sweet anticipations, whose subject, however, was not that day; on the contrary, every intimation in that direction, and these intimations increased daily, struck as with an icy hand into the warm flower-garden of her dark, gloomy hopes. But as it was the desire of her uncle, the clearly expressed will of the whole family, and Frederic was so honest, so attentive toward her, she suppressed her rebellious feelings, and took pains to participate in the joy of the whole house on the approaching and delightful event.

But unexpected and important business, which required the old count's presence at Prague, compelled him to postpone the marriage day of his children to an indefinite time. Frederic was to remain in the castle and attend to all the necessary preparations; but Luitzarde, for whom it was not suitable to tarry at home, was to accompany her uncle.

The journey was begun with the necessary measures of circumspection, of which Frederic was arduous in reminding them. Two days had

happily passed, and the travellers already thought themselves beyond danger, when suddenly, as they rode through a dense forest, where the bad roads constrained the carriage to move but slowly, mounted robbers galloped toward them from both sides, and with drawn pistols compelled the coachman to halt. The servants, who assumed an attitude of defence, were pulled down, and the freebooters savagely demanded the money and treasures which the count carried. He replied courageously; but one of the robbers drew a pistolet and aimed it at him. Luitzarde, at this, remembered the ring, she sprang up, tore it from her bosom, and holding it before the robber cried, "honor the orders of your captain!" The robber retreated, looked at the ring, lifted his hat, called his comrades together with a whistle, and all galloped into the thicket and disappeared.

After a long pause of silent astonishment, the count said, "what is this?" Luitzarde, blushing deeply, had to confess and relate how she had received the ring. The servants collected themselves, the carriage was again set in motion, and the journey resumed, all being terrified and confused by the sudden change of circumstances. It was with ill-humor that Count Martinitz listened to the report of his niece. A robber's affection for her, the visible sympathy which the wild youth knew how to infuse into her heart, the contemplation of the fate of his son—all this excited painful emotions within him; but he maintained a gloomy silence, and desired only to see the ring. Luitzarde gave it to him. "My God!" he exclaimed, "this is the *Lans-Kian* coat of arms! This is a seal-ring which I have often seen on the finger of my friend, though without the diamonds which now grace it. How did this man get the ring? And it is dear to him, he told you? And yet he bestowed it on you?" The old man shook his hoary head.

"Lansky?—Lansky?" repeated Luitzarde, slowly and solemnly, as the child devoured by the flames, and the cry of the parrot fell heavily upon her heart. Victor had been destined for her by her mother and by his father, and who had brought her the parrot, and taught him the name of her long-lost betrothed? She shuddered: from amidst the depths of confused emotions and thoughts arose a suspicion which aroused at the same time terror, sorrow, and painful pleasure.

"How did the freebooter come by this ring? Do you know aught about it?" demanded the count.

"Nothing, dear uncle, but what I have already told you. He assured me that the ring is very dear to him. I proposed to send it back to him when I should need it no more, but he refused with visible sensibility."

"He has fallen in love with you, that is clear.

Now we can account for many strange things; and for the gift of the stolen parrot among the rest. A ridiculous, and yet terrible and shameful love, truly, between my niece and a robber-captain!"

These words cut deep and painfully into Luitzarde's breast, and she could not retain her tears; but from the open wound arose the pride and the resolution not to deny the unfortunate man, but to remain true to the cause of him who, in the midst of his intractability, was yet susceptible of better feelings.

Mostly silent, and in deep meditation, they arrived at Prague. Count Martinitz attended to his business, and at the same time made secret inquiries about the ring. Luitzarde felt herself closely watched, and not so unrestrained as she had been in the country. This grieved her, as she was guilty of no transgression, not even of a censurable neglect. She had sincerely contended against alluring remembrances; she thought nothing else but to give her hand to Frederic, and be his true and affectionate wife. More he himself requested not, for he could not give more; and the little place, probably wrapt in shadow and mist, which a certain form occupied in her breast, was passed quite openly in her cousin's breast by his collections and specimens of art; she could not think of having committed any wrong.

The history of the count's wonderful delivery from the hands of the robbers, produced a great sensation at Prague. The domestics who did not know the real proceedings, had given confused and incorrect reports of it. Going from one mouth to another, they soon reached the chancellor of the court of justice, whom Ferdinand III. had long since charged to operate with energy against the further progress of the bands of robbers; and to give force to this order, he set a high prize upon the head of Black Fred. He went himself to Count Martinitz, and excusing his liberty with his duty, he begged in the name of his majesty's court of justice and the good cause itself, for certain and correct information. The position in regard to the wonderful matter, in which his niece stood, embarrassed the count to some extent, yet he replied to the chancellor's questions as candidly as he could. He desired to see the ring. Luitzarde turned pale: she fell on her knees before the uncle, and prayed to be spared. A dark foreboding darted through her soul; and she wished to retain for herself that pledge of the most tender regard of the unhappy man. And now into what hands would it fall? But the uncle commanded in his name, and in the name of the public order and tranquillity, which had long enough been disturbed by the misdeeds of the savage robber. Luitzarde could not escape. Silently she gave up the ring. And now, in all

probability, the unfortunate one was betrayed, betrayed by her!

The chancellor, too, declared it to be the coat of arms of the Count of Lansky. He took the ring with him, promising to return it to the count within eight days.

These eight days passed painfully away, and the more Luitzarde's feelings came in contact with justice and older bonds, the more it seemed to kindle into opposition and remorse; and an unhappy and painfully sweet suspicion, which, since the closer acquaintance with the ring, had enticed her into a thousand wonderful imaginations, completed the charm.

But the eight days became ten, and at length fourteen. In the anguish of her heart Luitzarde had ventured to remind her uncle of the ring, but was informed, with gloomy looks, that they were not only justifiable, but in duty bound to make use of every means in their power that might lead to the discovery, and probably to the apprehension of so notorious a felon, and that he was ashamed of the sympathy for such a monster, which appeared to exist in the breast of one of his relations, and bride of his son.

Luitzarde did not reply to these reproaches, and concluded to say nothing more on the subject to her uncle. A bitter sensation took possession of her heart. She weighed in her mind what might have become of Frederic, that elegant being, who studied all the arts and was perfect in none, if relentless fate had thrown him into the wilderness among wicked people—if he had been compelled to defend his life, his liberty, against hostile powers, and if his virtue had been tried among criminal examples? And then she placed the unfortunate and fallen youth, with his strength of body and will, with his talents and his fortitude into the bosom of an affectionate family; she imagined him among respectable people, acquainted with the customs and habits of the nobility, and raised in the practice of virtue and usefulness; she ventured to complete the sketch, if he should really be Victor Lansky, and her first betrothed, and then her sufferings and her tears knew no bounds.

So passed several days. One morning at breakfast her uncle returned the ring, with the words that the chancellor needed it no more. An icy shudder crept over Luitzarde; she took it silently from his hand, whilst she seemed to read horrible forebodings in its colors—the coronelion was Victor's blood, and the diamonds her tears around him. She left the room.

In the evening of the same day, one of her waiting-maids ran into her room with loud exclamations of joy. The report was just spreading

through the streets of Prague that Black Fred was taken captive, and that to-morrow he would be brought into the city in chains and fetters. Luitzarde stood motionless. Twilight prevented the girl from observing her deathly pallor, and the busy chattering of the former permitted Luitzarde to listen speechlessly, or rather to lose herself in painful meditation.

"And I have betrayed him!" she at last exclaimed, in piteous tones, when the waiting-maid had left the room. That he was captured through the ring, that his supposed inclination for her was made the tool for bringing about his destruction, was incontestibly clear to her; and from this moment, since the inexorable law had her share, and the terrible man was no more to be feared, her heart felt a profound, a holy sympathy united with bitter reproaches against herself, and with the consciousness of guilt against him who, though he had done wrong to all the world, had treated her generously.

A restless running to and fro on the street, the conduct of the domestics, convinced her next morning that the intelligence of the waiting-maid was but too true. Captive, loaded with immense chains, every limb of his body bound, and accompanied by troops with guns loaded and cocked, he was a welcome and yet terrible spectacle, led through the streets of the city on a wagon surrounded by guards. All ran to see him, all talked about Black Fred, and all seemed in a conspiracy to break Luitzarde's heart.

"Oh! what a beautiful man he is! What elegant eyes he has!" said one waiting-maid to the other, in the gallery before Luitzarde's door.

"And did you see," said the second, "how wild and terribly he stared upon the ground, and at times shook his chains that the rattling made me shudder."

"Yes, it appeared as if he wished to frighten the people who have run together to see him."

"No," said the second, "I rather believe that the chains worry and pain him not a little; his right hand was bloody—the poor fellow!"

"What! do you feel sympathy for a free-booter?"

"Oh! he is an unfortunate man," replied the other, "and he will now make severe atonement."

Luitzarde's heart was ready to burst; and at this moment, when she would have given half her fortune for an opportunity to weep away a solitary hour, came visitor after visitor, and each repeated the narration of the capture of the dreaded robber, and knew some anecdote about him, invented or true, which almost broke the heart of Luitzarde. (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

## THE OUTLAW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY H. J. BEYERLE, M. D.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 85.

THE trial of the prisoner commenced, and several circumstances relating to his fate, his deeds, and his imprisonment, were discovered, but not through him, for he obstinately refused to confess anything. His companions said that he was raised in the Saxian Mountains by a collier, himself a member of a band of robbers, whom the boy unwillingly called father, and who trained him to a rough and hard life, and to savage deeds. At the age of fourteen he ran away, and enlisted among Swedish soldiers, who were glad to receive the high-minded and bold youth. Undaunted courage and cold resolution made him the favorite of his comrades, over whom he soon gained a kind of supremacy.

By-and-bye he perceived how much he yet wanted to be and to become what others were, who stood splendid before him. He was not dismayed. In leisure hours, when others drank and played, he learned to read and write, and practised military drawing. Soon the commander of the corps noticed him. Fred became under-lieutenant, and in a short time, after a successful expedition which only his mad courage could plan and accomplish, he was made lieutenant. Now a bright path lay before him, and all the powers of his mind were turned toward honor and fame. He desired to rise, to shine, to command, and to darken everything at his side, for he had some clouded recollections of a better condition in his early childhood, than he found in the dirty hut of the collier and among his low-minded comrades. Whoever reminded him of his residence and his life in the mountains, committed a deadly offence against him. He no more called himself Fred, but Victor, as an obscure thought was harbored in his breast that he was at one time known by that name; and he arduously struggled to regain, through talent and courage, that position which, as he believed, belonged to him by birth, and from which he was torn by an unfavorable destiny. But unpliant, bold and proud, he had ever neglected to make himself friends, and trusted alone to his deeds, which were to testify for him. His enviers and enemies took advantage of this; unworthy and younger men were preferred to him because they

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possessed the recommendation of noble birth—which was more valued in the eyes of the world—although he felt certain of having the same recommendation. This grieved him deeply, and filled his breast with feelings of hatred. But at length he was in the act of accomplishing his long-cherished desire, receiving the command, as colonel, of a regiment of the line, when peace was declared, his corps was dissolved, and the greater part of the troops discharged. Now all his hopes for fame and honor were blasted; his former wildness awoke again; necessity, despair, revenge goaded him forward; breadless and masterless comrades gathered around him, and the resolution was formed to avenge himself on society which had neglected him, and destroyed all his plans for honor and lawful possession. Soon the band was collected, and soon he was unanimously declared their leader and captain. The wildest deeds, the boldest projects were his work; but strict order and honesty were maintained among the members of the terrible union. This made it possible for him to accomplish incredible objects, and remove from all plots and all dangers.

At length his presence of mind yielded to the enticing voice of a passion that was stronger than honor, courage, and precaution. He fell into the shrewdly laid trap: he followed a mysterious invitation which seemed to him to come from the woman whom he ardently loved, which love was strengthened by a treasure which, in a happy hour, he himself gave to her as a pledge of his fidelity. In this manner he was taken prisoner, and he cursed the perfidious woman who betrayed him, and felt more painfully than his fetters and the death which awaited him, the faithlessness of her whom alone on earth he truly loved, and from whom alone he had deserved thanks.

No one who related this history wholly or in part in the presence of Luitzarde—for Black Fred was the subject of all conversation—imagined how painfully he touched the heart which, without any real guilt, felt itself so deeply struck. For this reason she avoided society as much as possible; but she could not, without rousing her uncle's ill-temper, refuse to visit his relatives.

At the house of one of these, a worthy old lady, she became acquainted with a priest, whose appearance and silent dignity gained her heart at the first interview. Here, too, the conversation soon turned to the news of the day, the robber captain, and it happened that the priest was *his*, as well as all criminals' confessor, whose heavy duty it was to prepare the felons for death, and lead them on the last road. The priest expressed himself with warm sympathy in regard to his prisoner. He pitied many a fine quality which was here destroyed; he could not refuse his deepest sympathy to the youth. But what troubled him above all was his impenitency, as he could discover no trace of repentance for his enormous offences, could bring him to no confession, and scarcely drew him into conversation; and more than once he was caught in attempts to commit suicide.

"The young man is given to a wild despair," said the priest, during the course of the conversation, "which appears to arise less from fear and punishment, than from an unlimited, offended pride, and from a deep animosity toward a certain individual who must have deceived or betrayed him."

"And did he never intimate anything about this person?" asked Luitzarde, tremblingly.

The divine shrugged his shoulders. "From certain words that fell, it would appear that the offender is a woman; but he cannot be induced to say anything either about this or a general confession."

"Then he will undoubtedly be brought to the rack," said one of the gentlemen present.

Luitzarde's heart stood still, and her face became deathly pale. The divine looked at her unnoticed, but attentively. "That will not be necessary," he said, "for he denies nothing. He permits the judges to say about him what they please: the offences are proved by the testimony of so many accomplices and witnesses, that he cannot and will not be saved. His life is certainly lost. Would that I could succeed in saving his soul!"

Luitzarde looked at the divine long and searchingly. In his features were so much humanity, so much patience and so much heavenly desire, that a determination, which began to arise in her, continued to gain strength. From this moment she took very little part in the conversation, and fastened her whole mind upon one thought.

Next morning she arose early, and saying that she would go to the confessional, went, accompanied by her chamber-maid, to the convent where Father Augustin, whose order and name she was careful to ascertain, resided. She requested the porter to inform him of her presence. The divine appeared immediately. With a contrite heart,

with tears of sorrow and shame, she informed the priest of her fate, the condition of her mind toward the unfortunate one, her former connexion with Victor, the history of the ring, her unintentional guilt toward the prisoner, her fears for the consequences of his despair, and for the eternal death of his soul; and then asked if an open confession from her side, his knowledge of her feelings toward him, and her regret of the unintended evil that was brought about through her, might not melt his stubborn heart, and open an entrance for softer emotions, and probably for a pious thought.

The divine permitted her to finish without interruption, and then he remained for some time in deep meditation. At length he arose and said, "it is possible, my child, that you may be of service: I will think about it. But in the first place keep your project a secret, and do not entertain hasty expectations, for our subject is not a sinner through levity or rashness, but a hardened criminal." He then showed her all possible consequences of her step, and at last requested her to call again in eight days.

Luitzarde was confused, grieved, and full of doubts, when she left the divine; but in spite of the difficulties which seemed to tower up before her, she was still determined to persevere.

The eight days passed, and Luitzarde again appeared before Father Augustin. Through the polite astonishment with which he received her, gleaned a look of silent pleasure; and upon asking whether he had considered her project, and was disposed to give his aid, he replied, "that undoubtedly there is something to be done, and probably something to hope for the repentance of the prisoner; but Luitzarde must herself visit him in the dungeon!"

She was startled. "If there is no other way—I am ready for that, too!" The divine looked at her in amazement. "As soon as you, venerable sir, can promise me secrecy, so that besides you and he no one shall learn anything about this hazardous step, I shall be ready."

"I can do that," replied the divine.

"Then appoint day and hour!"

"How, you will really——"

"It is my settled determination. I will save his soul if I can; I will do this in return for his love, for which I have rewarded him so badly." The features of the divine became brighter when he heard Luitzarde's firm resolution, and the visit was arranged for the third succeeding day.

With the necessary precaution they set out, at the appointed time. The nearer Luitzarde approached the prison, the more she trembled and grieved. The priest prepared her for what she was to find—a deep, dark vault, the prisoner loaded, hand and foot, with chains, lying upon

his hard couch on which the chains meet and are united beneath by an immense lock, which he is in the habit of laying upon the shelf, to procure a little more freedom in his movements or rest in his sleep, and which would often, when he suddenly changed his position, fall down with a great noise, and awaken him—himself pale and debilitated by the close air of the dungeon, gloomy and despairing!

She followed her leader through long, dark passages, along high iron doors and grated windows, from which issued the rattling of chains, or sighs, or the roarings of madness and despair. Now they went down another narrow staircase, the doorkeeper opened a creaking iron door—and they were at the place.

An icy shudder crept over Luitzarde as she looked into the damp, dark abode. The divine advanced toward the prisoner, who lay upon his face and did not arise to look at the visitors, and said, in a mild tone, "you have desired, Fred, that the conscious person should come here, if you are to convince yourself of her innocence. Here she is." With these words he drew back the veil which Luitzarde, in her agony, had forgotten to lift. The prisoner sprang from his couch with a terrible oath, the heavy chains rattling, the lock falling on the floor with a loud noise, and, by its weight, again dragging down the unhappy man.

"Oh, God!" exclaimed Luitzarde, sorrowfully, lifting her hands heavenward.

"Is it you?" cried the prisoner. "You come into this abode of misery and horror?" He looked at her for some time half in anger and half moved. By-and-bye his features again became dark, and with a bitter laugh he said, "do you study new mischief? Will you get still more out of me, to betray me to my tormentors? It is not necessary; I will die; I will not save myself."

The divine wished to reply, as Luitzarde was silent, she being too much affected by what she saw and heard.

"Be silent!" exclaimed the prisoner. "You shall be silent! I have it to do with her!" And now he inveigled in bitter reproaches and raging anger against her falseness; and a passion, now savage and ravenous, now cordial and calm, betrayed itself in these complaints and wishes, and showed Luitzarde the inmost depths of a heart which was entirely devoted to her, and which had long since been too precious in her estimation. She wept wildly. This unarmed him by degrees; and when his rage was spent, she approached him nearer, and said, "and yet I am innocent, Victor, although appearances are against me. Listen to what I have to say!" She then related to him the incident with the robbers, the attention which this adventure excited, and the serious,

inevitable request of the chancellor to see the ring.

He listened to her doubtingly; but in the warmth of the conversation she took a seat by his side on the hard couch, and placed the heavy lock, which had threatened, at each sudden movement, to fall down, upon her knee, to hold it there. "What are you doing?" he cried, confusedly, and offered to take the unaccustomed burden from her. When he stretched out his hand, Luitzarde exclaimed, "my God, you bleed!" The heavy chains had bruised him. Quickly she drew forth her handkerchief and tied it around the wounded hand. Her tears flowed upon it.

"Is it possible?" cried the prisoner; "do you not hate me? Exists there yet one voice in your heart that speaks for me?"

She lifted her head and looked at him kindly through her tears. "I am your friend from my heart, and was such from the first moment that I knew you; and I now tell you candidly that I am innocent!"

"Merciful heaven!" he exclaimed, completely overcome. "Wo! wo! What have I done? I have blasphemed, God can never be merciful to me!" He fell upon his face, and his breast labored in terrible anguish.

Luitzarde laid her hand upon his shoulder. "Victor," she said, deeply moved, "believe me, God is exceedingly kind and forbearing; and if you, a weak, mortal being, can forgive me, by whom you imagine yourself so highly injured, why should the all-merciful Father not pardon his fallen and penitent child?"

Now the divine approached. With all the power of holy faith, with all the knowledge of the human heart, and with all the pathos of his high calling, he addressed the heart of the youth, which was yet susceptible of many a good feeling, and at length he succeeded in breaking down the stubborn sinner. The prisoner arose; Luitzarde saw his face bathed in tears. "And do you believe, do you really believe, reverend father," he said, "that God can yet forgive me?—me, so infamous?"

The priest explained the extent of divine forbearance, and quoted all the passages of the Bible which promised pardon to the penitent sinner. Victor's tears flowed faster. "Oh, Lord!" he at length exclaimed, and fell from his couch upon his knees; "can you forgive me?" At this moment the sun stood over the grating of the prison, and poured a stream of light upon the kneeling one. "You are heard! you are pardoned!" cried Luitzarde, enthusiastically. "The Lord strengthen you, my son," said the divine, laying his hand upon the head of the youth. Luitzarde fell on his breast.

"Ah, this angel in my arms," he exclaimed, "dare I venture to look up to Thee? Oh, my Father, pardon Thy contrite, Thy despairing child!"

A deep, sacred silence solemnized the moment of the return of a fallen sinner to divine mercy. When they all had recovered from their emotion, the priest said to Luitzarde, "now, my dear miss, I will lead you away, for I must speak a few words to you alone." Luitzarde silently consented.

"May I not hope to see you another time before my death?" said the prisoner, respectfully, gazing after Luitzarde, but with visible anxiety. She gave him her hand and wept.

"I shall see you again, Victor! We shall not be separated!" The divine led her away.

Victor's repentance progressed with rapid strides. His rebellious behavior toward his judges vanished; he confessed his crimes; he desired no indulgence; he wished to die. Only one thing appeared to him desirable in this world—the possession of that woman whom he loved above all else, who had again aroused in his heart the first passion of nature; but this, on account of his many crimes, was forever impossible. Under these circumstances, life, poisoned by such horrible recollections, had no charms for him; and he did all in his power to hasten his sentence, and its dark consequences.

Luitzarde, like Victor, had yielded to the remorseless hand of destiny. To her, too, it was clear that he had to die: but she saw in the expiating death of the guilty one a kind of glorification of himself and of her love for him. Her mind was prepared for this event, and only one subject yet depressed her soul: the birth and parentage of Victor. She drew the divine into her secret, and at length, after much consultation, it was concluded that he should write to Count Lansky, send him the ring, communicate the prisoner's recollections of his childhood, and many other suspicions, and then await what the count should say; but Victor was to know nothing of these proceedings beforehand.

A reply was soon received. A father's fears and hopes, a father's joys and sorrows struggled therein. Nothing could yet be decided—there was much to hope, and still more to fear; but the count would come himself to Prague, and in the meantime Father Augustin was to prepare the prisoner for the interview, and examine him still closer. This was done. All that Victor related, all the obscure recollections he could give; the value which the collier's good wife, his foster-mother, placed upon the ring; her secretly impressing upon him its importance—single words which he heard from his foster-parents in the Saxon Mountains—all agreed

with Luitzarde's conjectures; and at length Father Augustin ventured to open to him the probable secrets of his birth and rank.

This effected him with great violence: he raved like a madman. Pride and despair, joy and indescribable sorrow tore his breast, and the thought that, in the last moments of a miserable life, now about to be resigned to the hangman's hands, he may have discovered a splendid birth, a father, a magnanimous lady whose heart beat alone for him, and, in short, all that could make life desirable, and that all this must, in a short time, be lost again—this thought was more powerful than his mind and his physical strength. It prostrated him; he was seized with a raging fever; and the good divine looked, not without a feeling of satisfaction, for the approach of a friendly death, which should spare to the unfortunate one the last terrible scenes and public shame which otherwise awaited him.

At his pressing request, the prisoner was removed to a healthy room, the heavy fetters were exchanged for easier ones, and he received better attendance. His vigorous constitution successfully withstood the fury of the disease, although he became weak as a child; and with his physical strength the ferocity of his spirit departed. When he again revived and his senses returned, he held out his hand as the priest approached, and said, "now I have found it, Father Augustin, I am calm again! Oh, pardon the terror, the grief I have given you!"

"And what did you find, my son?" asked the divine.

"Oh, a thread, venerable father, which shall lead me out of the labyrinth of my despair and destruction!" And now he unfolded, with much force and spirit, the idea that God had led him so wonderfully, and had, at the termination of his career, shown him all the happiness of earth, that he, by a tranquil and willing offering of all that was dearest to man, could pay a small part of his debt, that his repentance on earth might have a more painful beginning, and that his sufferings in another world might be less.

With much joy and emotion, the pious man supported this thought of his charge, and then hastened to Luitzarde to inform her of all that had occurred, and, without desiring it, kindle still brighter the long-nourished flame in her breast, by his warm account of the quiet resignation of the youth, and his good resolution. At this moment the door opened, and a man of middle age, of tall and noble stature, entered the room.

"God of heaven! Count Lansky," cried Luitzarde.

The count was confounded. "You know me, my dear miss, or madam? I do not recollect that I ever——"

Luitzarde blushed deeply; "pardon, count, we expected—we knew——"

"Is my friend Martinitz at home?"

"He went to meet his son, who is expected in a few days. As for the rest, I am the count's niece, and this divine is Father Augustin." The count silently walked up to him, and shook his hand. Then he looked sharply at Luitzarde.

"Tell me candidly, dear miss," he said, "why and how you know me at first sight?"

"If I am to confess the truth—a strange, and unmistakable resemblance——"

"To the robber-captain?" cried the count, vehemently—"oh! must it then be true? Shall I have found my long-bewailed son only to see the shame of my house?"

The divine attempted to soothe the pains of the sufferer, by informing him of the pious resignation of the unhappy prisoner. He listened with deep sorrow, and turning to Luitzarde, said, "and your name, dear miss, is ——?"

"Luitzarde Branow."

"Did I not guess it! Oh, everything must combine to bring me to despair. You are Miss Branow, the daughter of Count Martinitz's sister?"

Luitzarde bowed affirmatively.

"Yes, those are her eyes! So looked Alice; such was her growth. Oh, God! And do you know, dear miss, what had been decreed for you?"

With a deep sigh she answered, "I know it, count—I have known it long since."

"And you abhor him whom the unhappy parents had determined for you? You cannot but hate him."

Now broke forth the tears of Luitzarde. "Oh! I hate him not; I cannot hate him!"

"What do I hear? Is it possible? A criminal: the abhorrence of humanity?"

"Toward me he always behaved magnanimously," said Luitzarde, as she strove to wipe away her tears and collect herself. And then she related all to the count, from the first meeting on the Moldau to her last visit in the dungeon. Count Lansky listened attentively. Gradually his revolting heart dissolved into softer feelings; paternal affection, sympathy and profound sorrow for the excellent traits, which remorseless fate had destroyed, took possession of his breast. At last, with tears in his eyes, he said, "well, if it is to be true that I shall discover my long-lost child in the prisoner, then let us go and see him. A tormenting uncertainty lies heaviest upon the heart, and I do not know for which I shall tremble most—to have no son, or to find him in such circumstances! Take me to him, Father Augustin; and you, noble miss, daughter of the ever-remembered friend of my youth, you will be so kind as to accompany us?"

They went. Father Augustin opened the door

of an arched and well-latticed room, where the visitors met with cleanliness and light.

Luitzarde, with a palpitating heart, remained on the outside of the half-open door, that she might not disturb the effecting scene. The prisoner arose from the table, where he had been reading a religious book, and walked, as far as his chains allowed, toward the divine, and pleasantly and respectfully greeted him. The pallor of his features, and the slowness of his movements testified how much he had suffered, and deeply effected the hearts which favored him. "This gentleman was sent by Count Lansky," said the priest, "to investigate the circumstances of your childhood and your recollections. You are aware how important it is to give a candid and truthful narrative."

Victor bowed silently, and laid his hand upon his breast, which seemed to be filled with deep emotion as he looked at the stranger, and heard the name of his supposed father. The old count, too, examined him with visible confusion, and then began to question him closely, and not without harshness of tone and expression of countenance. The prisoner replied respectfully and mildly. The severity of the old count gradually diminished as his eyes rested longer upon the unhappy prisoner, in whose appearance and behavior nothing base, nothing ignoble could be discovered; but his dismay increased with every proof that the prisoner produced, until it had risen to the most vehement excitement.

"All, all corresponds," he exclaimed, in his agony. "Only one sign remains to decide the ignominy of the magnanimous old count."

Victor turned pale and shrunk back.

"The lost son of the Count of Lansky must have a scar on his forehead, which he received from a heavy fall in the fourth year of his age. Can you show——"

The unfortunate youth startled; with a trembling hand he struck back the raven curls from his forehead, and the scar appeared.

"Lord! it is he! It is my son!" cried the count, vehemently, and deeply moved; and holding both hands before his face, he turned away from the writhing prisoner.

"My father! Oh, my father!" cried Victor, stretching out his arms, but staggering back when he saw the abhorring gestures of his parent.

The divine approached to support him; but at this moment Luitzarde, who had entered during the latter part of the conversation, ran up to Victor, embraced him, and cried, "if your father will reject you, if all the world will despise you, I will remain true—I am your betrothed, your bride!"

The unhappy prisoner looked upon her a moment, wild with gratitude, and then fell fainting

into her arms, and into the arms of Father Augustin. They laid him upon his couch of straw, and exerted themselves to recall his vitality. The old count slowly approached the group; he looked at the pale youth, who wore his features, who was his only son, as he lay apparently dead in the arms of strangers; his heart turned, he rushed toward him, embraced him amid tears, and cried, "yet it is my son, my only, my beloved child! Awake! awake, dear Victor, my son!"

The tones of a father's love excited the torpid spirit of the prisoner. Victor opened his eyes. His father's face, full of love, full of tears, was the first object they met, and, unable to speak, he slipped from the couch to his feet, embraced his knees and bathed them in hot tears.

The count stooped to raise him, and clasped him to the paternal heart. Luitzarde and Father Augustin stood at their side, weeping and praying. It was long before their excited feelings could be allayed, and the painfully happy ones were able to converse about their situation. Victor gave a candid account of his life; only when he came to the period of his lawless mode of living, he begged permission of his father to pass it over in silence, and solemnly declared, that since he saw Luitzarde the first time, his hand had shed no blood, and that the resolution to separate himself from his savage companions, to relinquish his criminal life, and become worthy of his beloved one, had powerfully engaged his mind.

The father listened tremblingly. The thought, if it might not be possible to save the reformed, the only son, awoke within him, and gained strength with every expression of the latter in which his noble nature was reflected. He concluded to go to Vienna, fall at the feet of Ferdinand, and beg his pardon. But Victor rejected the proposal with terror. He would not live; the recollections in his breast were too horrible; and he looked upon death as the only remedy to give satisfaction to the offended justice of God, to the injured civil duties, and to his own feelings. But he prayed his father to exert his influence in procuring for him the rapid and less disgraceful death by the sword of the executioners.

Soon after Count Lansky and Luitzarde arrived at home, the uncle and his son appeared. With much joy and surprise, Martinitz found himself in the presence of the friend of his youth. Disagreeable allusions, the relation of Luitzarde between Frederic and Victor, prostrated hopes, which had been long and justly entertained, and sympathy for the situation of his son, excited old Martinitz first to ill-humor, and eventually to anger; but by-and-bye his better feelings again became victorious. He acknowledged the hand of a higher power, that engaged in unmindful play with the plans and hopes of man; he could

not object to the validity of Luitzarde's first love, which had been the earnest desire of his dying sister; and he could not condemn the power of a passion which had remained true and steadfast from the first moment of recognition through every danger, suspicion, and separation. He yielded to Lansky's representations, spoke himself with Count Frederic, and informed him that now was verified what he had attempted, during their journey, to prepare him to meet. Frederic was brought to the point of despair. His deep sorrow was visible in his movements and in his language, and even in the tone of his voice. He sighed before Luitzarde, and attempted with complaints, arguments, and reproaches, to convince her that the robber-captain, the savage, uncouth youth, who was brought up among rogues and freebooters, and had received no education, would not bear comparison with himself, though he had a hundred times been a Count of Lansky.

At first these representations were exceedingly painful to Luitzarde; but she soon became accustomed to them, and passed them over.

While these incidents were transpiring, Victor's sentence was pronounced, and his execution by the sword decreed for the third succeeding morning. Luitzarde heard it—and her long-sustained spirits gave way. She awoke late from a deep swoon; but aware of the short time she had yet to enjoy with her friend, she gathered all her strength, and begged permission of her uncle to spend, in company with the divine, his last days with the betrothed of her childhood, with the man for whom she had been destined by her glorified mother.

Count Martinitz shook his head, and Frederic opposed it. Victor heard of this resolution with much gratitude, his father embraced Luitzarde with tears, and at length Count Martinitz was persuaded to accompany his niece, and make the acquaintance of the unfortunate son.

With preconceived ill-humor he entered the room of the prisoner, who, according to an established custom, was treated with more kindness since his sentence had been given. He was plainly dressed, and not in accordance with his birth. His significant visage, in which the humility of the penitent sinner was blended with the pride of nobility, his quiet resignation and the solemnity of the misfortune, had their effect upon the count. He heartily embraced the once hated criminal, and assured him of his forgiveness.

Luitzarde, Count Lansky, and Father Augustin spent this and the succeeding day with Victor. Luitzarde supported herself with all her strength, although she had long since felt the effects of the protracted and violent excitement, and was aware of what would take place when the decisive moment would arrive.

On the second evening—it was the evening before the fatal day—after she and the humbled father had taken the last farewell, and Victor, like a dying man, had dismissed them silently, she sank down before his door. She was taken home in a swoon, and remained insensible through the whole terrible night.

Next morning, Father Augustin, with profound sorrow and holy emotion, accompanied the victim on his last and difficult journey. Victor was collected. He did not fear death, which he had often seen on the battle-field and in lawless adventures. He grieved only for the separation from his beloved, and for her misery. Engaged with God and the approaching great moment, he silently walked through the gazing multitude, in which his beauty, his youth, and his visible repentance, awakened words and tears of sympathy. Arrived at the place of execution,

he charged the divine to give his last remembrance to his father and to his beloved one. His eyes were tied with the cloth that Luitzarde had prepared for him, and in a few minutes his soul stood before God.

At this moment Luitzarde awoke from her swoon. “Now it is over!” she cried. “Oh, Victor! take me unto thee!”

Soon Father Augustin arrived. Pale and silently he placed the unfortunate cloth—for so she had desired it—into her hand. Her heart broke—but she suffered yet awhile. Weeks were necessary to sever completely the thread of a blooming and youthful life.

But a few months after Victor’s death, at the hour of the morning when he had died, she calmly expired; and the last word she uttered was the name of Victor Lansky, whom she insisted she had seen hovering around her bed.

## THE PIC-NIC.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

"AND so Emily Saunders is going on our picnic to-morrow," said Mary Howell, with a toss of the head, as she sat gossiping with several of her acquaintances. "Well, for my part, I've a great mind to stay away. A school-teacher is no company for me."

"The next step will be," said one of the group, "that our kitchen girls will be associating with us."

"I wonder who asked her?" inquired another.

"I don't know," replied Mary Howell; "brother Frank told me——"

As she spoke the parlor door opened, and a handsome young man, about five-and-twenty entered, exclaiming, "what is it you have to say about me? Good day, ladies. I heard my name as I passed through the hall, and stepped in to see what treason could be plotting. So many pretty girls cannot get together without mischief."

He laughed as he spoke, and his fair auditors laughed too; for Frank Howell was a general favorite, being as rich, amiable, and talented as he was good-looking.

"We were plotting no treason," replied his sister, "but wondering who had invited Emily Saunders on the pic-nic to-morrow."

"It was a friend of mine," said Frank, promptly.

"Who?"

"Ah! there you must excuse me. All I can say is that, like myself, he is one of the managers, and has full authority to ask whoever he pleases. But what is the objection to Miss Saunders?"

"She's nothing but a school-teacher," retorted his sister, contemptuously.

"Oh! that's it, is it?" said Frank, and there was a bit of sarcasm in his tone, as he proceeded. "A school-teacher is not refined enough for my fine lady of a sister—is too ignorant, I suppose, and can't converse as well as her companions. It is too late, sister mine, to prevent her going, but I can tell my friend the state of the case, and, as he is desperately in love with Miss Saunders, perhaps he won't regret being compelled to monopolize her for himself. Of course none of you, I suppose, will speak to her."

"No, no," said several voices, whose owners did not care to sink in Frank's opinion, and who

saw that he was, in part, the champion of Miss Saunders, "no, no, that would be rude. We will be civil to her certainly."

"But she will not be welcome," said Frank, looking around the circle, "that is plain to perceive. However, ladies, as the invitation has been given, I am glad to see that there is no disposition to insult her. It's rather odd though that, in this republican country, an amiable young lady is shunned by her sex, because the misfortunes of her family have compelled her to teach school for a livelihood."

"That's all very well for a stump orator when he is canvassing to be elected to Congress," replied the sister, "and you, though a physician, have an ambition that way, I suspect. Only don't practise beforehand on us. You wouldn't seriously have your sister intimate with a girl who worked for her living?"

"And why not?" said Frank, his fine eyes flashing. "Is it any more disgrace for a woman to work than for a man? I honor the woman, who supports herself, if poor, far more than the one who becomes a tax on relatives."

"That sounds very grand," said his sister, with a sneer, "but how can a girl, who spends her time in teaching, be either accomplished or refined?"

"Very often," replied Frank, warmly, "they are the most truly accomplished and refined of their sex. Mrs. Judson, once Fanny Forester, was a school-teacher, and who can question her refinement, accomplishments, or worth? Hundreds of others might be named also. The life of idleness in which most wealthy and fashionable ladies indulge, is not, allow me to say, half as well calculated to develop the higher qualities of your sex as teaching school and suffering privation. I doubt if anybody, man or woman, is good for much till they have been proved and strengthened by the trials of life; and the gossiping, dawdling existence of a fine lady offers no such opportunities. My friend, I think, has chosen wisely to select a self-sustained and energetic, yet refined and intelligent woman like Miss Saunders. He will, when he marries, have a wife, not a plaything." And, with these words, he bowed all round, and left the room.

His hearers were in a consternation. Such sentiments they had never before heard urged

so boldly; and many, who courted Frank's good opinion, regretted that they had allowed their antipathy to Miss Saunders to be seen. The conversation accordingly grew tame; one by one the fair gossips dropped off; and, before long, Mary Howell was left alone.

It was just after sunrise, on the following morning, that Emily Saunders stood before the looking-glass, in her small, yet neat little chamber, completing her toilet for the pic-nic. Her dress was a virgin white, and she was placing in her bosom a moss-rose bud, the morning gift of her partner for the day, who was waiting below. A blush was on her cheek, for it was the first token she had ever received from the gentleman in question; and the modest girl, who had never yet acknowledged to herself the preference she felt for him, was in a flutter of surprise and pleasure. Her agitation compelled her to remain longer before her glass than she had intended, but having finally composed her spirits, she tripped lightly down.

All that Frank had said, the day before, in her favor, was more than borne out by the truth. Her father had once been a merchant and considered rich, but the dishonesty of others had ruined him, and soon after he died of a broken heart. The mother was not long in following. In this crisis Emily showed what a heroic woman can do. She resolved to support, by her own exertions, her little brother and herself; and this though some cousins, her nearest relatives, offered her a home. But she knew the tender had been grudgingly made, and her spirit was too high to accept unwilling charity. Accordingly having heard that the school at Chesnut Village was vacant, she had applied for the situation, received it, and removed from the city.

Though most of her friends, moved by narrow prejudices, deserted her, there was one who did not. This, strange to say, was a gentleman. He had known her, when she was a courted heiress, and when he, a comparative stranger in the city, where he was pursuing his studies, had been a guest courteously welcomed at her father's house. He was now a successful young physician, the idol of every circle in which he moved; but he did not forget his old acquaintance. In fact the dignity and courage with which she met misfortune exalted her infinitely in his estimation. He visited her before she left the city, and, as an old friend, solicited the pleasure of occasionally writing to her, a request which she could not, or did not refuse.

In reality, though there was nothing of love in these letters, they soon became infinitely dear to Emily's heart. The noble frankness with which her father's old acquaintance stood by her, when every one else selfishly neglected her, touched

her inexpressibly; and, before she even suspected her danger, she was deeply in love. The idea of his marrying her was dismissed at once, when she came to discover her weakness. Many a bitter tear that discovery taught her.

But within a few days her heart had been filled with strange hopes. Her correspondent had come down to Chesnut Village on a visit, had called on her, and had given her an invitation to the picnic projected for the first of June. And now, on this morning, he had brought a moss-rose bud, fresh with dew, and sent it up to her, while he waited below. He was, she knew, too sincere to deceive her, and surely he was aware of the meaning of the sweet token. What wonder that she blushed and was embarrassed, when, on entering the little parlor, her visitor rose with a smile, which was succeeded by a grateful glance from his fine eyes, as he saw the appropriation she had made of his gift.

He came forward with an enthusiasm unusual to him, and taking both her hands in his, said,

"You look like an angel, Emily."

He had never spoken, in this way, before; and Emily, confused and agitated as she was, stole a glance at his face, to see if he could be in earnest. There was no doubting the meaning of that look. Love, devoted love shone out of those fine eyes, from the very soul of the speaker.

"Yes," he continued, stealing his right arm around that slender waist, while Emily, trembling with happiness and surprise, was fain to lean on him for support, "yes, dearest, you look like an angel, and are one; and if you can stoop from your height to love one so little worthy of it as me, what bliss will be mine. I have loved you almost since I first began to write to you, but would not impose on your generous permission to correspond, to reveal my sentiments. I had asked to write to you simply as a friend; and to have written as a lover would have been a breach of my implied promise. So, as I could not endure suspense any longer—as every letter I received from you exhibited more of your rare qualities of head and heart, I came down here to know my fate. You are silent. Am I then to despair?"

In fact, though Emily had, at first, leaned on him for support, she had, recovering her strength as he proceeded, raised her head from his shoulder, and, with his last words, had even glided from his embrace. But the tone of deep sadness with which he concluded moved her to pity. She laid her hand on his arm, and looking up smiling into his face, said,

"Frank!"

It was enough. Frank Howell, for it was he himself, as the reader has perhaps suspected all along, Frank Howell, we say, saw sufficient in

those eyes and in that smile to assure him that he need not despair; and putting his arm around her again, he not only drew her toward him, but kissed her, though reverently as a brother would kiss a long-lost and recovered sister.

Suddenly the old widow, with whom Emily boarded, looked into the parlor to announce that the coffee was ready.

"I thought Miss Emily ought to have a bite, sir, before she set out," said the old lady.

"Thank you," said Frank, "it was very considerate, you take good care of this dear creature, I see," he hardly knew what he said, and was continually on the point of betraying himself. "Your coffee is very fine. Do finish your cup, dearest," this was said to Emily, who blushed, and reproached him with her eyes. "But now we must be off. I declare it is striking six o'clock, and we shall be the last on the ground."

The widow saw them depart, and then stepped into her next door neighbor, where, to the wonder of all, she retailed the lover-like expressions of Frank, winding up by declaring that "he was going to marry her dear Miss Emily—she was sure of it—and certainly a sweeter wife he could not get, nor one more worthy of him, rich and handsome though he was." The neighbor hurried, in turn, to tell her acquaintances; and thus, before night, all the village heard that Dr. Frank Howell was going to marry the school mistress. Meantime the pic-nic went merrily off. On their way to the fine old woods, in which the party met, Frank told Emily that he wished to keep their engagement secret till the ensuing day. "You will meet my sister here, and I wish her to see and know you, before she hears of our being affianced. It will embarrass you too much to have the announcement to-day."

"Yes, yes, dear Frank, wait till to-morrow. You'll spoil the day's pleasure if you tell all."

The decided language of Frank, on the preceding afternoon, had created a reaction in Emily's favor. The sensible portion of his hearers, on reflection, had seen the folly of their prejudice; and even his sister, who was an excellent creature in the main, though a little spoiled by flattery and fashion, was sorry for having expressed herself so decidedly. When all the gentlemen but Frank had arrived, it became evident that he had meant himself, when he spoke of a friend;

and there was no little consternation among some of the fair guests. His sister, at first, was annoyed to find that Frank, on his own confession, was more than half in love with a school-teacher; but as she loved Frank dearly and valued his judgment highly, she always came round in the end to his opinion, and, on this occasion, did not depart from her general rule. In short, by the time Frank arrived, Mary was prepared to be not only civil to Emily, but to like her if possible.

We need not say that Mary did like Emily. No one could help liking the sweet girl, unless prejudice closed the eye of reason. Before the day was half over, Frank had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing his sister and betrothed walking, with their arms around each other, Mary evidently charmed with her new acquaintance.

It was a happy, happy day. The spot had been judiciously selected, in an open bit of forest land, through which a lucid stream, fresh from the neighboring hills, wound in and out between borders of verdant turf. The company soon broke up into pairs, some wandering off alone, some sitting by the brook, and others grouped in little bands here and there. When the dinner hour came, all gathered together again, and while the ladies sat on the grass, and were served, the gentlemen unloaded the hamper, or leaned on their elbows helping their fair partners.

That evening Mary Howell, when she reached home, heard of her brother's engagement; and to the surprise of the narrator, who had expected to see her quite indignant, answered,

"Frank has a right to choose for himself. He and I are alone in the world, so there are no parents to please, and as for me I have met Miss Saunders to-day, and already love her as a sister. She is worth a score of the mere butterflies of fashion, with whom, I say it with shame, I have consorted too much. But I will make her my model hereafter, and try to be more worthy of the esteem of the good."

And she kept her word. When Frank carried his beautiful bride to the city, Mary accompanied them; and soon, with such a bright example of womanhood before her, became cured of her faults. In turn she married a rising young lawyer, and is now, with her sister-in-law, one of the leaders in the most refined set of the metropolis.

# THE RIVALS.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

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## THE RIVALS.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

It was a lovely afternoon, in early summer, nearly two centuries ago, when four persons were seen coming down the terrace of Dudley Park. The foremost was a lady, apparently about twenty, and one of the loveliest of her sex. Her person was tall and aristocratic; her complexion brilliant; and the contour of her neck, shoulders, and bust such as would have dazzled a sculptor. Her hair was dressed in front, in short crisp curls, while behind it was left to float in waving tresses, after the fashion of the day. She wore a dress of white satin, whose silvery folds glistened in the sun, with every graceful step.

Her three companions were all evidently suitors; but never were three lovers more dissimilar. The one on her right was a large, puffy man, magnificently attired, whose stout cane was not merely carried for show, but also to assist his unwieldy limbs. An air of inexpressible self-importance marked his every look and movement. He was, in fact, the wealthiest as well as highest in rank of the three suitors; and he was resolved that, though others might forget it, he at least would not.

On the other side walked two gentlemen, first one and then another in advance, as accident, or the whim of their mistress placed them. The elder of these, a stern-looking man of thirty, was Sir George Mowbray; the other, and younger, was at once the poorest and plainest of the three, being but the simple lord of a neighboring manor. What Howard Dudley wanted in wealth, however, he made up in the graces of person and mind. Yet neither of the other suitors regarded him as a very serious rival, notwithstanding his beauty, for as he was a distant relative of the fair Isabel, they persisted in considering her intimacy with him as only that of a cousin.

It must be acknowledged that there was a bit of the coquette in the Lady Isabel. It sparkled

in her roguish eyes, played around the corners of her mischievous mouth, and laughed merrily in her musical voice as she chatted now with one suitor, now with another. It would have awakened your admiration to have seen how adroitly she divided her favors: and indeed, in no other way, could she have kept the peace between her jealous lovers.

"Pray, my lord earl," she said, turning to the suitor on her right, "can your park of Lincoln be as fine as this? I have heard so much of it, that I would fain have a true report thereof, from your own august lips."

As she spoke she darted a mischievous glance at her cousin, who replied to it by a smile as significant. The gouty old earl did not, however, see the irony of the remark, but answered pompously, bowing low on his cane.

"It would scarce be possible to find a park so lovely as that of your honored father, Lady Isabel. Such trim walks, such sheets of water, such noble terraces, such urns and statuary could only be arranged by one who combined the taste and wealth of Lord Dudley: but nevertheless my own poor park and garden is not entirely unworthy to be presented to the notice of beauty. Yet I trust that, at no distant day, the Lady Isabel will allow me to give her a right to alter and improve it, wherever she thinks necessary."

Sir George Mowbray, who walked behind, at these words carried his hand to his sword, and frowned significantly. Dudley bit his lip. The Lady Isabel colored, and in her embarrassment, suddenly dropped her fan.

At once the whole three suitors sprang forward to pick it up. With her hand, however, she put back the two on her left. Sir George, finding himself hopelessly behind, glowered furiously, but submitted. Dudley, with his hand on his heart, looked an expostulation, but received a merry

shake of the head in reply. The old earl, thus left in sole possession of the field, placed his cane firmly in front, threw his bulky limbs wide apart, and carefully bending forward slowly inclined his head at a sufficient angle to recover the lost fan. The Lady Isabel, it must be confessed, had great difficulty in keeping her countenance during this proceeding. Nor could she entirely suppress a mischievous twinkle of the eye, when the gouty nobleman, inclining his head low before her, returned her the fan in a speech as grandiloquent as it was fulsome.

Fearful, however, that he might suspect her of disrespect, and not wishing to pain his feelings, she answered his address graciously; so graciously indeed that Sir George frowned deeper than ever, and Dudley bit his lip again in a fit of incipient jealousy.

Was it whim, or pique, or a combination of both that induced the Lady Isabel, on seeing that she had offended her two other lovers, to continue her affability to the earl? At any rate, during the rest of the walk, she smiled on him so sweetly that he considered his suit settled, and on their return to the hall, sat immediately down and wrote to his lawyers in London to begin to draw up settlements.

This marked preference of the nobleman threw both the other suitors into a rage; but Dudley was, perhaps, even more angry than the knight. In truth the Lady Isabel was more sincerely loved by her cousin than by either of the others: and he felt her neglect consequently most keenly, especially as he knew that, in fortune, he was far behind either of his rivals. Certain relenting moods of hers, had led him partially to believe, though perhaps without her intending it, that he was dear to her, after all; and with this sweet hope he lingered on at Dudley Hall, unwilling to tear himself away, yet afraid as yet to trust everything "to the hazard of a die," by declaring explicitly his passion.

But, on this day, jealousy brought things to the crisis, so long wished for, yet so much dreaded. After having, with her two other guests, parted from the Lady Isabel at the foot of the great staircase, Dudley unexpectedly came upon her, some minutes after, in an out of the way corridor.

He was moody and ill-humored, and would have passed with a cold bow, but his cousin, who already half repented her conduct, stopped him.

"Whither away?" she cried, gaily. "Are you so uncourteous as not to linger, when a fair lady wills it?" she continued, seeing that he still advanced. "Sir knight, I lay my commands on you to stop, for I have a fancy to talk with you withal."

"I am no knight, but a simple gentleman, as you know right well," rudely replied Dudley.

"A simple gentleman, who can trace his blood, unpolluted, back to the Conquest however, which is more than your upstart nobleman can do, who have won their title, not by feats of arms, but by cringing at court."

The Lady Isabel stared in affected surprise. She knew well enough what he meant, but she had a spirit as high as his own, and she began to resent his petulance.

"Alack, cousin mine," she said, "has wine turned your head, that you bluster in this way? I did not think gentlemen," and she emphasized the term, "drank at this early hour."

Stung by her sarcasm, Dudley stamped his foot on the floor, and muttered between his teeth what, but for her presence, would have been an audible oath.

The Lady Isabel had scarcely spoken, however, when she repented of her words: and now, to lessen their severity, said,

"But seriously, Dudley, what is the matter with you? Believe me, you have no cause to be angry with any of us——"

Her lover did not suffer her to proceed, but impatiently interrupted her, exclaimed haughtily,

"I said not, fair lady, that I had a right to be offended. The heiress of Dudley Hall owes explanation to no man, for any whim she may take; for the world absolves one so rich, beautiful and courted from the common duty of caring for others feelings." He spoke sarcastically, and continued. "She may encourage to-day, and rebuff to-morrow, yet the sufferer has no right to complain. Oh! no. She will tell him there is no reason in his anger, and the world will sustain her in what she asserts."

The Lady Isabel blushed crimson, and cast her eyes down abashed. She felt acutely what her cousin said; and it pained her inexpressibly. Believing Dudley to be unjust, she could not conciliate him further, however, but remained proudly silent. Her cousin waited a moment for her to reply, but finding she made no answer, continued with increasing irritation,

"There is one at least, proud lady, who will not be longer made the plaything of a coquette's whim. There is one, who is already ashamed of the boy's part he has played, and who has resolved no longer to dance attendance where he furnishes only a laughing stock." He drew himself proudly up as he spoke. "He once fondly believed that hearts were more valuable than gold or rank; nay! he sometimes hoped that the Lady Isabel thought like him: but the dream is dissipated, and as he has neither an earldom to offer her, nor will stoop to win one by becoming a monarch's lacquey, he will take his farewell forever."

There was much in this haughty speech to offend the Lady Isabel, but much also to appeal to

her heart. For a moment there rose a struggle, in her bosom, between two opposing sentiments. A single kind look from Dudley would have turned the scale in his favor. In fact she glanced up, in hope to see some signs of relenting, but receiving only a haughty gaze, she colored with offended dignity.

"As he pleases, sir," she answered. "You talk hypothetically, as if of some one else, but let it be as *you* please also." And she bowed coldly.

This disdain completed the madness and despair of Dudley. Giving his cousin a withering look, and muttering the word "heartless," he turned rapidly away and fairly rushed down the corridor.

The Lady Isabel saw him depart thus, with mingled emotions. In her secret heart she loved her gallant, accomplished, and handsome cousin better, a thousand times, than she had ever yet been willing to confess even to herself. His comparative poverty had never presented itself to her as any impediment to their marriage; for she knew that she was heiress, in her own right, of enough for both. But unfortunately her cousin had never confessed his interest in her, and the Lady Isabel, aware that looks were not always serious, hesitated what to think. Had Dudley—but frankly offered himself, she would as frankly have accepted him; but not knowing the causes of his hesitation, she was often puzzled at his conduct, and half inclined, notwithstanding his attentions, to doubt whether he really loved her. Meantime, she could not, consistent with maiden propriety, tender him her hand. Meantime also she jested gaily with other lovers; but much of her coquetry, it should be stated in justice to her, was produced by vexation at his behavior.

His angry reproaches, on the present occasion, revealed to her more of the causes of his hesitancy, than all his former conduct. She now comprehended that distrust of himself, arising from his want of rank and wealth, which had withheld him from an open declaration of his passion, until jealousy drove him into the confession. But for his cruel reproaches, which she felt to be undeserved, she would have, then and there, corrected his error, avowed her preference, and besought his forgiveness for having, even unintentionally, pained him. But his vehement accusations deeply offended her. She was conscious, for a few moments, only of the wrong he did her; and hence suffered him to depart as we have seen.

But no sooner had the door closed behind him, at the end of the corridor; no sooner was she alone, than a change came over her feelings. She regretted poignantly her harshness. She feared, from her knowledge of Dudley's high spirit, that she would never more see him. And, with this

thought, so full of anguish, she became conscious, for the first time, how passionately she adored her cousin. Love whispered to her to fly after him, in order to recall him to her side; and she actually made a few steps in the direction he had taken: but the pride of her sex interposed, and with a blush at her own weakness, she turned about, and haughtily sought her chamber. But alas! it was not to find peace. The conflict, which the corridor had witnessed, was there renewed; and between tears of regret and words of censure on Dudley, she passed the afternoon.

Meantime let us follow her cousin. On closing the door which shut him out from the Lady Isabel's sight, he gave full vent to the feelings of rage, which pride had, in her presence, partially concealed under the mask of scorn. "Haughty—heartless—mercenary," were some of his expressions: "a weak worshipper of rank—oh! Lady Isabel, Lady Isabel, that ever I should think so meanly of you." And then, as other feelings crossed his agitated soul, he muttered, "fool that I have been—she never loved me—I am only another of her victims—my tortures are a part of her pleasure—but, as I am a Dudley," and he ground his teeth hard, "she shall not amuse herself long with them, for, as soon as the moon rises, and I can depart without being seen, I will leave this hated place forever, nor shall any one know where I go. There are lands beyond the sea, where it is always, as I have heard, war with Spain, and thither will I hie to win the death that is now welcome to me."

In this mood he left the hall and sought the wooded recesses of the park, for he cared neither to see nor to converse with human beings. Wandering gloomily along he was suddenly aroused from his reveries, by finding himself, in a narrow path, face to face with his rival, the earl of Lincoln.

The countenance of the latter was in striking contrast with that of Dudley. Self-satisfaction glowed on every lineament of that round, sensual face. As he bowed to Dudley, there was visible in his smile, in addition to the ordinary superciliousness of his lordship, an evident air of pity, which chafed the young man inexpressibly. Accordingly Dudley returned the bow with a haughty look of defiance, barely nodding. The nobleman frowned, but said nothing, and passed on. Scarcely, however, had he gone a pace before he stumbled, in the gathering twilight, over a root, and unable to recover himself, fell with all his bulky length sprawling to the earth. Dudley, turning at the sound, was just in the mood to rejoice at this mishap of his rival, and gave utterance in a short, mocking laugh, as the unwieldy nobleman, puffing, and very red in the face, struggled to his feet.

The earl had heard the laugh of Dudley. Nothing could have angered him more. No sooner had he regained his upright position, than he advanced on the offender, foaming with rage, his hand on his sword.

"Sir," he said, "what do you mean? Did you dare, dare, I say," he continued, stuttering with anger, "to laugh at me?"

Dudley, ever since his interview with the Lady Isabel, had been wishing for some one on whom to vent his rage; and he secretly rejoiced at the fortune which had now presented to him, the very person of all others he would have chosen. With provoking coldness, he replied,

"I laugh when I like, my lord; and I laugh at whom I please. In fact I dare laugh even at your excellency."

The contemptuous tone in which this was spoken left the earl no room for retraction, even if he had desired it. But though not over fond of sword play, indeed even accused in whispers of being a coward, he was too enraged to think of anything but punishing his adversary. He dropped his cane and drew his rapier at once.

"Upstart," he said, "you shall suffer for this insolence. I owe you a double debt. You have dared to presume on paying certain attentions to my future bride, the Lady Isabel, for which I would have punished you long ago if I had not despised your youth and your mean condition. But now I cast away my scruples. Draw, sir!"

He said this angrily and imperatively, for, Dudley, instead of unsheathing when the earl did, had stood, with folded arms, smiling scornfully throughout this harangue. But now he spoke out.

"Upstart—say you?" were his words. "By St. George, sir earl, I wonder who is upstart, I, who trace my lineage beyond the Conqueror, or you, whose ancestors, a century ago, were butchers in Lincolnshire. Presumption for me to aspire to the Lady Isabel's hand! By the saints, if your muddy blood ever mingles with hers, I, as a Dudley, will disown the name."

So enraged was the earl at these taunts, that, forgetting all honor, he made a pass at his antagonist even before Dudley's last sentence was completed. The young man, however, evaded the lunge by leaping aside, and in an instant his own blade was out, and the swords rattling as they crossed.

The earl, whatever his merits as a man of courage, was a skilful hand at fence, and, as Dudley soon found, decidedly his superior in this respect. It required all the youth and agility of the latter, indeed, to place them on an equality.

For some time there was no advantage on either side. At last, by a quick thrust, Dudley succeeded in wounding the earl in the arm.

This served to spur the unwieldy nobleman into an activity beyond his years, and the result was, after a few rapid passes, that the blade of the nobleman retaliated on the body of Dudley. The blood gushed out in streams immediately as if life would soon follow; and the earl believed his victory secure. But he was terribly mistaken. Goaded to superhuman power by the thrust, Dudley returned the pass, his sword entering the body of his antagonist in turn. Both combatants, the next moment, fell to the earth: while from Dudley's side a torrent of blood poured forth.

But the events of the day were not yet over, for suddenly a shriek rang through the wood, and immediately the Lady Isabel rushed forward. Her presence at this opportune moment is easily explained. Wearied out by weeping, and fearful that Dudley would depart without her being able to see him, she had summoned her maid and come out into the park, partly to recover her spirits, partly in the hope of meeting her cousin. At a distance she had caught sight of Dudley, and, after some hesitation, conquering her pride, had made a circuit, with the intention to encounter him. But, ere she reached the point where she expected, at a cross-path, to meet him, she heard loud voices in altercation, one of which she recognized as his; and immediately after the rattling of swords. With pale cheeks and trembling steps she had hurried forward, arriving, as we have seen, at the place of conflict, just as Dudley sank apparently dying to the earth.

At that terrible sight all feelings of anger, as well as everything like maidenly reserve fled from her; and the heart spoke in its own natural language. She flung herself on her knees, by the body of her cousin, kissing the insensible cheek, as she exclaimed,

"Oh! Dudley, Dudley, I have murdered you—I see it all—you fought because in my pique I made you jealous—and now, now you are dead."

The maid, who had by this time reached the spot, interrupted these passionate adjurations.

"God preserve us, my lady, don't go on so," she said. "Perhaps he is not dead after all, but only sorely wounded. Let us take our kerchiefs and staunch the wound."

It seemed as if these words had suddenly transformed the Lady Isabel, from the weak and lamenting woman, to one courageous, and ready to act wisely as well as promptly.

"You say well," she said. "Let us hope—see, he breathes—run and fetch some water—there is a spring, you know, just beyond that ancient oak—I will seek his wound and staunch the flow of blood, for which leave me your kerchief before you go." And kneeling down, as the maid hurried away, the proud and beautiful

heirress began, amid fast falling tears, to search for the wound.

While thus engaged she was unconscious that the earl, of whom she had never once thought, raised himself on his elbow where he fell, and after a look around, as if to collect the facts, which had fled from his scattered senses, suddenly brought himself of the wound which he had received. He clapped his hand to his side, but, to his astonishment, there flowed no blood. He stared at the place where the wound ought to be, and seeing only a hole in his doublet, felt his huge paunch to ascertain if all was right. He then, as if still doubting, rose to his feet and shook himself. But at last he became convinced that he was really only slightly hurt. In fact his mass of flesh had protected the vital parts, and his momentary consciousness had been the result of fright, not of serious injury.

As this began to break upon him, his excellency saw that he was in a superlatively ridiculous position. Nor was this the only thing that suggested to him the wisdom of an early flight. The glad look of the Lady Isabel, as he watched her successfully staunching the blood of Dudley, convinced him that she loved her cousin, and not himself. He gave a scowl at the kneeling fair one, picked up his rapier and cane quietly, and stole off unperceived.

Meantime the Lady Isabel, to her inexpressible joy, not only discovered the wound, but easily succeeded in checking the flow of blood. Her wild gratitude and love expressed itself in kisses showered on the inanimate cheek of Dudley.

What wonder that, under these fervid kisses, the wounded man revived, even before the maid could arrive with the water. Opening his eyes, he detected the Lady Isabel—she whom he thought hopelessly lost to him—impressing her lips on his own. Amazement filled every feature of his face. For an instant, the fair offender, blushing crimson, drew back; but immediately, with a noble impulse, she flung herself on him, exclaiming,

"Oh! Dudley, can you forgive me? I love you, you only. If you ask it, I will never smile on another of your sex, but be your true and faithful wife till death shall separate us."

Was he dreaming? Had he died, and was this heaven? Or was it in truth a sweet reality? Such were the thoughts that flashed through the half collected faculties of Dudley, as he feebly returned his cousin's embrace. But her dear

words and dearer kisses soon assured him of the blissful fact that she was indeed all his own, and that the sufferings of the past, with the misunderstandings that occasioned them, were no longer to exist. When the maid returned, the Lady Isabel said blushing,

"He is better, you see—Mr. Dudley, I mean—so haste to the house and have a litter sent—the wound is severe, but I think not dangerous—now, on your life, haste."

The maid prepared to go, but suddenly stopped.

"Goodness me, where is the earl?" she exclaimed. "Surely I saw him lying there. I saw Mr. Dudley, too, run him through. At any rate he is gone," she continued, after looking at the spot where he had lain, "cane, rapier and all, and not a drop of blood left behind. The poor gentleman, I always thought, was a coward. Marry, I'll venture my life on it, he fell from sheer fright when he felt the cold steel cutting his fat paunch." And, with a laugh, away she tripped.

We have nothing more to tell, which the reader cannot guess. The earl left Dudley Hall, that very evening, while the surgeons were pronouncing the wound of our hero severe, but not perilous. The story of his lordship's cowardice had been set afloat already by the maid; and the servants, who all adored Dudley as they despised his lordship, could not resist jeering as the lumbering coach drove off with its bulky burden. Sir George, the other suitor, had the good taste to depart at daybreak the next morning.

Lord Dudley gave his free consent to the match between his only child and our hero, declaring that, though he might have wished for more wealth in a suitor, he was content to see his daughter happy. The young couple were accordingly united as soon as Dudley had fully recovered from his wound. And so well pleased was the baron with his son-in-law that, in the end, he procured a new patent, by which the title, that otherwise would have become extinct, was settled on our hero and his heirs general, and not, as before, in what we lawyers call tail-mail.

And did the Lady Isabel ever flirt again, asks some fair reader. Not once, we reply. A better wife never lived, or one more truly loved; and that is saying a great deal. We only hope the reader may be as happy as she was.

## THE TWO OFFERS.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"AND did he really offer himself?"

These were the words addressed by Susan Grahame to her friend Esther Irvine, after a long, confidential communication of the latter.

"In the very words I tell you."

"And you refused him?"

"To be sure." The speaker said this with a contemptuous toss of the head, and all the importance of a young lady still in her teens, who has rejected a first offer.

"Oh! how could you? He is so handsome, so clever, so intelligent; and then he loved you so dearly!"

Esther Irvine curled her lip as she replied,

"He is nothing but a mechanic, you know, and though good enough to flirt with, one couldn't marry him. Nothing but a professional man will satisfy me."

Susan Grahame looked at her with reproving eyes.

"Oh! Esther," she said, "so young and so heartless. You encouraged Henry Cochrane, you know you did; indeed I felt certain you loved him: and now, after all, you have cruelly rejected him, because he don't happen to be a doctor or lawyer. Shame on you!"

Susan spoke with spirit, for she felt keenly for Henry. In truth she had long been in love with him herself; but, fancying he was beloved by her more elegant friend, she had never dared to hope. The wrong done to him seemed, therefore, like a wrong done to herself; and hence the warmth with which she spoke.

But, it must be confessed, she felt, while thus censuring her companion, a secret thrill of joy at Esther's conduct. Henry thus rejected, might yet be hers. She colored, with delight, at the thought, and secretly pardoned her friend for her cruelty and indifference.

Meantime Esther, half angry at being blamed so decidedly, replied,

"I thank my stars, Sue, that I am a matter-of-fact young lady, and not a sentimental miss like yourself. A pair of dark eyes or a plausible tongue are not sufficient to entrap my heart. When I marry I wish to be somebody. Now a mechanic's wife—what is she? Who courts her acquaintance? She is never asked into the first society; if tolerated in second rate, she is *only* tolerated; and even the minister's wife never calls on her till she has called on everybody

else. With a lawyer's, or physician's wife it is different. *They* are company for anybody, as you know. A mechanic's wife, too, is never more than a mechanic's wife; while the wife of a doctor or lawyer may be the wife of a member of Congress, or a Judge, if her husband goes into politics. At least *ma* says so."

Susan looked at her companion in amazement. Though scarcely as old as Esther, she was far more matured in mind; besides she had not a worldly mother to pervert her natural goodness of heart: and she could not comprehend, therefore, how her friend could reject any suitor so worthy of love as Henry, especially for such selfish reasons.

"Mechanics," she replied, "are almost as likely, in this country, to become members of Congress as lawyers. But that is, after all, little to the purpose. We don't marry men because they are ambitious, or even distinguished; but because of their good qualities. Mother has always said that solid worth in a husband makes the wife happier than showy accomplishments."

"Oh! well I won't argue with you," said Esther, pertly. "If you want Henry, you may have him yourself; but I shall marry nobody, I assure you, unless he is a professional man." And there they parted.

Meanwhile time passed. The rejected lover, finding Esther inexorable, and knowing how intimate Susan had been with her, found a sad pleasure in talking to the latter of her friend whenever they met. Gradually he thus fell into the habit of calling at Susan's home. It was a relief to him, when he could not see or talk of Esther, to be with her confident. In time, and before he was aware of it, as often happens under similar circumstances, the affection which he had felt for the former became transferred to the latter. Susan was such a dutiful daughter, was so accomplished in all that a woman ought to know, and possessed so many pretty household ways, that Henry insensibly began to wonder at himself for not having before noticed her great superiority to her sex in general. He now went more frequently to Mr. Grahame's. With every visit, too, his admiration for Susan increased. At last the society of this sweet girl became indispensable to him, and when he heard a rumor that she was engaged—a false one, it proved—he was nearly beside himself; for now he first

discovered how madly he loved her. He could not rest till he had offered her his hand: and what bliss was his when she tearfully accepted it.

Thus, in less than a year after his rejection by Esther Irvine, he was the affianced husband of Susan Grahame. Nor was the marriage long delayed. Henry was already in excellent business as a master carpenter, and fully competent to support a wife comfortably, though not extravagantly. Both Mr. and Mrs. Grahame were sensible people, who knew that "a little where love is," was better than "much where love is wanting," and so they placed no impediments in the way of the match.

When Esther heard of the engagement she sneered, and said sarcastically, "what, going to marry a mechanic? Well, after all, it is good enough for Sue, who, it must be owned, is not very pretty. I wonder if they intend to keep a servant. I suppose not. The poor creature will have, no doubt, to wash, iron; bake, whitewash, and perhaps take in sewing, to help make both ends meet. Really I pity her."

Of course this was not said to Susan, but to others; and fortunately it never reached the ears of the bride. Susan, however, knowing Esther's avowed contempt for mechanics, did not invite her to be a bridesmaid, as she would have wished to do.

The newly married pair were soon settled in a nice house, which Henry had built, and which was situated in the midst of a pretty garden blooming with roses and honeysuckles. The prognostications of Esther, as to Susan being made a drudge, did not come to pass. If anything the bride had too little to do, the kindness of her husband supplying her with a most efficient servant.

It was about this time that Esther became acquainted with Algernon Warwick, a young physician who had just received his diploma, and who was equally handsome and dissipated. But of his bad habits Esther cared not to inquire. She was fascinated with what she called his aristocratic manner, his city air, and his fashionable attire. He was devoted to her; was said to be rich; and, to crown all, he was a professional man.

On his part the young M. D. was delighted at having produced so favorable an impression on the belle of the place. The Irvines bore the reputation of being wealthy, for they lived in great style; and Esther was an only daughter.

"The old chap will come down handsomely, I suppose, if I marry the girl," soliloquized Algernon. "I'm deucedly in want of funds; my little fortune is well nigh gone; and as I must marry somebody to get my purse filled again, I may as well marry this charming creature."

The result was that, after a winter's courtship,

during which the young physician attended Esther to all the balls and sleighing parties of the neighborhood, he proposed in due form for her, and was accepted. Parents and daughter, were equally delighted with the match. Both parties to the marriage were about to be deceived alike, but as yet neither knew this; and all was bright and gay. Esther fancied she was to have a rich husband, Algernon believed he was to marry an heiress. The display made by each had completely taken in the other.

They were married. The dresses prepared for the bride were the talk of the entire town.

"Such edgings, such elegant linen, such silks, oh! you never saw such a wardrobe," said a mutual acquaintance, detailing the news to Susan. "Its almost good enough for a princess."

"I hope she may be happy," replied Susan. "She has my best wishes."

But was she happy? The first jar to the matrimonial felicity was when her fortune-hunting husband discovered that, instead of marrying an heiress, he had united himself to a woman who would probably be penniless, since her parents lived up to their income, which was derived entirely from trade. He could not conceal his chagrin; and Esther, undeceived as to his motives in marrying her, reproached him bitterly. A shameful scene ensued. It ended in the husband going out with an oath, and in Esther falling into hysterics.

Many such quarrels followed. Both of this ill-matched pair were extravagant, and they were soon consequently involved in debt. Twice Mr. Irvine, though reluctantly, discharged their obligations; but on the third offence he positively refused to interfere; and the result was that the sheriff sold them out.

Poverty did not sweeten the tempers of either, and their altercations increased in frequency. What little practice her husband had obtained, left him almost entirely after his extravagance became exposed; and he accused his wife, in consequence, of having been the cause, through her reckless expenditure, of his ruin. Esther retorted. Frequently, in these quarrels, their voices rose so high that persons in adjoining rooms, for the unhappy pair were boarding, heard their mutual reproaches.

At last, hunted down by his creditors, and enraged at his wife, Algernon suddenly disappeared from the town, and has never since been heard of, though, it is said, a person somewhat resembling him is figuring at San Francisco. Esther has returned to her father's house, where she lives, a broken-hearted woman.

Meantime Susan's husband has risen to competence. He owns now a large steam-mill for planing, and will, before ten years, be quite a

rich man. Always having been prominent in the lyceum, and having taken an active part in town affairs, it is in contemplation to send him to Congress, if he will consent to serve.

Not long ago Esther, of her own accord, during an afternoon visit to Susan, alluded to her past folly.

"Ah!" she said, "you were right, and I was wrong. I often think of the remark you made,

when we were both girls, that in choosing a husband a woman should look to worth not wealth, to the man not to the pursuit. My little daughter, if ever she marries, shall have my consent to wed a mechanic quite as readily as a professional man: if the character is right, and the prospect in life fair, I shall not draw foolish and exploded distinctions."

And, reader, she is right!

# "THY WILL BE DONE."

BY MRS. C. SALIMA.

SITUATED on one of the beautiful rolling prairies of the West, is the once happy home which was the scene of the occurrences here narrated. One glance at it was sufficient to give you an idea of the happiness its inmates enjoyed, secluded as they were in this sweet retreat from the noise and tumult of the city, breathing the pure air of heaven, and surrounded by sufficient of both the useful and beautiful of nature to satisfy every reasonable wish, and fill their cup of happiness almost to overflowing. In front and to one side of the house, towering locust-trees reared their heads high above the roof, perfuming the air when in bloom with their delicious fragrance, and sweeping against the chamber windows, as if tempting the beholder to reach forth and pluck their snowy blossoms. On the north side was a young orchard, and beyond it a bubbling stream with banks covered with bulrushes; and sometimes almost concealed by a luxuriant growth of prairie grass. To the east was the farm-house and barn, and farther on the present family burying-ground. Beyond all these the prairie, with its ever-varying light and shade, stretched away till lost in the distance; dotted here and there with single farm-houses only, except to the West; where at sunrise might be seen the glittering houses of a small village, about three miles distant.

The occupant of this beautiful "prairie home" was a clergyman, who finding the duties of his large parish in the populous city of — too laborious for one of his age, removed to his present residence, and collecting by his own personal exertions a sufficient sum to erect a small church in the village—freely dispensed the bread of life to his little congregation "without money and without price;" intending here to spend the remainder of his days. His family consisted of himself and lady, two grown daughters by a former wife, and five children, the eldest ten, and the youngest about two years of age. In addition to the care of his parish, the father had undertaken the delightful task of educating his children. At this period, it would have been difficult indeed to have found a happier family; for in addition to the comforts that surrounded them, they experienced the more exalted enjoyment of thankful hearts, and minds at peace with themselves and their Maker. Summer, autumn and winter passed in this state of almost uninter-

rupted enjoyment; and this happy family might indeed have forgotten that this was not their "abiding home," had not their heavenly Father recalled their wandering affections by the hand of one of his messengers. New Year's morning was made joyful by the sound of merry little voices echoing, "Happy New Year" through the house; and the day was spent as an appropriate season for mirthfulness and youthful amusements. Ah, little did they think that one of the sweet faces then present would never again witness the anniversary of that day! From that time commenced a slow but visible decline in the mother, but perhaps owing to her aversion of complaint, scarce a doubt ever crossed their minds respecting the curability of the disease. Indeed so little were the family alarmed, that it was not deemed necessary for two or three weeks to consult a physician. At the end of that time her wasted strength and emaciated form aroused them to the danger of delay in one of such a delicate constitution. Accompanied by her husband, she was removed to a city about twenty miles distant, to remain under the care of a physician till her symptoms should be relieved; and here for awhile we will leave them and return to the family.

Passing over the lapse of a few days we again view them. It is morning, and the family are gathered at prayer, and as they unite in solemnly repeating "our Father who art in heaven"—their voices tremble, as "Thy will be done," falls in subdued accent from their lips, and tears rush to their eyes at the remembrance of the absent one. Now a ray of hope bursts upon them when they receive a letter, desiring they will come to convey the invalid home, and they fondly believe the crisis is past. Delusive hope! One glance was sufficient—as the hectic cheek and glassy eye met the view—to recognize the disease that was wasting that gentle form. In the vain hope that ere long she would be more able to bear the fatigue of the journey home, she postponed her return. Again were they summoned to come, but finding herself as yet too weak, with sorrowful hearts they returned without her. Once again a letter reached them. Oh, how eagerly it is read! but it is only to find that their beloved father has stolen a few minutes from his weary watch, to inform them that there is scarcely a probability of their mother's recovery, and that she desires to return home, that she may die in the bosom of

her family. But still they cling to hope, "that anchor of the soul," and persuade themselves she may yet recover. Two days pass by. For the last time they again receive a letter. Oh, what agony pierced their souls, as their eyes rested on those heart-crushing words, "there is no hope, come with all haste, that you may see her once more." "No hope!" What an inexpressible amount of anguish and woe, unuttered, those words comprise! But it was no time for the indulgence of unavailing sorrow, they were compelled to action; and early on the morrow they started on their journey. Oh, how changed was that beloved mother! Once she gathered her family around her, and expressed her entire resignation to the will of God, and her joyful sense of His presence with her, while sinking to the grave. She was carried home, and from that time till a few hours before death was almost constantly delirious; yet she never ceased to express her sense of the support of the "everlasting arms;" and even in her ravings, it was evident that her mind was filled with peace in respect to her end. Oh, what a struggle in the hearts of those who repeated, "Thy will be done!" and as they watched the patient sufferer day by day, they inwardly ejaculated, "oh, help us to submit," for they knew their inability to say in truth, "Thy will not ours." One morning she awoke, calm and in full possession of her reason.

At another time this would have been hailed with joy, but now the anxious watchers knew it foreboded a speedy dissolution. A few hours after two alone remained with her, others, perhaps, not thinking she would so soon depart, having left the room for a short time. The death-rattle grew more distinct, and she spoke with difficulty. "I feel a change coming over me," she whispered, faintly. Alas! an examination of her pulse confirmed their suspicions that the great change from life to death was fast stealing over her. The family here quickly assembled around her dying bed, but she seemed totally unconscious of the presence of any human being, apparently looking far hence into the invisible world upon which she was entering. Once only

she spoke. "A—— you are almost home," said her husband.

"Yes," she replied, and in a few moments with a slight sigh the struggling spirit was released from the prison-house of its earthly tenement, and returned to its glorious Giver. The weeping family and friends bowed in sorrow over the earthly remains of the departed. They had thought they should be able to say, "Thy will be done" with more composure, but now the full meaning of those words burst upon them in all their force, as they gazed on the corpse.

Another day has past. The house is filled with people to attend the funeral. The relatives are seated near the coffin, and the minister performs the service; endeavoring to bring to their recollection the consoling promises of the Scriptures, and administer balm to their wounded hearts. He has finished; and slowly the mourners approach in turn to take a last look—a sad farewell. How sweetly fell the tones of the minister of God upon the ears of the mourners, while looking at that peaceful countenance; as standing near he repeated that beautiful passage—"I am the resurrection and the life saith the Lord; whoever believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." And as their tears, the last tribute of love, fell fast as they turned away, they inwardly ejaculated, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Slowly the funeral procession wound its way to the chosen spot of interment, and after a few words of exhortation the coffin was lowered into its last resting-place. The burden of grief was almost overwhelming, as at the solemn sound of "earth to earth," the first shovel of cold earth rattled on the coffin, and was followed by others in quick succession as the minister continued—"ashes to ashes, dust to dust"—and again like balm fell the words which followed, "looking for the life of the world to come." And as they turned from the new-made grave, they murmured, "Thou gavest, and Thou hast taken; 'twas meet that our jewel should be placed in Thy crown. Father, Thy will be done."

## WHEN I WAS A CHILD.

BY A GRANDMOTHER.

WHEN I was a child! Ah! the times were different then; children did not think so much of fine dress, were not so fashionable, so womanish, nor so very select in their company as they are now; and they thought a great deal more of their housekeeping keys than piano keys.

It is night; and the soft, silvery moonlight brings up sad and sweet remembrances of the olden time, when, a happy and unbroken household band, we dwelt in the old New England homestead, by the banks of the Connecticut.

The house is in my memory now, the low, wide, old-fashioned building, standing in the midst of wide-spreading elms, and golden-fruited apple trees; with brown out-fields stretching around, vast, dark woods beyond, and glimpses of the clear, blue sparkling river glancing through the solemn masses of shade.

Then the broad, rose-wreathed piazza in front of the house, where in the dewy summer evenings, when the round, golden harvest moon was flooding the earth with light, we would assemble together, and one merry child would, with gentle force, seat the good mother in her cushioned chair, and another would come springing forward with the father's violin, and all would gather round, pleading for "just one tune to dance a little by." And he, dear old man, would ward us off with a "keep away, keep away, little ones! Don't you suppose my arm is tired with handling a scythe half the day?" and all the while tuning his violin, and smiling on us so fondly!

Then so merrily would "Come, Haste to the Wedding," or "Charlie over the Waters," ring out, while each caught a brother or sister around the waist, and away we went, bounding down the oaken-floored porch, with merry feet chiming to the leaping, lively measure, and to the laughing music of our own voices. Or when the strain changed to a slow, dreamy melody, we would fold our arms caressingly about each other, and float around the room in a circling, graceful, gliding motion, which I have since learned is called "*the waltz*." Or we would call out, "'Fisher's Hornpipe,' now, father dear!" and away we would go, with bounding, leaping feet, our whole forms thrilling, every nerve quivering, every limb keeping time to that delicious, intoxicating melody, that perfect embodiment of music, so gay, ringing, sparkling, like the silver tinkling of fairy bells.

Then father would say, "there, children, that will do; I'm tired now, take the violin;" and with many grateful caresses to him, we would saunter off, and leave the dear father and mother to their own conversation, while we wandered away over the green, shadowy lawn, with feet bathed in dew, and the soft night winds fanning our glowing faces. We would gather the golden apples from the ground, and climb up into the old elm trees, rocking ourselves in our cradles of interlaced boughs and soft green foliage, while our merry laughter at the consternation of the birds on being thus rudely disturbed in their nests, floated out on the wind which came surging up from the dark old forests. Or we would wander down by the side of the moon-silvered rill, to crop the dear little violet blossoms, our blue-eyed pets, which nestled on its brink, or to listen to the glad chime of its waters, whose gleesome laughter filled the vale; or to gather the columbine flowers, while their crimson goblets were sparkling with dew.

Many a time we would sink dreamily upon the enameled bank, and lie gazing upon the clear blue sea above, where soft white clouds, like fairy barges, each with countless stars as guiding lamps, were floating over the moonlit depths, and wonder in our childish simplicity if people really inhabited those shining spheres, and wish that we might sail on one of those fleecy clouds far, far over the sea of blue to the moon, where we might roam over the meadows bathed in light, and drink the delicious golden-gleaming waters, and cull the exquisite flowers which we *knew must* be found in that home of light; and we would gaze wistfully up longing for a bird or a blossom, or *anything* to drop down from the moon to us.

But where are they all now? Where are the grave, serene, loving couple who sat in the piazza listening to the merry music of their children's dancing feet? Gathered like the full shock of the ripened corn into the granary of the Great Husbandman.

And where are the nine children, the green shoots of a fruitful vine, whom they left behind? Two twin baby brothers are lying with the soft folds of the shroud around their young forms, and pure white violet wreaths circling their brows, beneath the solemn shade of the great yew tree at the foot of the homestead garden.

Our roguish, blooming Nell, our sweet, serious Edith with her thoughtful brown eyes, and gentle,

winning smile, and poor, pale, lame little Herbert, whom we had always looked upon as the "genius" of the family, on account of his rare intelligence and strange fondness for books—all left us for a better land ere they passed childhood's years.

They were the youngest five, and I the eldest sister and adopted mother of these the little ones, fondly hoped when I saw them depart one after another, that each would be the last. Edith, our gentle Edith, had passed nearly three years within the golden gates of Paradise, and death's shadow had grown dim on our cheerful hearth—when Marion, loving Marion, she who had always been the pet and pride of our household, our very queen of beauty, with her magnificent eyes, clear, dark, pure, now flashing so brilliantly with the fire of intellect or the glow of mirth, now glancing forth from the shadow of silken fringes with such

a dreamy, dewy light, with her full, spirited mouth, and white, high brow—she whom all the neighbors called "the smart, sensible Marion, who would make any man a good and a pretty wife, if she were only a little less wild and romping, and not quite so proud," was suddenly taken from us in the midst of her bloom and beauty, and just on the eve of her marriage, by a dark and dreadful doom:—her light feet which tripped so gracefully over the moonlit piazza, are now gliding through ocean's golden chambers, keeping time to the melodies of sea-nymphs and mermaids. Ah! painfully is her wild, gleeful laugh ringing in my ear to-night; her sweet, beautiful eyes are glancing up into mine from that shadow which sleeps so peacefully on the floor:—but these olden memories have filled my heart with sadness—I can write no more.

N. J. C.